

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 211, Number 27

Dec. 31, '38

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A TRACTOR STORY BY WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON



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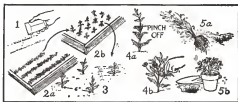


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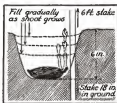


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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 31, 1938

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Number 27

UP PERISCOPE!

By ALEC HUDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



WELL, I'm a little older and wiser, but certainly no richer, than I was the day I walked down the gangplank of the S-52 at Pearl Harbor, no longer the commanding officer, but merely a Lieutenant, U. S. N., Retired. Fifteen years of commissioned service, the promise of a successful career in the only profession I gave a damn about—and then, finished! Because I couldn't hear a silly watch tick.

I guess I was a fool to get too close to the muzzle of the gun when we fired that last time. But you know how it is during a battle practice. You get so intent on watching the fall of shot and conning the ship that you forget where you are. I honestly wasn't aware of much difference in my hearing. I suppose it came on gradually. Anyway, I walked in for my annual physical examination in a hurry to get it over, and came out in a hurry no longer. My left ear was deaf as a post, and they were of the opinion that it always would be.

So the mills started grinding in the manner laid down in the book. The Survey Board confirmed the opinion of the Examining Board, and the Retiring Board was courteous and sympathetic after the manner of men who might one day find themselves in the

same predicament. But there was no help for it. A tin ear was a tin ear, and even I could agree that the bridge of a submarine was probably no place for a man who was uncertain whether a foghorn was on the port or the starboard bow.

"Upon receipt of these orders and when directed by Commander of Submarine Division 21, you will consider yourself relieved of command of the S-52 and of all active duty. You will proceed to your home. . . . The bureau regrets your naval career has been thus interrupted." Regrets! Regrets!

I packed my gear and moved out to the old Moana Hotel. There had been no silly sentimentality so far. It had been a near thing when my quartermaster handed me the commission pennant as I stepped ashore, and I knew that the elation of my second officer with his new orders to command was tempered with sympathy that he yet might find occasion to express, to the embarrassment of us both. Oh, I had managed so far, but I wanted no delegation of sympathy and I had a great desire to be alone. So I hired me a room and sat with my feet on the window sill all afternoon, looking out to sea.

About dinnertime I wandered disconsolately down to the bar. There weren't many there—a few tour-

ists, a plantation manager in from one of the other islands, and a couple of well-dressed Orientals. I stood at the bar and toasted my lost career in silence, when I walked Tony Larsen, off the Louisville, just in that afternoon. Tony hadn't heard of my retirement and he had to be told all about it. Tony had had a couple of places before he got to the Moana, and his sympathy knew no bounds. He has a voice suited to the quarter-deck, and everyone within a block was fully informed about the matter. "It was a damned shame. . . . One of the Navy's most valuable officers." The Navy seems to have weathered the blow.

The boy had just taken away my lunch tray the next day when the office called and said there was a Mr. Lee to see me. I knew no Mr. Lee, but I told them to send him up. If I hadn't met Tony in the bar, and if he hadn't talked so loudly, I might never have met Mr. Lee. But here was Mr. Lee, a rather undersized Chinaman with the most gracious manners, and apparently with all the time in the world to discuss nothing in particular.

From my retirement and my present plans, or lack of plans, we got on the subject of my China cruise and Shanghai. He had just come back from Chi-



The ocean allies with enemies from whom we could expect no mercy; no boats, a hundred miles from land —

and had been in Shanghai when the bombs had been dropped on Wing On's Department Store. We had mutual regret about the Palace Hotel bar, but, after the manner of Chinese, his emotions were under good control. I could sense that he wanted to feel me out on my views about China and Japan. Well, they were simply explained. My sympathies were definitely with China, but I also felt that even if something should be done about it, it was not up to the United States or its Navy to do it. It seemed rather pointless. I felt that Mr. Lee had something on his mind, but he left without unburdening it.

The next week I had a note from him, asking me to have lunch with him and some friends at Yook Hee's on Hotel Street. Chinese gentlemen usually don't start cultivating freshly retired naval officers for no reason. My curiosity was aroused. A luncheon would commit me to nothing. Anyway, I like Chinese food, and Yook Hee served the best. A Chinaman's guest in a good Chinese restaurant is in a gourmet's paradise.

Mr. Lee's friends were three in number, older men and wearing conventional Chinese gowns. It was not until after a dozen dishes, and we were all leaning back sipping hot jasmine tea to ease that distended

feeling about the middle, that they came to the point. They wanted me to take command of a Chinese submarine for operations against the Japanese at the mouth of the Yangtze River. They had made a quick check of my antecedents, and they seemed to be sure that they had the man they wanted. They meant business and their proposition was definite and complete. A thousand dollars in U. S. currency deposited each month to my credit in any bank I might elect, my expenses paid from the day I signed on, and a bonus of fifty thousand dollars for any major Japanese ship that I might sink. This was startling in its unexpectedness and in its completeness, and I asked for a week to decide. They were in a hurry, but the week was granted and I was pledged to absolute secrecy.

Now, there were many things to be considered. Although I was retired, I was still a part of the Navy of the United States. They held loose strings on me that could very easily be tightened, and if the Navy ever got wind of what was up, I could expect not only hearty disapproval but immediate action. Even if I succeeded in getting away with it, the least that could happen would be dismissed in disgrace if the matter leaked out later. Although my retired pay was

meager, it would keep me from want if I couldn't find work to do. However, I felt that secrecy could be managed. I had no immediate family, nor indeed anyone who would be inclined to check closely on my whereabouts. I had contempt for the usual mercenary, but, on the other hand, my sympathies were firmly with China. The market for slightly used submarine officers was at low ebb. Then, too, I suppose I had a good deal of subconscious resentment at being so peremptorily shelved in the middle of a career that I, at least, had thought to be rather promising. Given a periscope and a deck beneath my feet, I could prove to myself that I was still as good as the best.

On the other hand, wherever the boat might be, or whatever her antecedents, the prospects that she would be even fairly modern and in fighting trim were poor. One does not pick up a first-class submarine in the dime store. The junk yard of some second or third class naval power was a more likely place. The crew would present many and varied problems. I had been too long in the boats not to be aware that it takes more than one man successfully to operate a submarine, particularly under war conditions.

The commanding officer of a submarine is a bigger factor in her success than is any officer or man in any other type of ship that floats. He alone sees the end and he alone makes the estimates upon which the success or failure of the attack depends. But the well-trained crew of a submarine is a team. The captain calls the signals and carries the ball, but the untimely failure of even the least member of the crew may mean disaster. That China could supply men with the necessary intelligence and fortitude to make up a first-class submarine crew, I had no doubt. But time and facilities for their training were too much to expect. The precipitation of brave but untrained men into a dangerous and complicated situation is the type of wasteful murder to which pacifist nations are peculiarly addicted. Yet, strategically, the concept of submarine operation at the mouth of the Yangtze was very sound, and if the project could be kept a dead secret, the tactical difficulties would be at a minimum.

At the end of a week I found my Mr. Lee and made him a counter proposal. I would accept his conditions provided that I was permitted to select and take with me three key men, to whom he was to guarantee five hundred dollars a month and expenses. He agreed immediately. In a few days I found myself a lieutenant commander in the Chinese Navy. I had in mind getting hold of three men I could depend upon: a chief torpedo man, a chief machinist's mate and a chief electrician's mate. With this solid support I felt that the thing might be made to work.

There was Chuck Young, who had been paid off at the end of sixteen years of service and who was now the engineer of a ferryboat in San Francisco Bay, still operating a Diesel engine. I knew he could be lured. Jimmy Mann, my old chief torpedo man from the boats in Panama, was at loose ends in Seattle. I got off letters to them by air mail immediately. That still left an electrician's mate. Jones was my choice, but he had a wife and kids, and this was definitely a man's business. His wife had been known to talk, and the danger was not inconsiderable. I could take him out, but could I bring him back? So I decided to make a go without the chief electrician's mate. If I had decided otherwise, the adventure might have ended differently.

I went down to the navy yard and reported to the commandant that I intended to take a leisurely trip around the world, and made arrangements with the paymaster to hold my retired pay on the books until I returned. There was no trouble about getting permission to leave the country. It all seemed too easy. When Young and Mann arrived, we flew away one bright morning for Hong Kong on the Clipper, and evidently no one was the wiser.

Amoy was our destination. We were met on the dock by a bright-looking young man in a light blue gown and a black silk Chinese cap. His English was excellent. His military manners were punctilious. He was my new second in command—a gentleman, somewhat of a scholar, a graduate of the University of Hawaii, and an honor R.O.T.C. student of that institution. My third officer was a product of the same university. I never had any complaint to make about my officer personnel.

They were industrious, efficient, courteous, and later I was to find that they had guts. Both spoke excellent English and both were fluent in Cantonese. This was fortunate, for without it the whole project might have soon bogged down in language difficulties.

Even so, my discipline and internal organization were most unsubmarine-like. Not to be able to talk directly to any member of the crew was a difficult situation for an old submarine officer used to having an intimate knowledge of the characteristics of each member of the crew and to treating them as individuals. Then, my Chinese officers were army trained. It was difficult for them to become used to the free-and-easy discipline of a submarine; the most effective yet the most difficult discipline to maintain in a military organization.

To operate a complicated mechanism like a submarine, each individual must be free to volunteer information, to discuss when discussion is profitable, to exercise initiative and discretion in carrying on his duties; yet in other situations he must obey instantly, without question and without thought as to his safety. The recognition of the subtle changes in the situation which determine where and when and in what circumstances these two widely different attitudes are demanded is what makes a good submarine officer. If we could have worked together for a year or so, we might have acquired it. We hadn't the time. It was a subtle fault in our training. It proved to be a vital one.

The submarine herself was a pleasant surprise. You remember the hulks that line the embankment at Amoy—used to load and discharge cargo to the busy junks. She had been berthed inside of one of these, and over her superstructure had been built the replica of a Chinese junk. It had been well done. Her engines were run only at night, and there was nothing to indicate her presence to the casual observer. Nothing except the smell of human sweat and fuel oil and acid which characterize a submarine the world over, and these soon lost their identity in the compound odors of shoreside Amoy.

I was astounded on seeing her. She was an S boat, no more nor less. You possibly recall the stories we used to hear about building Allied submarines in the United States just before we entered the war; how they had been built, disassembled and shipped by sections to Canada and thence to Allied ports. Well, here was one of them. They indicated that she had been Russian, probably been shipped to the White Sea and then overland to a Baltic port. Or perhaps she never had been assembled at all until long after the war. Anyway, there she was, an S boat of 1918 vintage, about eight hundred tons, four forward torpedo tubes and two main Diesel engines of about five hundred horsepower each, with a surface speed of about twelve knots, and probably about eight submerged. How she had got to this spot I never learned, but I figured she had lain in some back channel most of her life, until the present trouble started. Then, probably, she had been sold by the Russians to some enterprising Chinese.

Her hull seemed in serviceable condition—nothing to boast about, but fair enough—as well as I could determine without docking. Her valves and pump and air compressor were in working order. Her torpedo tubes could be fixed without too much trouble—nothing modern about them, but they would do. She had ten torpedoes aboard, and Mann reported that he could make them run straight and hot. Her deck gun was gone, but that would have been only a nuisance for the operation I intended. Her engines were old and cumbersome, but with a little patching they could be made to run from where we were to where we wanted to go. Not without breakdowns, perhaps, but she would "mote." Her motors were in fairly good condition. It was her storage battery that worried me most. Life in a back channel is not the best in the world for a storage battery. This one was old, about at the end of its useful life. There were no facilities for repairs, and we would have to make out as best we could.

I spent a month in training and preparation. Not long, but every day was

(Continued on Page 37)



"Up periscope!" I hope my voice sounded calm. She was a big battleship. Matsui class, I think.



MR. GEORGE & MR. JOHN

BY J.C. FURNAS

TWO elderly brothers broke a combined public silence of 108 years early last fall. They spoke in an advertisement in some 1400 newspapers over their own signatures, George L. Hartford and John A. Hartford.

It was a former Texas cotton farmer, now a congressman, Wright Patman, who stung them into speech. Their ad was an answer to Representative Patman's anti-chain-store bill, which will have early attention in the next Congress.

Even now the Hartfords' names mean little, probably, to you. In spite of operating one of the oldest American corporations and one of the few properly spoken of as billion-dollar enterprises, they have avoided publicity so successfully that even their reticence has not attracted public notice. Greta Garbo, the world's best-ballyhooed publicity duck, gets twelve lines in *Who's Who*. The Hartfords, who feed the American people instead of glamouring them, get three lines each:

HARTFORD, George L.; chmn. bd. of dirs. Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. Address: 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

HARTFORD, John A.; pres. Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. Address: 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

That skimpiness is not *Who's Who's* fault. Every two years it asks for further details—and does not get them. From the Hartfords' point of view, nothing more need be said. They never went to college, or got honorary degrees, or joined clubs, or wrote little brochures, or did any of the other things that big shots use to fill *Who's Who's* close-packed columns.

Ignorance of their existence is not confined to the man in the street. When asked who owned the A. & P.,

many a well-informed businessman would mumble something about "Wall Street banks" or "big English tea interests." In this day of professional financing, it is hard to believe that a family trust still holds every last share of voting stock in the nation's greatest chain-store system—\$880,000,000 gross sales last year, 11,700 stores, plus a staggering complexity of bakeries, canneries, fishing boats, warehouses, refrigerating plants, purchasing companies, trucks and factories. Or that the two managing trustees of this gigantic enterprise should have stayed out of public consciousness as successfully as the Grand Lama of Tibet.

A Salute to Mr. Patman

SO IT is news when the threat of legislative extinction for their ancestral company rouses them—"maybe five years too late," says John Hartford—to ask for the spotlight. That advertisement got it for them. Even the A. & P.'s enemies admit, with admiring headshaking, that its lawyerlike organizing and rhetorical persuasiveness made it a honey of a job. The Hartfords led off by calling Representative Patman "a very able lobbyist and propagandist," with the same intimidated awe with which a raw young poker player might speak of Mr. John Oakhurst, and made it damagingly clear that, in order to combat this formidable propagandist's wiles, their only recourse had been to hire a famous press agent. They not only admitted they had hired a press agent but gave his name. This unprecedented ingenueness—or perhaps shrewdness—did much to give the campaign a running start. It was a sure thing, anyway, that when the Hartfords did get around to

making a play for the public, they would do it in a highly unorthodox fashion.

Their advertisement went on to point out that they themselves had little personal interest in keeping the A. & P. in business. Over 80 per cent of their earnings from the company goes in income taxes anyway, they said, and they already have more than plenty for the rest of their lives. Then they put in blackface type the challenging fact that the A. & P. pays much higher wages for shorter hours than the national average for the whole grocery business, including both chains and independents. Presently they were appealing to labor again, with the point that to legislate chains out of existence would cut paying jobs from under 900,000 employees.

In the meantime they had presented the consumer with the thought-provoking fact that the A. & P. sells him—or usually her—provender and soap chips at little more than a 1 per cent profit on gross sales, while giving huge savings in lower prices from mass marketing. The farmer was reminded that the chain-store organizations make up a good 30 per cent of his marketing facilities, concerned largely with consumers who would have to cut down on buying if the chains disappeared and distribution costs were raised. The pro-chain-store case's best foot was put foremost as vigorously and smoothly as an All-American place kicker's. Nothing was left out about the A. & P. in particular that would sound good for chain stores in general and, conversely, the A. & P. got the benefit of anything that could be said for chain stores as a whole.

The efficiency and independence of the performance are both characteristic. When the A. & P.



An interior of the "gorgeous chandelier" and John L. Julian mustache era, when red-and-gold splendor in a grocery was a moxie which began to revolutionize the business.



Half store on wheels, half premium office—the old A. & P. wagon which brought grandma that embarrassing and apparently indestructible tea set.

moves, it moves with the drive of a landslide. And, even though the Hartfords have taken the lead in the battle for the chain stores—and the A. & P.—they have not yet formally joined the chain grocers' front association that contains all the other important chains. Their father before them was the same way. He started the company at lone-wolfing seventy years ago. It has walked by its wild lone ever since.

George Hartford, the financier of the brotherly team, was one of the few smart enough to smell a rat way back in 1927 and do something about it. By insisting on one-year leases throughout the A. & P. empire just before the year of the big wind, he avoided all the shattering complications that struck so many businesses, from movie companies to cigar stores, which met the crash loaded to the gunwales with real-estate commitments. The A. & P. has resorted to bank financing only once in its existence,

and the occasion for that was the complete revolutionizing of the American grocery trade.

A banker was sent to the A. & P.'s Jersey City headquarters when that unique bank loan was being negotiated in 1916. In those days, George Huntington Hartford, father of John and George, and co-founder of the business, was still alive and never quite able to bring himself to retire.

"You'll want a look at the inventories and warehouses," said an executive. "No, I'm going back to New York," said the banker.

"But you just got here."

"I know," said the banker, "but I've had a few minutes with the old gentle-

man, and that's all I need." He was lending \$5,000,000 to a company that, for excellent reasons, no bank knew very much about.

"The old gentleman's" portrait—chin-bearded, dignified, the epitome of everybody's great-grandfather—hangs in John Hartford's New York office. He came from Augusta, Maine. The old Hartford house was a hilltop landmark there until recently, when Yankee thrift inspired the town to want the site for a new fire station, so the engines could coast downhill in a hurry, instead of using excess gas to accelerate uphill. Once John and George understood the reasonableness of this scheme, they made Augusta a present of the site and paid for the illuminated clock in the steeple of the new firehouse.

The First Link in a Chain

SHORTLY before the Civil War, young George Huntington Hartford was St. Louis representative of another down-Easter named George F. Gilman, who had a branch of his New York leather business there. According to one story, Yankee unwillingness to waste time shifted Hartford and Gilman from leather into tea. The shipments of hides that were young Hartford's chief concern didn't come in every day. So, to fill idle moments, he installed a retail stock of tea, coffee and spices on the second floor, and did so well with them that, when he came East to be Gilman's right-hand man in New York, the germ of the grocery business came with him.

However it started, these two down-Easters were presently splitting the world of dry groceries wide

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A typical store of the 70's, with its huge gas-lit capital T over the doorway and its gaudy facade of Chinese vermines.



**"—CORDIALLY
YOURS,
ALEXANDER
BOTTS"**

**By
WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY EARLE B. WINSLOW

George finally walked away in disgust. "It would have been dishonest," says he, "to sell a man the wrong kind of machinery."

TUGWELL HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Friday, July 8, 1938.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.

DEAR BOTTS: My young nephew, George Henderson, is planning to go out to the factory next week to look for a job. I had hoped to be there to show him around. But it now appears that I shall be detained here in Washington for at least a week longer.

George is primarily interested in the engineering and production branches of the business, and is not

in any way fitted, either by personality or training, for a position in the sales department. However, I have asked him to call at your office, and I am hoping that you can find time to introduce him to the proper executives and make sure that his application for employment is adequately considered.

You will understand that I do not want to use my position as president of the company to force one of my relatives into any department where he is not wanted. However, if a satisfactory position can be found for the young man, I should, naturally, be much pleased.

Most sincerely,

GILBERT HENDERSON,
President, Earthworm Tractor Company.

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALES MANAGER

Wednesday, July 13, 1938.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
TUGWELL HOTEL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR HENDERSON: Your letter arrived on Monday. George arrived on Tuesday. And today—Wednesday—I am delighted to report that he is already launched on what I have every reason to hope will be a highly successful career as a salesman for the Earthworm Tractor Company. Thus you will see that I have a much higher opinion of your

nephew's abilities than you have; instead of following your advice and condemning him to a life of mediocrity in one of the lesser departments of the business, such as engineering, I am actually elevating him into the sales department itself. I have sent him down to our experimental farm, where he will spend several days getting familiar with the operation of our tractors, shovels, and other machinery. And, by the end of the week, I expect to start him out on actual sales work.

Very cordially yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS,
Sales Manager.

TUGWELL HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Friday, July 15, 1938.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.

DEAR BOTTS: It was very kind of you to rescue my nephew from the engineering department, and receive him so enthusiastically into your own sales department. I am afraid, however, that you have acted rather hastily, and without paying much attention either to my letter or to the young man himself. In my letter I told you very distinctly that George is not suited, either by personality or training, for a position in the sales department. If you had talked to him for even five minutes I am sure you would have come to the same conclusion.

George was brought up in a modest, cultured home in Boston. He is shy, quiet and studious. He has just graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And all of his interests are in the field of engineering. He has never shown the slightest aptitude for business, and the last thing in the world he would want to be is a traveling salesman.

I must ask you, therefore, to release him at once from the sales department, where he never could be anything but a tragic misfit, and help him to find a place more suited to his personality.

I wish I could come to Earthworm City to attend to this matter myself. But I shall apparently be detained here in Washington for some time to come.

After spending most of this week arguing with Treasury officials about our 1937 corporate-income-tax return, I find that I shall have to put a good part of next week trying to explain our refinancing program to the Securities and Exchange Commission.

If this sort of thing keeps up, I don't know when I can get home. In the meantime, I will rely on you to do the right thing by my nephew, George.

Very truly yours,

GILBERT HENDERSON,
President, Earthworm Tractor Company.

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF ALEXANDER BOTTS, SALES MANAGER

Monday, July 18, 1938.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
TUGWELL HOTEL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR HENDERSON: It certainly handed me a laugh to get your letter and find out that you were worried for fear I have ignorantly shoved your precious nephew into the wrong job. Well, you don't have to worry any more. I can assure you that I know exactly what I am doing.

I read your letter very carefully. And when young George called on me, I spent many hours talking to him, looking him over with my critical cold and appraising eye, and in general finding out what he is good for and what he is not good for.

My first impression, I will admit, was bad. The young man's shyness—which you mentioned in your letter—turned out to be much worse than I had anticipated. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he managed to state his business to my good-looking secretary in the outer office. And when she finally discovered what he wanted and directed his halting footsteps into my inner sanctum, he seemed to freeze up almost completely.

I offered him a cigar—which he refused. I discussed the weather—in which he showed no interest.

When I asked him whether he had enjoyed the trip out here he said, no, he hated traveling. And when I wanted to know how he liked our fair state of Illinois, he said—with true Boston complacency—that he was disappointed to find it was so flat, instead of being located in the midst of the Rocky Mountains, as he had supposed.

About the time most sales managers, I imagine, would have become discouraged. But not Alexander Botts. I merely changed the subject by tactfully introducing a discussion of engineering. And at once the young man began to warm up. He started talking in an interesting and attractive way. And before long I found myself listening spellbound as he told of his brave youthful dreams, and of his ambition to become a pioneer in engineering progress and a designer of new and improved machinery. He was, I decided, a pretty good kid, after all.

And a little later, when I brought up the subject of salesmanship, I discovered that he was pretty near unique. He admitted, with cheerful frankness, that he had never, at any time in his life, sold anything to anybody. He had never had the slightest ambition to sell anything. He had never read any books on salesmanship. And he had never, until he met me, even discussed the subject with anybody.

In other words, his inexperience and ignorance were complete. And it was this fact that suddenly suggested to me a most remarkable idea; I decided that George's strange vacuity of mind might possibly be useful in the solution of a problem which has been bothering me for some time, and which may be briefly described as follows:

Ever since I took over your old job as sales manager—on the occasion of your promotion to the office of president of the company—I have been trying to improve my department by treating the salesmen under me just the opposite from the way you used to treat me when I was under you. Instead of nagging, hampering and repressing these poor underlings with a system of absurdly meticulous control, I have tried to develop their energy and their initiative by giving them almost complete freedom of action.

Unfortunately, however, most of the salesmen, being relics of the former regime, have been unable to adapt themselves to my advanced methods. Their slave mentalities cannot comprehend the new freedom. They refuse to take initiative. They shrink from original ideas. They know too much that is not so. And they have been doing everything wrong for such a long time that it is impossible to teach them to do anything right.

But your nephew, George, is a horse of another feather. After I had talked to him for a couple of hours, and had come to appreciate his delightful but undeveloped personality, his astonishingly vacant mind and his remarkable lack of ideas and experience in salesmanship, I decided that here at last was the answer to a sales manager's prayer.

"George," I said to him, "I am hiring you as a salesman. You may not know anything much, but at least you have no bad habits and no phony ideas to unlearn. You will make an ideal experimental guinea pig on which I can try out my ideas."

To this George timidly replied that he would prefer to be an engineer rather than a guinea pig. But I paid no attention. Brushing his objections aside, I took him out to lunch and then brought him back to the office for a long conference, during which I filled his mind with a very empty head with a load of one-hundred per cent authentic dope on the general principles of salesmanship—illustrating my remarks with detailed reminiscences of some of my own dramatic and sensational triumphs in this field. I told of my achievements in selling tractors to haul logs through swamps of Mississippi, to plow snow in Minnesota, and to dig clams on the coast of Maine. I de-



I have turned the whole matter over to the local police, and they are starting a search.

scribed my successful sales campaigns in Russia, Germany and France. And I ended with an account of what is perhaps the greatest triumph of my whole career—the time when I actually sold a tractor to that guy in Venice who had no real use for it except as a trellis for climbing roses.

To all of my remarks George listened with a sort of faraway look in his eyes—his manner being so quiet, well-bred and respectful that my favorable impression of him was much enhanced.

After finishing my lecture I sent the young man—as I think I told you in my former letter—down to our experimental farm to get some practical experience with our newest model tractors. This was on Tuesday. On Friday I sent him a letter, with advance expense money

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Without speaking, the Chinese, silently, dropped Steve into the water.

COMMISSION MAN

By SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ATEN-FOOT rampart of sacked beans separated the open store and office of Foraker & Company from the rearward warehouse; and Stephen Foraker lay on the top of the filled sacks. From this vantage point he could see the displayed beans in the open sacks along the sidewalk, and who passed by and who stopped, and what was going on in both office and warehouse. He hoped that he was out of sight, and also that what had already happened was being forgotten, although what report would be made to his father, now on 'Change, he wasn't sure. The reception of the report, and the result, depended on how things went on 'Change. Papa was expecting certain news. Stephen hoped that he would receive it, because, although it was only a few minutes after nine, the boy had already put in a fairly complete morning.

He had come downtown alone, hours after his father, who, like all commission merchants, was at the wharves before dawn; he had come down on the Clay Street cable car, standing on the front dummy next to the gripman. From this secure position, he had, on passing through the growing Chinatown, yelled, "Ching-mugs-hio," hoping it was as insulting as it was supposed to be. Chinatown was becoming large, now that Cantonese had settled in the city after their labor in building the railway, across the mountains.

He had entered the office very politely, had accepted pen, black ink, red ink and paper from Miss Fisher, the bookkeeper, and, at the grain-sorting table, drawn pictures of the Alabama attempting to pass Fort Winfield Scott, with dotted lines indicating the courses of shells, and spatters of red ink the explosions. He had worked at this until papa left for 'Change, and done it quietly, without any boom-boom! because his father seemed nervous and worried.

After that, Stephen settled down to a pleasant morning. He drove Miss Fisher to tears with an imaginary account of the lady whom Dan, the head porter, had taken to dinner; and this was so successful that he told the reverse of the story to Dan. He had ridden three forbidden blocks with a dryanman, and had held the reins and yoked at the four great horses straining over the cobbles with the load of steam-bogie kogs. He had weighed himself on the warehouse scales, and worked a bit of gum up under the balance arm; and he had then weighed himself on every scale in every store along the block, until the gum was

gone. He had been uncomplimentary concerning the beans, potatoes, grains and appearance of Henry Totherow's father's store; and in the resultant scuffle, one of Steve's long black ribbed stockings had been torn.

This bothered him now, but when he told papa he'd torn the stocking on a nail at Totherow's, which wasn't clean and up to snuff like Foraker's, papa would take him to lunch despite the damage. At that, he might've torn it on a nail, although this was what mamma called a boy's imagination. Papa used a different word. However, Steve knew that papa didn't like Mr. Totherow very much.

Having thought of lunch, Steve became hungry. Papa might let him order beefsteak pie and apple pie. Right now Stephen had twenty cents left from the two bits which mamma had given him; this was not to be unnecessarily spent, but necessity had arisen. A bag of doughnuts, a bottle of sa'sp'rilla, oranges and nigger babies. Papa would pay the carfare home; and papa would pay him fifty cents for helping Dan too. Yes, he'd lay in provisions, return, and then be General Foraker besieged by Apaches.

He yelled without thinking, "Come on, you red devils! We're ready for you! Hold your fire, men!"

Miss Fisher thrust her head through the little office window; she called, "Are you all right, Stevie? Did you get hurt?"

The host of the desert vanished, and so did the naked savages and the cavalry. Stephen said, "Don't call me Stevie. You got red ink on your face." As the bookkeeper's hand went to her cheek, he added, "I bet it ain't red ink. I bet you're blushing. I bet you're blushing about Dan."

This closed the window with a thud. Steve didn't see where he'd said anything additional which could be reported. Miss Fisher, on her part, wished she could take her ruler to Stephen. Today, of all days, he should have been kept at home. There was enough trouble without a ten-year-old underfoot.

A thousand sacks of rice was the trouble, rice which Foraker's didn't have. She knew what worried Mr. Foraker, if Steve didn't; and she knew how serious it was. Foraker had contracted to deliver the rice to the railroad, for coolies; the rice was consigned from Canton, and should have arrived weeks ago on the Helena Starr. If the ship didn't arrive before 'Change closed, Saturday noon, today, Mr. Foraker would be compelled to buy the rice from another commission house, and pay sixteen pries for it. It was unfortu-

nate that none of Mr. Foraker's friends had rice, and equally unfortunate that Mr. Totherow did have it. Mr. Totherow, Miss Fisher knew, was the sort of man to hold a gun at Mr. Foraker's head. What she didn't know was whether Dan had really taken a woman out for a high old time.

General Foraker, becoming Apache Pete, the good Indian, slipped out and back, while many an arrow whizzed past him; but his cunning was too much for the painted savages, and he was again the commander of the garrison, supplied with food to withstand any siege. However, for some reason known only to himself, he turned into Colonel Foraker, and was now looking through one of the embrasures on Fort Alentrax, directing his men as they aimed the sixty-four-pounders out toward the Golden Gate. His imagination supplied the guns, but a broom would be better. He decided against asking Dan for a broom, since Steve's principal job was to sweep floors, and there was plenty of time to do this. He'd just find a broom.

Voices stopped him as he clambered down. Dan was talking; he was talking to the head porter from Totherow's. "I'd bank on Mr. Foraker," Dan was saying.

Totherow's porter didn't seem so certain. "He can't chew this one, Dan. It's all over the street. Foraker can't even wiggle. He's got to buy the rice from Totherow. I'll break him. I ain't sayin' what's right nor what's wrong, but if I was you I'd go see Maurice & Petersen. They need a head porter, and you'll need a job. No, sir, your boss is caught. And he can't get out of deliverin'. The railroad's smart."

"He ain't the kind of man who'd try," said Dan.

This made little sense to Steve. He waited until the men would move off. The brooms were usually at the end of the aisle made by sacks of barley and black-eyed beans. All Stephen wanted was a broom. Boys didn't know about business, and papa did not talk about business to mamma, either.

"It's lucky," Totherow's porter said, "that you ain't a married man, Dan. Or have I been hearin' somethin'?" He whistled a snatch from the very latest, concerning the monkey who married the baboon's sister. "That right, Danny?"

"Not if I lose my job," said Dan slowly.

Since Dan didn't leave the warehouse, Steve slipped back to his sacks. What he had heard was only vaguely disturbing, and if papa had said he'd sell the railroad a million sacks of rice, papa'd do it. No old Totherow could stop him. Papa would just go over

old Totherow like one of the diamond-stacked engines over a jackass rabbit. This gave Stephen a new idea, and after he had washed down several doughnuts with brackish sarsaparilla, he tore the paper bag into pieces. The largest piece was the engine. Steve made two holes in each piece except two, and coupled them together with bits of frayed-off jute from the sacks. He now had a whole train.

Engineer Foraker crawled his famous engine, the Governor Stanford, along the sacks, up and up from Sacramento clear to the jagged summit of the Sierras, whistling at the curves and trestles, ringing his bell at crossings, slowing down through the snowsheds no more than the absolute safety of the passengers demanded. Engineer Foraker was setting a record which would stand for all time. He could see the amazed crowd waiting at Salt Lake City, and heard the cheering and the band; he set the bell ringing, so small boys would get off the track: "Dang-dang! Dang-dang!" "Stephen!"

There was no crowd, no station with flags, no music. There was just one man—papa. Steve slid down his rampart. "Yes, papa?"

"What were you doing?"

"I wasn't doing anything, papa."

His father, Stephen saw, was dark of face, and this surprised the boy, because Mr. Foraker hadn't

looked so grim and forbidding since the time Steve and some other youngsters had made a fire in a sand lot to roast potatoes, and the fire had got away into dried grass and lupine, and the fire engine, Number Four, had come.

"I can see that," Mr. Foraker said. He surveyed Stephen, and Steve supposed that, in addition to the torn stocking, he might be a trifle dusty, and that Miss Fisher must've said a lot of things. Then Mr. Foraker said flatly, "Mr. Totherow told me that you bloodied his son's nose."

This was news, and very cheering, but it wasn't the time to boast. Stephen suggested, "Maybe he just bumped his nose, papa."

Mr. Foraker shrugged. "You are supposed to do the jobs Dan finds for you. Why not imagine being a merchant, instead of—President Grant, for all I know? And if you must fight, why do it with Totherow's boy?"

"He's bigger'n me," Steve said defensively, "and he started it, papa." Stephen was still pleased by the notion of Henry Totherow's (Continued on Page 48)



He was soon able to see the figurehead. It was a brightly painted figure, blue jacket with gold buttons, and a cocked blue hat.



Then slowly, so slowly that Irene could scarcely believe what she saw, Margaret collapsed.

THE RESTLESS HEART

By WILLIAM C. WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROZMAN

WHENEVER newspapermen who worked in Europe a few years ago meet, the name of Margaret Sterling always comes up. When they say, "I knew her in London, when she was on the Tribune," or "I met her in Berlin, when she was on the Times," an intimate proud tone comes into their voices, as if each separate memory of her were something kept carefully wrapped, so that time could not crumble one detail of it. I knew her once for a few months in Moscow, when she was doing some feature stories for the Herald.

I saw her frequently, always casually, and not one meeting with her ever had any significance for me alone; that is the truth, and I know it. Even at the time, I knew it. Yet, in remembering the times I saw her, they seem, on recall, to have been filled with the deepest meaning for me and I can remember every

moment with her, every trivial comment she made, every flash of light across her face. Just the other night, around a dinner table in Washington, some newspapermen mentioned her. Three people present had known her. In the quiet conversation that followed, I noticed that they, like myself, could remember every time they had ever seen her, everything she had said. They spoke of her with such intimate careful warmth, as if, by constant thumbing of threadbare memories, they could make something of her come alive for a moment and gain a little else to keep.

All those who met Margaret Sterling found it difficult to analyze her charm. She had, everyone admitted, a kind of maturity in the presence of not inconsiderable young beauty. Her face was oval and she accentuated it by wearing her black hair tight

around her head, like a nun's coil. Yet her beauty did not matter; she could have been as plain as a cement walk and that would not have changed her.

What was unique about her—and, like others who have tried it, I cannot find words to clothe completely the meaning—was the impression she gave of being completely alive. Here was a person never to be fooled about life or its living, a person who knew that human beings were first of all human and who accepted their faults as part of them. Here was a woman who used no posing and needed neither flattery nor cajoling. She worked in a man's game, journalism, asking men only that they give her no handicap because she was a woman. Her interest in all men and women was tremendous. If she had one apparent fault, it was restlessness—here today, somewhere else tomorrow, for this paper or press association this month, for another next month. But that was a fault that came, perhaps, from years in the profession.

Wherever she is mentioned today, conversation inevitably comes around to her husband, John. "She married him and gave up her newspaper work, didn't she? And such a brilliant career!" Then a second question: "What about that fellow Goddard? Wasn't she supposed to have gone off with him?" Then a lot of little fragments of gossip five years old are put together and the story as the world knows it is retold; it is the same story that Paul Goddard told. Whenever he told it, people listened while he talked and said, "How awful!" and people pitied him.

I suppose no one should resent Goddard's telling it; after all, he reached her emotionally and none of

"I knew I ought not to have come," he continued. "I told myself I was a fool for coming."



us ever did. I think one can resent his willingness to tell it, he told it at every opportunity and he even tried to tell it in a play, then in a novel, then in a second novel. All were failures. He could not make her come alive in his writing, and that is the worst criticism I can think of for him.

Of Margaret's husband, John Sterling, no one told any stories. He was doing rewrite in the Paris office of the Affiliated Press when they first met. He was doing rewrite when the marriage ended. People assumed his weakness, his unimportance, and at the finish he just went off somewhere, a man easily forgotten, his droopy little mustache drooping a little more. And he went off alone, but like a man to whom loneliness was nothing new. Those who met him in later years told of the exquisite way he always spoke of Margaret.

There are men in every European city today who were her close friends, but I doubt if Margaret had three women friends. Yet when she was in trouble, she did not go to a man, but to Irene Darlough, with whom she had grown up in Washington. Irene's husband, Harold, was an undersecretary of the American Embassy in Warsaw.

The Darloughs had taken a little house outside the city for the summer. On the hot evening when Margaret appeared, Irene, now thirty-five, was arranging flowers on the dinner table on the lawn. She was a small woman, with small body, small hands, small features. She had probably been a blond-doll type when she was eighteen, but her blond hair was now streaked with dull brown, and her face was a little

too pale. Because Harold liked to see her in white, she wore white pique now. Because he disliked cosmetics, she had no cosmetics.

Harold insisted on dinner promptly at 6:30, and at 6:30 he appeared, a little rested after a nap. Almost nothing was said during dinner. Harold seemed tired, and that fatigue showed in his rather undistinguished face. As the dinner ended, Irene, who was facing the veranda, suddenly rose with a funny little gasp. "Harold, look!"

On the veranda, waving at them, was Margaret Sterling. Irene ran to her. Harold followed in a more dignified manner. "I would have wired you," Margaret said, "but I thought you might like a surprise."

"Like it?" Irene had her arms around her. "We love it!"

"Yes," Harold said, bringing up the rear, "we like it."

"And may I be a house guest?"

"May you? Certainly," Irene was incoherent. She recovered and looked at Margaret. She saw a woman paler, thinner, even slightly nervous. "You aren't well?"

"Not particularly," Margaret said. "I'll get better here quickly."

Harold went out to get the baggage. When he came in he asked, "Where is John?"

Margaret's hesitation was obvious. "He had to stay in Paris." It was like an excuse hastily seized. "You know, so much work in a newspaper office these days!"

"That's too bad," Harold said.

Irene was annoyed that he should have mentioned something that so clearly upset Margaret. She had a sudden impression, too unbelievable to be more than a premonition, that the woman was in flight. She told herself that it could not be flight; Margaret was not that sort. Probably it was just getting away from realities for a little while, to get a better perspective on them.

Later, after Harold had gone off to tend to some report or other for the Washington mail pouch the next day, the two women were alone on the veranda. It would be better to ask no questions, Irene decided. If Margaret wanted to talk of herself, she would talk.

But instead of talking about herself, she asked, "How are you and Harold getting on?"

"Just the same, I suppose. Scarcely what you would call exciting."

"Probably it's the same with most diplomats," Margaret laughed. "Their lives are arranged for them by the State Department. They have to live by protocol, whether in Quito or Quebec."

Irene nodded. "I suppose if we knew before marriage the idiosyncrasies people develop after marriage, there would be fewer weddings."

"That ignorance is God's gift to newlyweds," Margaret said. Then she was silent. Nothing broke the silence of the night outside. "I came away to think. I've reached a point where I have to do a lot of thinking."

"Anything wrong with John?"

"Nothing. That's probably the trouble. I mean, he's content with his job, with his salary, with his wife."

"And you?"

"I'm not content, first of all, with his wife. I chose John because I thought I could be helpful to him. Other men I knew didn't need any help. Well, he is happy in the success he has and he wants no help. I thought that by being helpful, and

all that, I could sublimate my restlessness. I was born restless, I guess. At the age of two days, I was found out of the crib, crawling around the room. It isn't that John isn't kind and thoughtful and —" Her open hands gestured the lack of words.

Irene knew that lack of words. "I remember when we were girls in Washington, how we used to plan our careers. Yours never included a husband."

Her face clouded and she looked uneasy. "I came here to think, Irene. Oh, I think quietly and be no trouble. But I think I have left John for good."

It would be ridiculous to show open-eyed amazement. "For someone else?"

Margaret nodded. "As commonplace as that! A woman choosing between a man and a purpose is one thing. A woman choosing between two men is a trite and dull story."

"Who is it?"

Margaret looked frightened, as if any confession would make a decision irrevocable. "Do you know of Paul Goddard? He's an American novelist, playwright and musician who's been around Paris for the last six months."

"Very successful. A play of his has been running on Broadway for a year. He's done one fine novel."

"And he's alive and ambitious and vital?"

"And all the things that John is not," Margaret added.

"That's it! Then, in a matter-of-fact tone, 'He's coming here tomorrow; you'll get a chance to see him. I want a chance to know him away from Paris—in a neutral

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BLOOD ON ICE

By JAMES C. HENDY
and
ARTHUR MANN



"The lure of mayhem on ice is something very definite. . . ." This scene in front of the penalty box indicates that players succumb to the lure as enthusiastically as the fans.



An epic Eddie Shore massacre. After hockey's number-one bad man knocked out Ranger Phil Watson, face down on ice, left, the battle was on. Babe Pratt (Ranger No. 11) obscures all of Eddie except his helmet.

THE anticipated hostilities in the Boston Garden had been limited to some hard checking by Red Horner, Toronto defense star, and a few reciprocal bumps from Beantown's famed bad man, Eddie Shore. The rooster near the press box suffered this comparative peace with Christian resignation, throughout the first period. But when the second period failed to produce even the suspicion of a sock in the jaw, his patience boiled over into one outraged cry:

"What is this, a love nest?"

The rooster thought he had a highly justifiable complaint. The Toronto team was champion of the league. The Toronto players were Stanley Cup finalists. They were properly hated in Boston. All that was in order. But the Toronto team had failed to produce bloody spills, bashed heads, or any battery whatsoever.

From the point of view of many hockey fans, this constituted a default of the game's unwritten guaranty to supply what they had paid to see. The lure of mayhem on ice is something very definite to the hockey fan.

As it turned out in this particular game, the defrauded fan got what he probably considered a bargain only a few seconds after he gave tongue to his protest. The game produced hockey's worst tragedy, one that almost took a life.

A Body Check and Its Aftermath

EDDIE SHORE picked himself up from the ice at the Toronto blueline, where he had been deposited by Red Horner. King Clancy took the loose puck up the ice, and Ake Bailey, a wing, faded back to fill the vacated spot. Whether by design or accident—no one ever learned—Shore plunged heavily into Bailey, as a welcome change from the one-hundred-and-ninety-two-pound Horner.

The colliding players went down. Bailey's head struck the ice with a crackling sound that sent the shivers through experienced spectators in the press section. Instead of rising, Bailey lay limp, grotesquely twisted and still. It looked as though his neck was broken. His arms and legs began to jerk convulsively.

SAM ANDER

Substitutes from both teams poured over the side boards and on the ice. The Boston Garden became a hedlam. A free-for-all was on tap. Red Horner skated to Shore, who stood as though stunned. He gripped Shore's well-padded shoulders, shook them for an instant, babbled something and then poleaxed him with a terrific right to the jaw. Shore fell and his head whacked against the ice. Blood spread over the ice from a deep scalp cut.

Boston players immediately swarmed at Horner. Red stood ready to take on everybody. But his stocky teammate, Charlie Conacher, placed his shoulder blades against Horner's, and they stood back to back, sticks raised, daring any Boston Bruin to come within swinging radius. Then, with amazing though characteristic suddenness, both teams sensed tragedy, and all tried to help the stricken Bailey and Shore from the ice.

In the dressing room seven stitches were necessary to close the deep cut in Shore's head. Bailey wasn't so lucky. His head was packed in ice until the convulsions ended. Then, barely conscious, he was rushed to the hospital. Two delicate trephining operations within the next ten days were necessary to save his life. Even when he passed the crisis, doctors held out little hope for his reason. Eventually he achieved what was called a satisfactory recovery. He never played hockey again.

Two months later Bailey was well enough to attend an All-Star game between his Toronto mates and the outstanding players of the eight other National Hockey League clubs. A capacity crowd paid almost \$25,000, which was turned over to Bailey. The fans saw Eddie Shore, one of the All-Stars, skate over to the side of the rink to shake Ace Bailey's hand. They roared at this display of sportsmanship—instead of rioting, as the newspapers feared.

Eddie Shore wasn't much use to himself or his team for the balance of the season. In fact, almost a

decade and injuries in ice hockey are always deplored officially. But the endless display of pyrotechnics throughout the hockey schedule makes you feel that the promoters are not ignorant of its host-ice value.

A few years ago word came from the Rangers' training camp that the hottest-headed French-Canadian ever lashed to skates would bring his unruly temper to Madison Square Garden in a New York uniform. The temper of Jean Pusie was an important topic by the time the season opened. Every player seemed to recall a tale of the *Schrecklichkeit* of Monsieur Pusie.

Short on Temper, Shorter on Skill

A CAPACITY crowd turned out to see this exaltado man from the North stage his fireworks. They weren't disappointed. Nor did the newsreel companies send men and equipment in vain. Pusie's temper overflowed conveniently close to the picture machines. He was a blazing geyser of rage. He not only swung on a rival player but charged into the referee as well, swinging wildly with both fists. He was roundly cheered, and banished to the penalty jug.

Unfortunately, he could not play big-time hockey, and no promotional genius had checked on this little matter. All the hold had men of hockey have been stars, or at least have possessed outstanding ability. You cannot send a puck into the net with only a flash of temper.

Though battles waged during the thirty years of professional hockey have stained the ice of a thousand rinks, only one player died as a result. And he was a minor leaguer. This borders on the miraculous, for, while a flash of temper here and there may be good box-office strategy, the hashed skulls, broken noses, cuts and bruises are by all means the real

play-offs. Cook, one of the greatest of all wings, had patrolled his alley for the first period and twelve minutes of the second without managing to get away for a clear shot at the Montreal goal. Crutchefield, just out of McGill University, was giving it the old college try; he checked so closely that Cook was embarrassed. He was old enough to be Crutchefield's father, a veteran of a thousand hockey battles, to say nothing of four years in France and a year in Siberia after the Armistice. Knowing Cook's quick temper, New York fans were surprised that he suffered the college kid's apron-string defense without swinging.

Suddenly the puck shot to Cook and he got the jump. Crutchefield raced in, swept his stick across Cook's face and opened a gash. Cook dashed at Nels, and the rough stuff was on. The referee barged in, ducked deftly, pried them apart and banished both to the penalty box.

Enraged at getting both out and penalty, Cook skated over to Crutchefield and slapped him across the face with the blade of his stick. The whack reverberated back and forth among the steel rafters of the Garden like a Grand Canyon echo. With that, little Nels brought his own stick around in a beautiful arc of impending destruction. The crowd yelled a frantic warning. But Cook knew how and when to duck. He took the slash on a protective arm.

This was the signal for a free-for-all. The substitutes made their customary charge into the fray, led by Bun Cook, brother of Bill and co-star of the Rangers. All hockey players commit mayhem with the express understanding that they must be prepared to fight their victim's brother, if any.

Brother Bun started his own swing as he left the side boards and shot across the ice to Crutchefield. Mr. Crutchefield's hockey career might have been brief had not some fast-thinking player deliberately tripped Bun Cook, sending him and his avenging stick to the ice.



SAM ARNDT

It looks as though Referee Mickey Ion was the loser in this skirmish between the Detroit Red Wings and the New York Rangers.

year passed before he began to flash the old dynamic fury in his body checking. But he did come back to serve as the prize target of slashes, stick swipes and tripping. He produced a humpier crop of countervailing sufficient to leave things squared at the end of the season.

It is doubtful that any player will ever equal Shore's efficiency in capitalizing on his bad-man reputation. The National Hockey League fixed an annual salary maximum which many players have exceeded. But Shore is the only one who forced the League to wink at more than double the figure.

thing—evidence of a real, if fleeting, desire to annihilate.

The fight to which hockey players point with greatest pride took place in Madison Square Garden four seasons ago—March, 1935—and featured Captain Bill Cook, of the Rangers, and Nels Crutchefield, of the Montreal Canadiens. Again newsreel cameramen caught the action, for which players are thankful. When the ennu of summer days arrives, they dig up that film to relieve the between-season yearning.

The game was part of the series between the third-place teams, first stage of the involved post-season

By the time Bun Cook regained his feet, special policemen had arranged to break the milling gladiators into sections. Then the Garden ice-cleaning crew came out and calmly scraped the pink crust from an otherwise frosty-white surface.

Crutchefield was banished for the remainder of the game. Bill Cook received a two-minute minor penalty and a five-minute major for his contribution—he used the seven minutes in getting patched up. Eight stitches went into the slash across his face. He returned wearing much handage, a football helmet and a fresh sweater.

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THE VALLEY OF SUN AND SNOW

Natural-Color Photographs Taken for
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
by Ivan Dmitri

HALF a century ago the little town of Ketchum, lying high in the mountain country of South-Central Idaho, was a place for your money. Whether you were coming in from the gold strikes in the Trail Creek country or heading north for silver traces in the Sawtooth Range, you could be sure Ketchum's thirteen saloons and one general store would provide everything a prospector could want. You paid out from your poke and took your choice in those days, and when you packed out for another stretch in the lonely mountains the urban delights of Ketchum were something to remember.

But in time the gold fever passed and the prospectors followed the way of the early pioneers and the pony express: Ketchum was left to the neighboring ranchers, to the mountains and to the spur line which connected it with the Oregon Branch of the U. P., fifty miles south. Lost River, Wildhorse, Johnny the Harp, Triumph, Greenhorn, Slaughterhouse and Hell Roaring creeks became names, and not places, and a vast lost world of towering mountains was made into a group of seldom-visited national forests. It looked as though Ketchum's day was done.

But the Sawtooth Mountains, which surround the little town, weren't through with Ketchum. Having given it gold and

(Continued on Page 34)



Rigor-mortis technique—prelude to a fall.



A dog team adds atmosphere.



Below—An Eskimo and reindeer (products of Alaska) do too.



Below—An ingenious chair lift takes the work out of skiing.





Ski class on Sun Valley's practice slope. Packed powder snow, with warm sun, is the skier's dream.



*The Sawtooth Mountains protect the valley from the cold north winds.
Below—Challenger Inn with its rink, stores, theater and Weinstube.*



*Stop for lunch at a hot-potato hut on a mountain top.
Below—This ski-tractor likes deep snow and steep slopes.*



AS I SAW IT

"I HAVE NO RIGHT
TO ASK YOU"

By EDITH
BOLLING WILSON

THERE were eight of us at Winston Churchill's house at Cornish, New Hampshire, the summer of 1915—the President, Doctor Grayson, Margaret Wilson, the Sayres and their first baby, then about six months old, Helen Bones and I.

Cornish is a charming spot, a mecca for artists and cultivated people. The chief rivalry among these delightful folk seemed to be who could make the loveliest garden. Whenever my thoughts turn back to that wonderful summer, there seems about it all a halo of gorgeous color from the flowers, and music made by the river, where nearly every day we walked when the President was there. He was like a boy home from school, when he could steal a week end away from Washington and come there to the peace and quiet of the hills. When we walked we would try to forget that lurking behind every tree was a Secret Service man. We would go, always a car full of us, on long motor rides through that lovely country, exploring new roads, and sometimes very bad ones, getting back in the late twilight for tea on the terrace, or stopping at a picturesque little teahouse en route; then a late dinner, with often the best part of the day yet to come.

With the curtains drawn to shut out the cold night air, we would gather before a fire and together read the latest dispatches sent from Washington, from Europe, from Mexico. The President would clarify each problem for me, and outline the way he planned to meet it. Or if, happily, nothing was pressing, we sometimes read aloud and discussed the things we both loved.

Doctor Grayson, the girls and Frank Sayre decided to read aloud the President's A History of the American People, and would collect in the music room, where first one and then the other would read. We sat in a little room adjoining, and they would frequently call in through the open door to comment on some condition where history seemed to be repeating itself, or to ask some question, until one night the President said: "Do you youngsters realize that I have taught most of my life, and that right now I am in the midst of so much history in the making that I cannot turn my mind back to those times? Besides, I have never been proud of that history. I wrote it only to teach myself something about our country."

The President and a Dragon

TURNING to me, he added: "You know, it was first published in Harper's, in four or five installments. When they offered me a thousand dollars for it, I thought it meant the entire thing, and accepted it. So when, on the appearance of the second installment, they sent a check for another thousand dollars, I returned it, saying they had overlooked the fact

they had already paid me. Imagine my surprise to get the check back again, with the delightful news that it was one thousand dollars for each installment. Whereupon I took the family all to England for the summer, for it was like a windfall. That last word reminded him to ask, as he often did: "Do you know the interesting derivation of that word 'windfall'? I looked it up once, and it comes from an old English custom that tenantry on great landed estates must never cut the trees, but that all timbers brought low by the wind or other cause were theirs by right. Such wood was designated in law as 'wind-fall.'"

These happy days would end all too quickly when Mr. Wilson, accompanied always by Doctor Grayson, would leave us and go back to Washington.

From there I had long, delightful letters from him every day until he could come again, and his letters kept me *en rapport* with the stirring things with which each day was crowded.

The house seemed dead until he came again. Helen and I would drive or walk every day. The nearest village was Windsor, Vermont, to enter whose sacred precincts it was necessary to cross a toll bridge. There was a special arrangement whereby cars from the President's Cottage, as it was called, paid the toll by the month. One day when we were walking to the village we had no money with us. We borrowed a dollar from one of the Secret Service men, as the old woman who kept the toll gate was a dragon, and we did not want to ask favors of her. Without so much as looking at us, she handed back ninety-five cents. Helen said: "What is the charge for crossing the bridge on foot?" She snapped back: "Two cents." Helen said: "Well, you gave me only ninety-five cents, when it should have been ninety-six." "No," said the dragon, "it is two cents for one person to cross, but five for two together." This information explained much to me concerning Vermont thrift.



Mrs. Galt the day after the engagement was announced. Leaving the Bellevue, Philadelphia, with her mother.

The old woman was a character. People who had been there for years told us she had never been seen even to nod her head to anyone crossing the bridge, and for her to speak was unknown. So we decided to play a game and see who could break down her defense and make her acknowledge a presence. As we passed, we would all say, "Good morning," or "Good afternoon," but never a sound came from those hard old lips. At last, just a few days before my visit was to end, the President, Helen and I drove in to Windsor. We halted on the bridge and he leaned out and lifted the Scotch cap he always wore when driving in the open car, and said in that delightful voice that never failed to thrill me: "I am afraid I give you a great deal of trouble, going back and forth so much."

"Now," she said, "it's my job." And for the first time she turned and looked at him, and, something in her responding to what he gave out, she smiled! When we drove on, Helen and I exclaimed, and the President said: "Poor old woman. Her smile

reminded me of what some fellow said about another's face—that it was like 'the breaking up of a hard winter.' I think I understand how grim you must be if 'it is only your job' you are doing and you see nothing bigger ahead."

Two friends of mine from Geneva, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh L. Rose, were coming for me, and we were to motor to the Jersey coast for a week with my mother and sister, Bertha, and then go to Geneva, where I would remain until September.

Those days in Cornish had brought the banishment of any doubt of my love for Woodrow Wilson, but had not overcome my reluctance to marry him while he was in the White House. I told him that if he were defeated for reelection I would marry him, but if not I felt still uncertain of assuming all the responsibility it would necessarily bring. After breakfast on the morning I was to leave, we went out on the terrace, where the pouch with official mail was always brought, and where, each morning, we worked together on what it contained. We followed this routine as usual, but there was lead in our hearts. Then we went for our favorite walk along the river. It was dreadful to leave with no definite promise beyond what I have written, but so it had to be. As we sped down the driveway I looked back to see his figure, alone, in his white flannels, outlined against the darkness of the open door.

Those were two very long months, July and August, 1915.

which I spent visiting the Roses in Geneva. My determination to wait for the result of the 1916 election was weakening. Though I tried to keep to what I then deemed to be a wise decision, Mr. Wilson's letters told in every line his need of the sustaining power of love; though never consciously, for he scorned what is said to be akin to love—that is, pity.

A Night in December

I WAS glad when September came and I was back in my own house in Washington, where I could think things out alone. I found the house a bower of flowers, with, what was much more important to me, a note of welcome and the confirmation of a plan made before I left Cornish, that I should come that night to dine at the White House and we would go afterward for a motor drive, where we could talk aloof from other eyes and ears.

When I arrived for dinner, both Helen and Margaret welcomed me at the door, but the President had had to see the Secretary of War on an urgent matter. So we sat in the Red Room and talked while we waited for him. Helen said she thought the strain of things was telling on him dreadfully, and both the girls frankly stated that they felt it was largely my fault. Just at that moment he came in from the Blue Room, looking so distinguished in his evening clothes, and with both hands held out to welcome me. When I put mine in them and looked into those eyes—unlike any others in the world—something broke down inside of me, and I knew I could, and would, go to the end of the world with, or for, him.

He had changed; his eyes seemed pools of tragic suffering. Such moments are too tense to last, and this one was broken by the commonplace announcement from the butler that dinner was served. Here we renewed the delightful sense of comradeship we four always had together, and told of all the happenings of the weeks since we had parted. After dinner Margaret had to hurry off to some engagement, so faithful little Helen joined us for my ride. We took a very long one, and the President told me of the increasing danger of our being unable to keep out of the war, of the domestic complications and of the continuing difficulties with Mexico.

When we were returning through Rock Creek Park he turned and said: "And so, little girl, I have no right to ask you to help me by sharing this load that is almost breaking my back; for, knowing your nature, you might do it out of sheer pity."

I am proud to say that despite the fact that Mr. Murphy, of the Secret Service,

and Robinson, the chauffeur, were on the front seat, and Helen beside me on the back seat, I put my arms around his neck and said: "Well, if you won't ask me, I will volunteer, and be ready to be mustered in as soon as can be."

Of course the ride was prolonged, and we three were like children as we mapped out plans. For there seemed no reason to postpone things any longer.

On the next morning, September 4, 1915, Margaret and Nell were told of our engagement, the only question now being when to take the country into our confidence. I thought it best to wait a year, when the presidential campaign would be over and when, no matter what the result, I promised I would marry him. I was convinced the Republicans would win, and had a sort of stubborn pride to show the world that it was the man and not the President I loved and honored. Mr. Wilson strongly protested this delay and said he needed me, which made it hard to hold to my own conviction.

Then suddenly something happened which changed the entire situation, and might have changed the current of our lives. I was alone in my house for dinner and had promised later in the evening to go for a drive in the park with the President and Doctor Grayson. About eight o'clock the doctor arrived alone, looking worried and upset. He said the President had sent him to tell me something which he could not bring himself to write.

Out of the Past

IT WAS this: Colonel House was at the White House, having just returned from a conference with Secretary McAdoo. They both, having been told in confidence of our engagement, had sounded out a few people, particularly newspapermen, who told them the gossip was that, should the rumors concerning our engagement be true, Mrs. Peck was going to come out against the President, saying she had letters from him which would be compromising, and that all the old whispered scandals of the 1912 campaign would be revived. To this the President had replied that it was his duty as a gentleman to protect me from such back-stairs gossip. For himself or his political fortunes, it made no difference; that his companion of slander had been futile before said, it tried, would be again. But the publicity would hurt and involve me in a way he had no right to ask. So he had set himself to write and tell me, but, to quote Doctor Grayson: "He went white to the lips, and his hand shook as I sat watching him try to write; his jaw set, determined, no matter what it cost him, to spare you; but after a long time he put the pen down and said, 'I cannot bring myself to write this. You go, Grayson, and tell her everything.'"

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The President, his fiancée, her mother and Mayor Blankenburg at the opening game of the Phillies-Red Sox 1915 World Series.

BROWN BROTHERS



"Another gift which I still cherish is an original drawing by C.K. Berryman, cartoonist for the Washington Star."



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Magic Carpet

NEXT year is the centennial of Charles Goodyear's discovery of the vulcanization of rubber. In an industrial order an initial discovery generates a host of others and becomes the supplement of still more. So a civilization now moves on rubber and applies it to numerous comforts, conveniences and industrial uses.

One revolution has followed another in widening the utilization of rubber in modern life. That which accompanied the bicycle, the motorcar and the airplane is now a commonplace. Never and less known is the rapid spread of the rubber-shod tire to the farm. The first farm-tractor models using rubber tires as original equipment were brought out only six years ago. This year more than one half of the tractors in current production were so equipped, and many old machines are being changed over to rubber tires. Significantly, this year saw the steel-wheeled tractor virtually crowded out of the famed National Plowing Match at Wheatland, Illinois.

A typical comment at the 1938 Iowa State Fair was, "The machinery show is on rubber." Practically every farm machine on wheels has been equipped with rubber at least to some extent. One tire manufacturer has estimated that there are 26,000,000 farm vehicles and wheeled implements in use today that could be operated more effectively and economically on pneumatic tires. How far the equipment of the farm may go on rubber is now being tested out by agricultural engineers under the leadership of Prof. J. B. Davidson, of Iowa State College of Agriculture.

The increasing mechanization of farming opened the way for the rubber tire. Added speed and mobility, along with lower fuel costs, were its primary inducements. But prominent in every farmer's mind, probably, was the matter of comfort. Farm machines have never been notable for that.

The item of comfort figures in another of the newer phases of rubber's expanding use. Research has brought forth a resilient, porous product of almost pure latex that is going into upholstering of many kinds—in automobiles, busses, railroad cars, airplanes and the home. Two makes of 1939 model

cars have adopted it. One may now not only move but lounge and sleep on rubber. The limits of the new field are still unfixed, just as were those of the early combination of rubber and the motor vehicle. In today's motorcar, excluding the tires, there are more than 250 rubber parts. A pamphlet, *Rubber—The Product of a Thousand Uses*, issued in 1923, is already as out of date as a 1923 telephone book.

It was not merely a great industry that Charles Goodyear started back in 1839, when, as legend has it, he hastily concealed a batch of kneaded rubber in the kitchen stove. He started also a potent medium of change. Not the least interesting of the changes wrought is the disappearance of the barefoot boy. He's wearing "sneaks" now, even on the farm.

In much less than another century rubber will be made synthetically; no longer grown, probably—a threat of grave concern to the British and Dutch colonial empires. Germany already is making a quarter of its rubber from coal and lime. We are under no such necessity as yet.

What may happen relatively soon to natural rubber already is happening to natural silk. Japan's first source of export income is raw silk, of which we are by far her largest buyer. But the American chemical industry threatens to destroy this market utterly. By next year du Pont and Celanese will be making in quantities a synthetic silk described as much finer in filament, stronger, more elastic and, of course, cheaper than the silkworm's product, or than rayon, of which the new product is an outgrowth.

The coarser, less durable, more brittle rayon—of which, incidentally, Japan has become the world's largest manufacturer—was no threat in sheer hoosery and the finer silken goods. American raw-silk distributors have appealed to the Japanese Government to send experts to the United States at once to study means of combating this threat of extinction to a rich trade. Japan's already shaky finances would be jeopardized seriously by the loss of this income. The course of empire today is as likely to be blocked in a chemist's retort as by force of arms.

Salute to an Old Friend

SUCCESS in life, Doctor Cile thinks, may be due in large part to the coeliac ganglion. This is a nerve center situated at the back of the abdominal cavity, under Queen Elizabeth and the United States language by a shorter, ruder word. The coeliac ganglion regulates the supply of blood to various parts of the body. If yours is enlarged, you get the more abundant blood stream which leads you to play harder football, sell more refrigerators or get more votes, though you are supposed to pay for it ultimately with high blood pressure. The high-pressure boys, the supermen, owe their gig-up-and-git, not to memorizing Dale Carnegie but to their own innards.

It is gratifying now science keeps on confirming the ancient experience of the race, the coeliac ganglion theory is 1938, but what is it but our old friend the sanguine temperament, "sanguine" meaning "blood." The location of this high-compression motor in the abdomen falls in with the common description of men who can stomach things and others who cannot. Courage and resolution are more politely known as "intestinal fortitude." "The nerve of him!" we used to say about the brash.

We propose a toast to one of the more notable coeliac ganglia of modern times, that of Ernest Thompson Seton, unimpaired after seventy-eight years. More than fifty years ago his owner was writing animal stories for the magazine. Around 1900, when he still was Ernest Seton Thompson, his *Lois Rag and Vixen* and his *Wild Animals I Have Known* were every boy's Christmas present. Ten years later he was Chief Scout of the American Boy Scouts and had lectured on every platform in America.

A sound naturalist, and a better showman, he has been lamentably missing from the public prints in

recent years, living quietly at Santa Fé, where he married again in 1935. The other day he came East with his wife and five-month-old daughter. Calling in the reporters, he told them that Nebraska, the Dakotas and the eastern halves of Wyoming and Montana should be turned back to the Indians, to whom this goodly area was guaranteed as late as 1868 in solemn treaty by the Great White Father.

"Farmers out there haven't been doing so well," Mr. Seton said. "They would be glad to sell their land to the Government, and the money the Government would be spending for it is owed to the Indians, anyway. The land could be stocked with buffalo from Yellowstone Park and Canada, and the Indians could hunt and live the way they did before the white man came."

Mr. Seton conceded that it might be necessary to fence off Omaha and Cheyenne to keep the buffalo out of the Fontenelle and the Industrial Club. There is something mighty warning about a man who has not lost, at seventy-eight, the touch of the Thompson Seton coeliac ganglion still can bring down a reporter at eight hundred yards. Good hunting to the old Scout.

Free Ad for The Daily Worker

ON THE morning of November thirtieth, as the abortive French general strike began, *The New York Times* carried a three-column advertisement for *The Daily Worker*, official Communist newspaper. "ATTENTION—ALL EYES ON FRANCE," read the ad. "Harold R. Jefferson, distinguished for his outstanding coverage of France and the temper of the French people during the Munich crisis, is now in Paris, reporting the strike situation exclusively for *The Daily Worker*. His keen dispatches, plus the brilliant analysis of world politics in the daily column, 'World Front,' by Harry Games, are indispensable to every one who wishes to understand France today."

This is the first time we remember to have agreed with *The Daily Worker*. You would indeed have done well to read the Communist organ, if you wished to understand what was occurring in France. It made it inescapably clear that Daladier's opposition was Communism.

Meanwhile, that name, Harold R. Jefferson, keeps haunting us. We can't seem to remember names, but we never forget a face, as the man said.

"WE HAVE the largest surplus of cotton in our history.

"We have the lowest world price in our history.

"Despite the fact that world consumption of cotton is increasing, world consumption of American cotton, both at home and abroad, is decreasing."

—OSCAR JOHNSTON, Chairman of the National Cotton Council.

THE Bank of United States, in New York City, with 400,000 depositors, most of them small accounts, failed on December 11, 1930, the first great banking crash of the depression. The depositors now have recovered 72½ per cent of their funds, and Wall Street is asking wistfully what other investors now possess as much as 72½ per cent of their capital as of eight years ago.

THE Sen. Sherman Minton influence has reached the Argentine. A United Press message from Buenos Aires states: "The Argentine Senate, in an action believed to be without precedent in this country, ordered the arrest and detention for twenty days of José Agustí, director of the afternoon newspaper, *Noticias Gráficas*, for an editorial criticizing the Senate's approval of reforms in the railway laws. Agustí surrendered to the Senate and was placed in a room near by."

ONE-LEGGED NATION

By HARRY SCHERMAN

ALL the economic fever charts show that American business is again on the mend, after a serious spell of illness. Yet one finds no smiling faces among the more thoughtful economic doctors. They know that Uncle Sam, now getting well, will become sick again. The old fellow, for 150 years, has been subject to recurrent attacks of a mysterious disease. The past ten years have seen two of the worst relapses in his history, and the second one raised many questions. Will the next inevitable attack be as severe as the two preceding? Three such attacks in a row—like successive paralytic strokes, shall we say?—is something not to be taken lightly.

It would be unwise to regard this anxiety as proceeding merely from Doctor Glooms. Its factual background is so important that it should be known to all citizens. The constitutional disease referred to above is the so-called business cycle, most easily comprehended as a rhythmic change in the total amount of goods being produced, transported and changing ownership—and therefore of labor being performed—by the two billion human bees on the planet. This grand total of business done lessens and increases, and then lessens and increases again, in a ceaseless round. Sometimes the changes come suddenly and severely, as in August, 1937, but more often they have been fairly gradual and sometimes even unnoticed, save by inquiring scholars.

This cyclical movement in the economic activities of human beings en masse has been identified by the statistical economists as far back as the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The rhythm is so pronounced that it seems clearly to be due, in ways as yet only partially comprehended, to the very institutional framework of our present economic society. In the United States the average period of these seesaw swings has been about four years.

Omens We All Should Know

NOW, there are certain strange assests of the latest depression which worry the diagnosticians.

First, in one sense it was premature in the United States. League of Nations statistics reveal two arresting facts: That almost every other nation began to recover from the great depression of 1929-32 sooner than we did; more important, their advance went much farther than ours. With 19,000,000 persons receiving Federal relief in December, 1936, the top month of the rise, we can hardly be considered to have progressed far in recovery.

Second, although we were lagging behind the rest of the world, this latest world-wide depression, strangely, originated in the United States.

Third, its severity was most surprising. With no reason so clear that it has been widely accepted, this was both the swiftest business decline in all our history, and one of the most severe. In the nine months following August, 1937, the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial

production—which measures the output of all our factories and all our mines—fell 41 points. In the most severe of all business cycles—that which began about July, 1929—it took more than twice as long to register so great a decline.

A fourth strange aspect of this newest depression was that ordinarily such severe declines have been preceded by a wild speculation. Crucial economic agencies like railroads or landowners—not the least among them, farmers—load themselves with immense bodies of debt, the ultimate payment of which becomes unlikely or uncertain. In time this becomes realized, and a violent readjustment in the ownership of property follows. "Liquidation" is the embracing word used for all the personal trouble involved. But the 1937 depression certainly arose from no need for

liquidation of debt. There was no important group left to be liquidated after 1933. The reverse was the case. When the depression started, Washington and Wall Street were growling, one against the other, for the very reason that both long and short term borrowing for business purposes were at the time so enormously below normal.

Other strange features of this latest depression might be pointed out; these are merely the most dramatic. The economic physicians just don't like the looks of them. They suggest the possibility that this nation is, in a sense, afflicted with a serious—and perhaps a dangerous—complication, aggravating that world-wide economic disease, the business cycle, from which every nation suffers.

(Continued on Page 31)

HERBERT JOHNSON'S CARTOON



MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM

POST

Thy Name is Still Woman

"LET'S see the figures. Come on, quick! My time's valuable. H'm. \$6.34. Buy five hundred gross."

"But, Miss Watson —"

"Look here, am I the president of this firm or not? I said buy five hundred gross. I know what I'm doing. What else has to be attended to?"

"The McHiggins Company called and —"

"Tell them no!"

"Yes, Miss Watson. And Brown & Hayden want to know if we'd consider a merger with them."

"Yes! We'll merge. Have the papers drawn up at once."

"Here's that estimate of the remodeling job for —"

"Let's see it. . . . Huh! Too high. Cause us a seven per cent loss. Take it away!"

"And then there's some talk of hiring a new man in the promotion department, if you'll recall. Had you considered that?"

"Hadn't, but considering it now. Hire him!"

"Here's the layout for that advertising campaign. Perhaps you'd like to take it home and study it for a few days, and —"

"Hand it here. . . . No good. Get hold of another firm."

"All right, Miss Watson. Er, then there's that matter of opening a branch office in Toledo. I hadn't mentioned this before because —"

"Branch office in Toledo, eh? Well, we'll do it. Capital idea. Make it a corner location, ground floor. Have you got the market reports?"

"Here they are."

"H'm. Sell my three hundred shares of American Beartrap, and buy me two hundred Consolidated Nutmeg if it gets to 72. Anything else?"

"Yes. It's close to your lunchtime, Miss Watson."

"Too busy to go out. Go to the drugstore and get me a ham sandwich and a chocolate milk. . . . No, wait a minute. A juice sundae. No. Let me think. Make it a pineapple soda with—now, what would be good? Maybe I'd like a marshmallow split with—no. Oh, darn!"

—PARKE CUMMINGS.

Once a Twelvemonth

O CALENDARS of '38,
You'll soon be cracking in the grate!
How I shall miss you, one and all,
Who pinned you neatly on the wall,
Who crossed your tedious numbers out
Or fondly circled them about,
Who eyed you closely day by day
And tore your aging leaves away!

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the rustic bark canoe
Which bears the slender Injun maid
Who sells insurance in the glade,
Ring out the darling, dimpled tot,
My tailor's sweet forger-mend.
Ring out the pink, retreating nude
Who features famous fancy food.

Ring in the new—the Injun maid,
The tiny tot, the nude displayed
In pink, recumbent attitude
To sell insurance, clothes or food.
The crumpling years may fall apart,
But age can never wither art,
Nor custom stale thy bold design,
O calendars of '39!

—W. W. Watt.



Why Doctors Hate to Leave Home

"FLASH! . . . Extra! . . . If it isn't Doc Smith, the sawbones hermit, himself! Drug up a chair, doc. The game's just starting. You haven't been around for ages, doc. I'd think you'd want to get away from iodine and pills once in a while. . . . You do, eh? Well, you've come to the right place, doc. We've a rule here that the fellow who starts talking shop gets tossed out on his ear. So give yourself a big professional relax, doc, and enjoy life for a change. . . ."

"My deal? Okeh. . . . Here's an ace for you, Joe. . . . And a queen for you, doc. And — Doggone it, every time I deal to my right this arm of mine seems to creak. It's been that way ever since I fell off that horse two years ago. Look at the way this bone near my elbow sticks out, doc. I've always wondered if it was set right and — Nothing wrong with it? Well, you ought to know. . . ."

"You're opening it, Bill? For four whites? . . . Six? Bill, you ought to do something about that sore throat of yours. I can't hardly understand a word you say. I've got an idea it's your tonsils. Open your mouth, Bill, and let doc take a look at 'em. . . . All right, are they, doc? . . . Well, if you say so, but it seems to me —"

"Who raised it? . . . Oh, you did, doc? I'll just see that and up it five more blues! Speaking of blues, doc, every time that oldest boy of mine comes in out of the cold his hand gets kind of blue. Ought I to have it looked after, or —"

"Hey, doc! What's the idea of rushing away before we even get a good start? . . . Hmhmhm! Fellows, if you ask me, doc's getting just like all doctors get. They're funny. You hardly ever meet one socially. Now, if I was a doctor I'd go nuts if I didn't go out someplace once in a while where I could get my mind off other people's aches and pains!"

—CHET JOHNSON.

On Meeting Ex-Flame's Husband

Behind that blatant Christmas tie,
But for the grace of God go I.

—Bob Hunt.



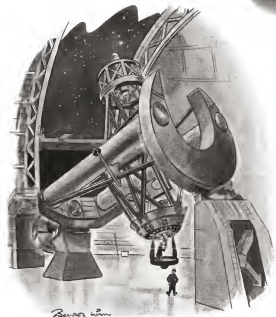
"No, pop, I'm LEAVING for school.
I've BEEN here for my Christmas vacation. I'm going back now."

Obstetrical Ward

I DISLIKE to be a hypocrite,
I hate to be a sham,
But when my friends have babies,
I know darn well I am!
—Elizabeth L. Foote.

An All-American Obituary

UPON the lap of Luxury
The football hero sat,
And deeply drank the heady wine
From fame and fortune's cup.
"The greatest halfback of our time!"
The papers called him that;
The season closed, the tumult died—
And Luxury stood up!
—Gene Gleason.



Reuben W. W.

"I see the night plane to Chicago has a new stewardess!"

SCRIPTS

*Play hostess
to your family with
this lavish party soup*



CREAM OF MUSHROOM, once brought out like heirloom silver for special occasions, is fast becoming a real family favorite as well. This delicious soup, as Campbell's make it, lends a festive touch to any meal, guests or not. A luxury soup in everything but price. Try it for luncheon or dinner soon, won't you?

What a soup, really! Your first spoonful will tell you how tasty it is. Here's why: Blended with golden, farm-sweet cream (so thick it will hardly pour!) are plump, tender, cultivated mushrooms. Then dainty mushroom slices are added generously . . . a fitting climax to as fine a dish as ever graced a table.

Play hostess to your family with this lavish party soup. Treat them often to Campbell's Cream of Mushroom, smooth and creamy, for it is a treat, definitely. Watch them dip their spoons with delight into its smooth, rich depths. Your family will want this soup often.



Is that you, Daddy?
Don't be late,
It's Campbell's Soup,
And I can't wait!

Look for the
Red and White
Label



Campbell's

CREAM OF MUSHROOM

Always she kept her eyes on those dirty-white backs, like grayish clouds that bobbed and rolled along.

SONG OF YEARS

By
BESS
STREETER
ALDRICH

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS

The noisily fun-loving, opinionated, argumentative Martin family filled their Iowa cabin in 1861. Jovial JAREMEL MARTIN, and his small, wiry wife, SARAH, believed in large families. Now, of their nine children, the oldest,

HENRY, was married and lived on the home place. Quirt PHINEAS still helped his father and Henry run the farm.

Three of the girls were married.

SABINA—Mrs. TOS BOSTWICK, lived in near-by Sturgis Falls, while gentle

JEANIE—Mrs. AMBROSE WILLIAMS, had settled with her austere husband a few miles north on the prairies. Adventurousome

PHOEBE LOC—Mrs. ED ARMITAGE, had left with Ed for far-off Denver.

EMILY was still at home, with golden-haired CELIA and dack

MELINDA. Also at home the youngest, clear-eyed SUZANNE, successfully hid her love for young

WAYNE LOCKWOOD. He owned and farmed the adjoining section, having won a contest with smart

CADY BEDSON for the title. Suzanne was dismayed by Wayne's interest in

CARLIE SCOTT, daughter of a newly-arrived Southern family.

Wayne asked Suzanne to call on the Scotts. Loyally she agreed, although she knew his wish to know Carlie prompted his request. Wayne never realized that he was responsible for Suzanne's determination to attend the new Female Seminary at Prairie Rapids. "I want to

spend my whole life studying," she told her surprised father. But when the local militia was called out at the outbreak of the Civil War, Suzanne prayed, "Even if he belongs to Carlie Scott, keep Wayne safe here."

He did stay, but Phineas and Ambrose left. In the excitement Celia and Melinda married two of the war-bound boys, brothers, and left to live with their new in-laws. During the winter of '62, Carlie Scott eloped with a man from the South. Suzanne, now teacher of the local school, was glad until she realized what a shock it would be to Wayne Lockwood.

IX

STILL in a daze, Suzanne put on her long wrap, her bonnet and mittens, tied a scarf over her head and wound the ends around her throat. At the sound of sleigh bells she went to the door, calling out, "I've changed my mind, Mel," shaking her head when he failed to understand. "Not go—ing." She was of no mind to go to Sabina's now. Sabina was so peacefully good—all her talk would be about her war work. No, she wanted to get home to Emily, to crawl into bed tonight by the side of the one sister who knew when to be silent.

Poor Wayne! How shocked he would be! He must have been caring deeply for Carlie. It would be his nature to care intensely when once he did. She felt compassionate toward him for the great hurt, looked up the lane road as though she might see the answer to her question there and send some of that sympathy to him on the sharp spring winds.

The cold was less brittle than in recent days, but with that peculiar instinct of the prairie child, she sensed more snow in the offing, looked askance at the low-flying clouds hanging over the horizon.

She shivered with the cold and the nervousness of this thing that had just happened. Holding her long skirts above the high ridges of snow where a few sleighs had lumbered back and forth, she started east toward home.

From the sight of the low rolling grayish-white clouds, high above the horizon now, her eyes suddenly caught a glimpse of that which caused her to stop short in her tracks. Other grayish-white clouds were rolling along on the ground, turning, twisting with a peculiar up-and-down bobbing motion so similar to the clouds above them that they seemed but a continuation of those in the sky.

They were Wayne's sheep, crowding together in a tight pack, following the bellwether, drifting foolishly ahead of the storm, as sheep will, heading straight for Deer Run. Sheep would follow a leader into any fool place. She looked around frantically for help, hallooed once or twice for her brother Henry, but her voice returned to her eerily on the silence, so she knew there was no use wasting time in vain calling. Instead, she picked up her skirts and, plunging across the width of the River Road, turned back and north into the lane.

If the River Road had been bad, out as it was with the ruts of many sleighs and the deep devices of horses' hoofs, the lane road was infinitely worse. Only a few families came down from that direction, so that the snow was less cut and walking that much harder. But to get to Wayne's cabin and tell him about his sheep was the least she could do for him. Otherwise they were heading straight for broken ice, which meant the utter destruction of all his work. He must not have this loss on top of his loss of Carlie.

To the north she saw his cabin standing at the edge of the grove, with no smoke from the chimney, no movement about the place, no pawing horse or leaping dog. It looked silent and desolate. There was no use wasting time, then, in going on up the lane. Cutting across the field, herself, to head off the bellwether was clearly the only thing to do.

As soon as she had passed the end of the Atkins' rail fence, she turned toward the creek to make a diagonal crossing in order to reach its bank before the flock did.

Plunging ahead, sometimes she could gain speed on hard-packed dunes. Sometimes she slipped on snow still soft and light from the last falling. Sometimes she broke through hard crusts, so that their knife-like edges scraped her legs cruelly, once feeling a warm trickle of blood on her ankle. But always she kept her eyes on those dirty-white backs, like grayish clouds that bobbed and rolled along the ground as though the sky and the prairie were one.

It was growing darker, with an uncanny, too-early blackness. The low seudding clouds were now coming in from the northwest more rapidly. They rolled low over the prairie, boiling, hissing their wrath at the land.

Suzanne cowered against the frightful venom. The grayish-white sheep were not far away—she could

hear their bleating and the tinkling bell of the leader—but suddenly they were no longer visible. The darkness and the storm had leagued together to obliterate them. Only by sense of ear could she tell there was anything near but raging wind and sleet and snow. She could hear the animals crash through the underbrush and down the creek bed, the sound of their cries and the bell lost in the roaring gale. There was nothing she could do now but turn and go home.

Go home! "I'll go in just a minute," she kept thinking. But the sleet was such a stinging blinding thing that she had to cover her face from its lashing and crouch in a thicket of bare rattling bushes which gave not the slightest protection.

As she cowered, a frightened sheep blatted and bumped into her so that she caught at it thinking to hold it to her, but it cried the louder and slipped away.

And now she lived in a world of ice and snow in which no other thing existed. Never had she known such penetrating cold. Snow whirled into her nostrils, needles of sleet cut her face. She wanted to cry out with the hurt of it, but her breath would not come.

"But I'm not far from home," she told herself crazily. "I ought to be able to get there. I know every foot of this prairie. It belongs to me. Right here along this creek bed I've picked wild grapes and haws. I've waded here in Deer Run and ridden Queenie across this very spot. The prairie can't go back on me like this. The creek can't treat me so. When you love Nature as I always have, she can't turn so against you."

She stood up, but there came another blinding blast of snow-filled wind, so that she crouched and clung to the rattling bush, not wanting to leave its familiar shelter. "I'm in real danger," she thought more calmly. "I've got to keep my head. Now think this all out. Try to plan, like a soldier. Think how to pull through. It's getting even worse and I've got to get home. The best way to go about —"

A great blast threw her into the branches of the bush, scratching her face, and with a dull dismay she knew her face was too numb to feel it keenly. That was far more dangerous than to lift her face into the sleet and feel its sharpened glass cutting into her soft flesh. Her hands, too, were getting numb—the one holding her bundle had no feeling at all.

She could still hear the far-off bleating of sheep when the wind blasts died down intermittently, but it was very faint, as though they might have gone on in the darkness, or most of them drowned in the open places.

Quite suddenly her mind was clear and she knew what to attempt to do. Follow the creek bed. It might take hours in the darkness, feeling her way along the ice, but she would make it unless, like the sheep in those open places —

There was another sound now—one of breaking snow crust and thrashing creature coming close. Horse odor came to her nostrils, so that she rose frantically to meet the animal's oncoming, riderless floundering, to try to grasp its mane in the sleet and the darkness. But it was not riderless. A man swung off to bend over her. "Suzanne! What are you doing here?"

Wayne Lockwood, trying to trace the path of his sheep through the storm, had run onto her.

"Oh, Wayne."

He had her in his arms and up on the horse, had turned and was retracing his path through the crashing sleet and howling of the wind to the lights in his cabin windows.

x

WAYNE put the half-frozen girl down in a chair far from the fire until he could see whether her face showed white in the light of the

candle's flame. Then he took off her gloves and shoes, but her feet had suffered less than her hands because of her crouching over them during the time by the creek bed.

With no words he worked over her, brought a pan of snow for the colorless hand that had grasped the bundle, knelt by her, plunging it in and holding it there until the red blood flowed through her fingers. Tears which she tried to control and could not, slipped from her at the pain and mingled with the moisture on her sleet-covered face, so that he got up to bring a towel and wipe it, drying her hands too.

"Now you can get close to the fire," he said, and picked her up in the chair to carry her to the burning logs.

He took off her bonnet and scarf and helped peel off the sodden wrap. But she was soaked through and shivering from the icy wetness. Here, by the fire, water dripped clammy onto the floor from her long skirt.

"You'll have to get out of the rest of your things too," he said matter-of-factly. "I'll try and get you something —" He broke off. "What's in your bundle?"

"It's only my — I was going to stay all night at Sahlin's."

"I see. Put it on." He brought the bundle, its covering soggy from the snow.

"Oh, I couldn't, Wayne—not here."

"Put it on," he said crossly—he was turning down his bed, folding back the flannel-lined deerskin and the comforts from his New England home—"and get in here."

And when she only stood, clutching her bundle, shaking yet from the wet and the cold, he said gruffly, "What are you waiting for?"

He turned on his heel and went over to the cookstove, fed its fire with split wood, and with his back to her, fussed over the iron utensils and his supper.

"Tell me when you're in and I'll get your wet things," he said shortly.

"I'm in," Suzanne said later in a thin little voice from over the comforts and the deerskin.

When he came to get her clothes to hang by the fireplace, he asked, "Chilling?"

"A little." But Suzanne did not know in what proportion was the cold and the nervousness over this queer thing that was happening.

He hung her soggy garments in front of the fireplace.

(Continued on Page 40)



With no word other than that hurried, whispered "Good-by," he released her and was up the graded bank again.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT



Bridget watched the older woman narrowly through her almost-closed eyes.

EASY TO KILL

By
**AGATHA
CHRISTIE**

ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY RALEIGH

XXXII

THE calm interior of Miss Waynflete's house was almost an anticlimax after that tense moment in the car.

Miss Waynflete received Bridget's acceptance of her invitation a little doubtfully; hastening, however, to reiterate her offer of hospitality by way of showing that her doubts were due to quite another cause than unwillingness to receive the girl.

Luke said, "I really think it will be the best thing, since you are so kind, Miss Waynflete. I am staying at the Bells and Motley. I'd rather have Bridget under my eye than up in town. After all, remember what happened there before."

Miss Waynflete said, "You mean, Lavinia Pullerton?"

"Yes. You would have said, wouldn't you, that anyone would be quite safe in the middle of a crowded city?"

"You mean," said Miss Waynflete, "that anyone's safety depends principally on the fact that nobody wishes to kill them?"

"Exactly. We have come to depend upon what has been called the good will of civilization."

Miss Waynflete nodded her head thoughtfully.

Bridget said, "How long have you known that—that Gordon was the killer, Miss Waynflete?"

Miss Waynflete sighed. "That is a difficult question for me to answer, my dear. I suppose that I have been quite sure about it, in my inmost heart, for some time. But I did my best not to recognize that belief. You see, I didn't want to believe it, and so I pretended to myself that it was a wicked and monstrous idea on my part."

Luke said bluntly, "Have you never been afraid for yourself?"

Miss Waynflete considered. "You mean that if Gordon had suspected that I knew, he would have found some means of getting rid of me?"

"Yes."

Miss Waynflete said gently, "I have, of course, been alive to that possibility. I tried to be careful of myself. But I do not think that Gordon would have considered me a real menace."

"Why?"

Miss Waynflete flushed a little. "I don't think that Gordon would ever believe that I would do anything to—to bring him into danger."

Luke said abruptly, "But, Miss Waynflete, you went as far, didn't you, as to warn him?"

"Yes. That is, I did hint to him that it was odd that anyone who displeased him should shortly meet with an accident."

Bridget demanded, "And what did he say?"

A worried expression passed over Miss Waynflete's face. "He didn't react at all in the way I meant. He seemed—really it's most extraordinary!—he seemed pleased. He said, 'So you've noticed that?' He quite—quite preened himself, if I may use that expression."

"He's mad, of course," said Luke.

Miss Waynflete agreed eagerly, "Yes, indeed; there isn't any other explanation possible. He's not responsible for his acts." She laid a hand on Luke's arm. "They—they won't hang him, will they, Mr. Fitzwilliam?"

"No, no. Send him to Broadmoor, I expect."

Miss Waynflete sighed and leaned back. "I'm so glad."

Her eyes rested on Bridget, who was frowning down at the carpet.

Luke said, "But we're a long way from all that, still. I've notified the powers that be, and I can say this much: They've prepared to take the matter seriously. But you must realize that we've got remarkably little evidence to go upon."

"We'll get evidence," said Bridget.

Miss Waynflete looked up at her. There was some quality in her expression that reminded Luke of someone or something that he had seen not long ago. He tried to pin down the elusive memory, but failed.

Miss Waynflete said doubtfully, "You are confident, my dear. Well, perhaps you are right."

Luke said, "I'll go along with the car, Bridget, and fetch your things from the Manor."

Bridget said immediately, "I'll come too."

"I'd rather you didn't."

"Yes, but I'd rather come."

Luke said irritably, "Don't do the mother-and-child act with me, Bridget! I refuse to be protected by you."

Miss Waynflete murmured, "I really think, Bridget, that it will be quite all right—in the car, and in daylight."

Bridget gave a slightly shamefaced laugh. "I'm being rather an idiot. This business gets on one's nerves."

Luke said, "Miss Waynflete protected me home the other night. . . . Come now, Miss Waynflete, admit it! Didn't you?"

She admitted it, smiling. "You see, Mr. Fitzwilliam, you were so completely unsuspecting. And if Gordon Whitfield had really grasped the fact that you were down here to look into this business, and for no other reason—well, it wasn't very safe. And that's a very lonely lane. Anything might have happened!"

"Well, I'm alive to the danger now, all right," said Luke grimly. "I shan't be caught napping, I can assure you."

Miss Waynflete said anxiously, "Remember, he is very cunning. And much cleverer than you would ever imagine. Really, a most ingenious mind."

"I'm forewarned."

"Men have courage—one knows that," said Miss Waynflete—"but they are more easily deceived than women."

"That's true," said Bridget.

Luke said, "Seriously, Miss Waynflete, do you really think that I am in any danger? Do you think, in my perilance, that Lord Whitfield is really out to get me?"

Miss Waynflete hesitated. "I think," she said, "that the principal danger is to your anger. It is her rejection of him that is the supreme insult. I think that after he has dealt with Bridget, he will turn his attention to you. But I think that undoubtedly he will try for her first."

Luke groaned. "I wish to goodness you'd go abroad—now—at once, Bridget."

Bridget's lips set. "I'm not going."

Miss Waynflete sighed. "You are a brave creature, Bridget. I admire you."

"You'd do the same in my place."

"Well, perhaps," Bridget said, her voice dropping to a full rich note, "Luke and I are in this together."

She went out with him to the door. Luke said, "I'll give you a ring from the Bells and Motley when I'm safely out of the lion's den."

"Yes, do."

"My sweet, don't let's get all het up! Even the most accomplished murderers have to have a little time to mature their plans. I should say we're quite all right for a day or two. Superintendant Battle is coming down from London today. From then on, Whitfield will be under observation."

"In fact, everything is O.K. and we can cut out the melodrama."

Luke said gravely, laying a hand on her shoulder. "Bridget, my sweet, you will oblige me by not doing anything rash."

"Same to you, darling Luke."

He squeezed her shoulder, jumped into the car and drove off.

Bridget returned to the sitting room. Miss Waynflete was frowning a little in a gentle sinister manner. "My dear, your room's not quite ready yet. Emily is seeing to it. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to get you a nice cup of tea. It's just what you need after all these upsetting incidents."

"It's frightfully kind of you, Miss Waynflete, but I really don't want any."

Bridget disliked tea intensely. It usually gave her indigestion. Miss Waynflete, however, had decided that tea was what her young guest needed.

She bustled out of the room and reappeared about five minutes later, her face beaming, carrying a tray on which stood two dainty Dresden cups full of a fragrant steaming beverage.

"Let's reap some couching," said Miss Waynflete proudly.

Bridget, who disliked China tea even more than Indian, gave a wan smile.

At that moment Emily, a small, clumsy-looking girl with pronounced adenoids, appeared in the doorway and said, "If you please, Miss, did you bean the frilled pillow cases?"

Miss Waynflete hurriedly left the room, and Bridget took advantage of the respite to pour her tea out of the window, narrowly escaping scolding Winky Pooh, who was on the flower bed below.

Winky Pooh accepted her apologies, sprang up on the window sill and proceeded to wind himself in and out over Bridget's shoulders, purring in an affected manner.

"Handsome!" said Bridget, drawing a hand down his back.

Winky Pooh arched his tail and purred with redoubled vigor.

"Nice pussy," said Bridget, tickling his ears.

Miss Waynflete returned at that minute. "Dear me," she exclaimed.

"Winky Pooh has quite taken to you, hasn't he? He's so standoffish as a rule! Mind his ear, my dear. He's had a bad ear lately and it's still very painful."

The injunction came too late. Bridget's hand had tweaked the painful ear. Winky Pooh spat at her and retired, a mass of orange effulgent dignity.

"Oh, dear, has he scratched you?" cried Miss Waynflete.

"Nothing much," said Bridget, sucking a diagonal scratch on the back of her hand.

"Shall I put some iodine on?"

"Oh, no, it's quite all right. Don't let's fuss."

Miss Waynflete seemed a little disappointed. Feeling that she had been ungracious, Bridget said hastily, "I wonder how long Luke will be?"

"Now don't worry, my dear. I'm sure Mr. Fitzwilliam will be able to look after himself."

"Oh, Luke, has he scratched you?"

At that moment the telephone rang. Bridget hurried to it.

The voice spoke. "Hello? You know, my dear, the Bells and Motley. You know what I mean?"

"The superintendant man from Scotland Yard?"

"Yes, and he wants to have a talk with me right away."

"That's all right by me. Bring my things round after lunch and tell me what he has to say about it all."

"Right. So long, my sweet."

Bridget replaced the receiver and retailed the conversation to Miss Waynflete. Then she yawned. A feeling of fatigue had succeeded her contentment.

Miss Waynflete noticed it. "You're tired, my dear! You'd better lie down. No, perhaps that would be a bad thing just before lunch. I was just going to take some old clothes to a woman in a cottage not very far away—quite a pretty walk over the fields. Perhaps you'd care to come with me? We'll just have time to have lunch."

Bridget agreed willingly.

They went out the back way. Miss Waynflete wore a straw hat and, to Bridget's amusement, had put on gloves. "We might be going to Bond Street," she thought to herself.

Miss Waynflete chatted pleasantly of various small village matters as they walked. They went across two fields, crossed a ruddy lane and then took a path leading through a ragged copse.

The day was hot, and Bridget found the shade of the trees pleasant.

Miss Waynflete suggested that they should sit down and rest a minute.

"It's really rather oppressively warm today, don't you think? I fancy there must be thunder about."

Bridget acquiesced somewhat sleepily. She sat down on the bank, her eyes half closed, some lines of poetry wandering through her brain:

"O fat white woman whom nobody loves"

Why do you walk through the fields in gloves?"

But that wasn't quite right! Miss Waynflete wasn't fat. She amended the words to fit the case:

"O lean gray woman whom nobody loves, Why do you walk through the fields in gloves?"

Miss Waynflete broke in upon her thoughts. "You're very sleepy, dear, aren't you?"

The words were said in a gentle, everyday tone, but something in them jerked Bridget's eyes suddenly wide open.

Miss Waynflete was leaning forward toward her. Her eyes were eager, her tongue passed gently over her lips. She repeated her question: "You're very sleepy, aren't you?"

This time there was no mistaking the definite significance of the tone. A flash passed through Bridget's brain—a lightning flash of comprehension, succeeded by one of contempt at her own density.

She had suspected the truth, but it had been no more than a dim suspicion. She had meant, working quietly and secretly, to make sure. But not for one moment had she realized that anything was to be attempted against herself. She had, she thought, concealed her suspicions entirely. Nor would she have dreamed that anything would be contemplated so soon. Fool—seven times fool!

And she thought suddenly. "The tea—there was something in it. The tea doesn't know I never drank it. You, Brown, must have pretended."

What stuff is it, I wonder? Poison? Or just sleeping stuff? She expects me to be sleepy—that's evident."

She let her eyelids drop again. In what she believed was a natural drowsy voice, she said, "I do—frightfully. How funny! I don't know when I've felt so sleepy."

Miss Waynflete nodded softly.

Bridget watched the older woman narrowly through her almost-closed eyes.

She thought: "I'm a match for her, anyway. My muscles are pretty tough; she's a skinny, frail old pussy. But I've got to make her talk—that's it, make her talk."

Miss Waynflete was smiling. It was not a nice smile. It was sly and not very human.

Bridget thought: "She's like a goat! How like a goat she is! A goat's always been an evil symbol. I see why now. I wonder what was right in that fantastic idea of mine. Hell has no fury like a woman scorned. That was the start of it; it's all there."

She murmured, and this time her voice held a definite note of apprehension: "I don't know what's the matter with me. I feel so queer—so very queer."

Miss Waynflete gave a swift glance around her. The spot was entirely desolate. It was too far from the village for a shout to be heard. There were no houses or cottages near. She began to fumble with the parcel she carried.

The parcel that was supposed to contain old clothes. Apparently, it did. The paper came apart, revealing a soft woolly garment. And still those gloved hands fumbled and fumbled.

Why do you walk through the fields in gloves?

Yes, why? Why gloves? Of course! Of course! The whole thing so beautifully planned!

(Continued on Page 55)

"TO SHAVE FAST, WITH COMFORT—

DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE RASHPER LATHER



Shave with *John Hinderberg*
Head Barber
Hotel Astor, New York City

1. QUICKER

because you don't have to prepare your beard before using Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

2. SMOOTHER

because its rich, small-bubble lather melts the beard soft at the base, away razor cuts clean.

3. CHEAPER

because you use less than brushless cream of the same size and price can. There's no waste with Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream.

Barbers know from long experience that lather gives a smoother, easier shave than brushless creams, because it wilts whiskers softer and faster. And 2 out of 3 barbers use Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather. . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard. . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in 25¢ 4oz. tube. Buy Colgate Rapid-Shave Cream today. Large size 55¢. Giant size holding twice as much, only 40¢.

COLGATE

RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

BLOOD ON ICE

(Continued from Page 17)

But all this couldn't stop the old war horse from breaking through a few minutes from the finish of the game to score the winning goal.

The Rangers went on to win the deciding game of the series in Montreal. As the final whistle sounded, Bill Cook vaulted the side boards in a dash across the ice at Crutchfield. Strongmen were ready for another fight, but Cook merely shook hands with the belligerent collegian.

"Crutchfield's only a kid," Cook explained later, "and a very nice one at that. I felt like killing him the other night; but when the game was over, the feeling seemed to disappear—even though my headache didn't. He is just breaking into 'big-time' hockey. I wouldn't want him to get a wrong slant on the game."

Bill Cook left the Rangers last year to manage and coach the Cleveland Barons in the International American League. And who should he find on the roster but his youngest brother Alex (Bud) Cook. Early in the season Alex became embroiled with a burly defense man, "Butch" Beisler, of the New Haven club. Alex made no complaint at the going-over-ho.

But Brother Bill has the memory of a slighted elephant. Bill was an inactive bench manager, though he could curtail anybody on his team. The New Haven boys were justifiably surprised, when they appeared in Cleveland, to see the man whose name in the starting line-up. In hockey, two Cooks will spoil anybody's soup.

Bill didn't keep them guessing long. He went to the ice, took the puck at first opportunity, and skated for the New Haven goal. Reaching Beisler, he slid the puck aside and sent Butch careening to the ice, victim of one of the worst collisions of the year. Thereupon Brother Bill Cook returned to the inactive list, where he remained for the balance of the season.

Lester Patrick, manager of the Rangers, understands how these brother acts work, chiefly because he was half of a great one. Thirty years ago he and his younger brother, Frank, were outstanding stars in the same league with one of hockey's pioneer bad men, Joe Hall. Anything went in those days. Players knew they could cut one another down without suffering more than a retaliatory lump and a brief trip to the penalty jug.

All's Fair on the Ice

During a mad mix-up Lester went down and completely out. Drifting slowly back to consciousness, he could hear Brother Frank's insistent demand for the identity of the assailant.

"Who did it, Lester? Who did it? Tell me!" Frank pleaded impatiently; then, when Lester failed to reply: "Never mind. I know!"

A few minutes later they carried Joe Hall off the ice, useless for the remainder of the game.

Joe Hall was a peculiar example of a hockey hard-Hardy. Despite his in-

humanity to man on skates, he was well liked. There was nothing he wouldn't do for teammate or rival, before or after a game. And nothing he wouldn't do to a rival on the ice.

A first-hand report on Jekyll-Hyde Hall comes from Walter Smail, a great defense man with the Montreal Wanderers in the early days of professional hockey. Smail once had three broken ribs reinforced and taped especially for participation in an important game.

"Joe Hall and I were pals," Smail tells it, "and he knew about my busted



ribs. I felt that if I told him he couldn't or wouldn't make a special effort to bull's-eye my taped side.

"'Okay,' said Joe when I explained things, 'don't worry about your ribs. I won't give you that old butt end to-night.' He shook my hand warmly, and I know he meant every word, at that moment. But the game hadn't been going five minutes when he came tearing down in my direction. Before I could get my stick up to fend him off, he had buried the butt end of his stick in my injured side and put me out of commission for the night.

"Some people called it dirty hockey. But I knew Joe Hall too well. I realized that it was the only way he could play the game. The next day he actually kidded me about being unable to take it."

There are conflicting stories about hockey's modern bad man, Eddie Shore. Some spring from professional jealousy and others from a misunderstanding of his spirit and technique. Also, players and press seem to forget that the first rule when playing Boston is "Get Shore before Shore gets you." Eddie is often tabbed as a tough guy who can't take it. Players in the dressing room see him cover every square inch of his body with padding, and make remarks. Others comment on the fact that the slightest abrasion sends him scurrying for the jolting bottle. Such comment is pretty silly. Shore is merely being a good business man who wisely protects his only tangible asset.

Few players have been obliged to take the beating which he, always a

target, draws in the course of a season. Being tops, he is also disliked. He will not go out of his way to make friends among players. He takes no pains to be sweet to the press. Sooner or later everybody is gunning for him—players, press and public. But he returns to Western Canada each year with the biggest salary ever paid to a player.

When the Montreal Maroons of a few years ago went "looking" for someone, as they phrased it, they seldom failed in the search. One night in Montreal they decided to go "looking" for Shore. Perhaps they were influenced by the news that George Owen, former Harvard star, was injured, leaving Shore and Lionel Hitchman to play the full sixty minutes on defense.

What Reggie Did

Hitchman suffered a badly gashed eye in the opening play, but managed to complete the full hour of play. Not so Shore, who weakened under the relentless pounding. At one stage of his stubborn refusal to quit they heard the game until his head cleared.

When Shore was finally helped from the ice after fifty-eight minutes of play, he was taken directly to the hospital. There they set his broken nose, cauterized a spot where four teeth had been knocked out, and treated him for concussion of the brain.

Red Horner, libelously named Reginald, may eventually succeed Shore as hockey's bad man. But he will never be the constant target that Shore was, because of his size and eternal pugnacity. Scaling close to two hundred pounds stripped, Horner has the charge of locomotive and the resistance of a brick wall.

Horner is author of many an epic ice Donnybrook. But he surpassed himself in a battle with Bill Cook at Toronto, a few years ago. Hostilities began with Bun Cook, who, being younger and bigger than Bill, needed no help. He got it, nevertheless, when Bill skated over and warned Horner to lay off the kid brother.

On the next play, Bill slipped the puck through Horner and, in swinging his stick, "accidentally" nicked Red in the cheek. The action was in the corner, but not for long. Both players dropped sticks and gloves as though by signal, and began to throw bare fists.

They slugged toe to toe. The fury of Cook's wallops drove Horner out toward the ice. Here the referee risked life and limb to separate them.

With great difficulty and generous extra help, he succeeded in pinioning the arms of the two fighters to their sides. There was peace for an instant and tempers were cooling. But Horner, still fuming, felt obliged to cut Cook a dirty so-and-so. With one final effort Cook tore the referee from the motion, landed a roundhouse right against the point of Horner's chin, leaving him oblivious to everything for several seconds. That usually is long enough to make a man forget his history.

Cully Wilson, creek right-I bad man in the early 20's, was a No. 1 Bad Man of

the Pacific Coast League for several years. His career was terminated for a full year for breaking the jaw of Mickey McKay, star center of the Vancouver team. Prior to this incident he played a leading, if painful, role in one of the most bewildering dramas ever seen on the ice. The basketball-horrible came during an important play-off series between Calgary and Regina, in the old Western Canada League, to determine who would go East to play for the Stanley Cup.

Dick Irvin, now coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs, was a star with Regina. He angered Wilson by getting the puck past him to keep Irvin from following. Wilson wisely brought his stick up at right angles to his rival's chin. The force of the rising cross-check snapped Irvin's jaw shut and impaled his tongue upon the lower teeth. Wilson then skated quickly to the sidelines, looking innocent.

The capacity crowd couldn't guess what had happened to Irvin. He was doing a whirling-dervish act, reacting to his mouth and making unintelligible guttural sounds. It all looked very funny. The puzzled referee busied himself getting the game restarted.

In great haste the referee explained. Irvin skated to the Calgary bench and whacked his stick over Cully Wilson's head, smashing both stick and head. They carried the unconscious Cully to a doctor, who pronounced a severe, but a scalp wound. Another doctor was summoned to take care of Irvin, who was almost strangled.

Minnie McGiffen was a famous bad man in the World War days. Minnie played for Toronto, and his favorite opponent was hard-balled Arthur Horace Ross, whom you know today as Art Ross, Boston manager. They were on a slugging tour, and both were arrested for assault and battery. Fortunately, the judge was a hockey fan and fined them one dollar each and costs. Another argument started over who was to pay. They tossed a coin and McGiffen lost. He paid, saying he didn't mind, because he'd take the amount out of Ross' anatomy, with interest. Minnie was killed flying an airplane in 1934, surviving many a major hockey war.

No Time for Fancy Stitches

The physician in attendance at Madison Square Garden, Dr. H. C. Claus, has treated many types of athletic injuries. He is seldom surprised at surgical cases of any kind. But he confesses that hockey players never fail to surprise him at the way they are able to endure pain and punishment.

In 1926 hockey was rather new at the Garden. Doctor Claus was summoned to attend Johnny Sheppard, a Detroit wing, victim of a skate slash. His cheek had been laid open by the razor-sharp edge of a skate, and he lay on the rubdown table with a pile of soaked towels next his bleeding face. After one look at the cut, the doctor decided that an anesthetic was necessary for the hemistitching to follow. He prepared to rush the patient to Polyclinic Hospital. Suddenly Sheppard turned his head and began to revile what he thought was unprofessional shilly-shallying. "Well, you're the devil, you're doing?" Sheppard demanded, mising on his

elbows. "Hurry up and stitch this cheek, so I can get back in that game!" The dumfounded doctor hurriedly placing one little stitch next the other with what he regarded as ruinous speed. To Sheppard it was a waste of time. At the ninth stitch, the player demanded laudages and tact. He got them, grabbed his stick and rushed out to the ice.

Because they rarely get a chance to appear in the city of their birth, hockey players never fail to make the most of a home-town unveiling. The 1932 team Montreal Maroons not only boasted the toughest bruisers in the game but several of them were born in Toronto. This made things very distressing for the Maple Leafs. The Maroons took particular delight in pointing out the Toronto management's mistake in failing to sign them for life.

Six years ago the Maple Leafs tried to meet this demonstration with super-hockey. The result took on the appearance of an Armageddon. Before the game was half over, every player on both teams had been in a fist fight, and finally the affair became a free-for-all that raged for ten minutes before any kind of order could be restored.

When hostilities finally ceased, Referees Cooper Smeaton and George McNeil had to award the Maroons the major penalties; a record for all time, they hope. Five fines of twenty-five dollars each were later added by the league president. Ness Stewart, who had scored more goals than any other player in hockey, made the mistake of pommeling Alex Levinsky's head, and emerged from that engagement with two bad thumbs, one broken.

No story of hockey could be complete without mention of the one and only Sprague Cleghorn. Sprague was not only a great player but ranked with the most unerring of stick swingers, especially with the wrist. He was a target. During his sojourn with the Montreal Canadiens fifteen years ago, Cleghorn cut down Cy Denneny, of the Ottawa Senators, at the same moment his teammate Billy Couture was rendering Jack Darragh null and void on another section of the ice. The league president suspended Cleghorn for the balance of the series, and handed him several months in jail. The result was that the Canadiens finished the games with a pair of light forwards in the defense positions.

Most of Cleghorn's battles came as a result of his delight in "slaying" an opponent with the hockey language for whacking a stick against the unprotected bone. Any time he went into the corner for a puck, Sprague applied the wood to all who dared accompany him. A whop on the ankle almost always pained enough to produce retaliation and a battle, which was what Sprague wanted in the first place.

Billy Couture himself ranked high as an enforcer. When playing for Boston, he is said to have attacked a referee in a runway leading to the dressing room. Some assert Couture never laid a hand on the official, and that one day the referee did the slugging. Since Billy was nearing the end of his career, he is supposed to have taken the rap, which was a life suspension.

The punishment was lifted two years later. He is back in the game now and as truculent as ever.

What is there about hockey to make the players even fiercer primitives than the rest of the world? Nobody seems to know the answers. Even a few wondering psychiatrists have strayed into hockey dressing rooms,

only to leave, completely and admittedly baffled.

The best explanation seems to be that early hockey in Canada was a survival of the fittest and nothing else. Skill came from brawn. Brain was something you used when you didn't have enough brawn. Exhibitions of what many would consider brutal bestiality and inhuman courage became a part of the ideal game.

The modern hockey player, like the boxer and football star, may not be as tough as his athletic forebears. But he doesn't have to be, because he is more careful. There could never be a Joe Hall in today's hockey. But there wouldn't have been an A. J. Bailey incident thirty years ago. Because the Spartans of old would have been on guard for just such an attack as Eddie Shore launched.

Whatever tenacious psychiatrists discover about the cause of man's intensified inhumanity to man the minute he gets a hockey stick in his hands, it's a certainty that they'll never be able to cure the disease. Not as long as the cash customer pays to see blood on the ice and, when he doesn't get it, yells: "What is this, a love nest!"

ONE-LEGGED NATION

(Continued from Page 23)

What is this special American malady? Have the doctors of the science as yet got anywhere in their diagnosis of it?

The answer will surprise most people, since it is so commonly assumed that economists are a breed like Kilkenny cats. One finds, in looking over all the literature, much disagreement as to the causes of this malady, but an astonishing extent of agreement upon at least one point—as to the economic region where it seems, principally, to lie.

Men and women are not equal in the spending. In one, the gain or satisfaction received is obtained more or less immediately. At once, or within a short time, the spender gets the enjoyable goods or service for which he gives the money.

In the other, the gain or satisfaction to be received is willingly deferred to the future. In the meantime—a fact often curiously overlooked—the person who gets the money obtains, if he wishes, full benefit from it. The word "investment" describes—or rather obfuscates—the nature of this second type of spending.

These two types of spending, among millions of people united in each nation, are plainly interdependent; and to an appreciable degree, they complement each other. They might, in a figure of speech, be considered the two legs by which our modern type of human society strides forward—instead of creeps, as it is said to.

Within the past ten years, the second type has been far below the volume it might have been expected to be. This one leg, crushed in 1929-32, has never since then got back to a body limping station in the United States. For nigh ten years we have been a one-legged nation. That is, the region where American economic trouble originates principally to continue in spending for future benefit. This is highly generalized statement. What proof can be presented to cautious people?

The proof is most easily comprehended when one learns of certain illuminating classifications now made by

modern economists. They have broken down the various kinds of goods produced, and the occupations of men into several categories.

First, there is what is called perishable goods, the greater portion utilized to satisfy the nation's aggregate physiological needs. There are, obviously, the foods we eat, the clothes we wear, the drugs and medicine with which we dose ourselves, the toilet preparations with which to beautify ourselves, the coal and other fuels to keep ourselves warm, the lighting we use, and so on. All perishable goods, by any means, have a physiological purpose and destination. How about the gasoline used in pleasure riding? Or the forest products in most of our newspapers and magazines? Or a coffin? It is used once, and decidedly, in that economic sense, is a form of perishable goods.

Next, the modern economists identify what they call semidurable goods. This category consists principally of clothes and of that great variety of products that goes into the making of clothes—house furnishings, too—not to mention the lighting we use, like the baby's toys and your golf balls. Another example is automobile tires and tubes. Pretty generally the criterion of semidurable goods is that they last for from six months to three years; perishable goods, by contrast, are those that may last for from a few days to six months.

Goods That Last Long

Next comes so-called consumers' durable goods. In this category are the things which help us not merely to remain alive and healthy; but to live well. All furniture belongs here, and all the household mechanical geni which we call upon to make living no longer laborious—gas and electric stoves, sewing and washing machines, mechanical refrigerators. Perhaps most important of all in this great group are passenger automobiles, with all their parts and their accessories. These are single instances can be seen when it is learned that in many years not much less than

half the value of all consumers' durable goods produced consists of pleasure automobiles and their parts.

One of the major divisions in this illuminating distinction among goods is what is called producers' durable goods. These are best conceived of as principally the tools of humankind. Here most of the tools, of course, are our amazing production machines including agricultural machinery. It is they, quite obviously, with the labor of the men handling them, that are responsible for the production and transporting the greater part of the three other major categories of goods.

A fifth category of tangible goods really belongs with durable goods. For certainly they last, ordinarily, more than three years. This is construction of all kinds. It is so large and so vital an activity, that it is put by economists into a separate category.

A few more strokes must be added to get a full panorama of useful human activity in any modern nation. There are enormous groups not directly active in the production of new goods at all. One group, for instance, is engaged in doing nothing but keeping in repair and good condition all the durable goods, both consumers' and producers', and all the buildings. There is another enormous group in so-called service industries—musicians, actors, doctors, nurses, lawyers, judges, teachers, domestic servants, and so on. Still other crucially important millions of people spend all their days in transporting the goods produced, and taking charge of them where any consumer can step up and obtain them instantly when wanted. The railroad workers of the nation, its seamen, its teamsters, its innumerable employees of retail and wholesale establishments, all busy themselves in this indispensable specialized effort, which the economists call distribution.

Examining these categories, the revealing fact appears that there are only two of them in which spending goes on with a view to the future benefit of those who will require the goods—those of producers' durable goods, and con-

struction—eliminating construction initiated by government.

All other spending results in practically immediate consumption and gain. At once, or very soon, the goods are acquired, or the services rendered, begin to serve either the pleasurable or useful purposes for which the money has been requisitioned by the consumer. This, plainly, is not true of producers' durable goods and of most construction. The new owners of these have given their money in full to others, and the categories would pretty much increase by goals so to speak, in the future—in profits possibly earned, in rent paid over long years, or, if the money relinquished is loaned money, in interest.

Quantitative Fact-Finding

An inevitable question arises in any reflective mind: Can it be ascertained with any accuracy how much money is normally spent, separately, in each one of these important categories? It might be expected, of course, in every business cycle that spending in all the categories would pretty much increase and decrease together. But suppose spending in one or another category acted peculiarly at a certain phase of every business cycle, or in one particular business cycle? Well, at least, we should begin to perceive something about our social processes having more the color of fact than of conjecture.

This particular job of quantitative fact-finding has been most successfully accomplished with a degree of accuracy close enough to the actuality to make some conclusions reliable. I refer to a study conducted under the auspices of the National Bureau of Economic Research, a nonprofit research society in New York, which, incidentally, for years has been carrying on the most thorough inquiry into the nature of business cycles being done anywhere in the world.

Recently this body published—all in its day's work—a great tome which is one of the country's book reviewers have called it "the best of the best," weighed five pounds, its 300 broad

pages almost wholly consisted of tables and lists and figures, and it went by the alias title of *Commodity Flow and Capital Formation*. Maybe the book reviewers sidestepped it because they regarded it as unfinished, for, formidable as it was, it was marked Volume One.

The person principally responsible for this work was Dr. Simon Kuznets, professor of economic statistics at the University of Pennsylvania, and one of the most highly respected among modern economists. In it, he and his associates essayed the incredibly difficult task of itemizing every economic activity in the nation, huge and tiny; placing it in one of the several major categories outlined above; determining, by actual census or income records, how much money had been spent in it; and doing this for the seventeen years between 1919 and 1935 inclusive. This mountainous mass of economic detail they separated and laid out in order.

A Crucial Question Answered

The prime purpose of this great study was to discover how much useful capital is gained, or lost, by our nation year by year. But its collected material answers many other questions, and we ourselves, like a hound with its nose to the trail, can ask a single question pertinent to this inquiry. Year by year from 1919 to 1935, how much money has been spent in the United States for producers' durable goods, privately financed construction, and in keeping these two categories of goods in repair? In other words, how much of a role, quantitatively, does what we have called future-spending play normally in American economic life?

It is illuminating, first, to take the figures up through 1929, before the great depression swamped us:*

1919	\$18,828,000,000
1920	20,020,000,000
1921	15,088,000,000
1922	15,560,000,000
1923	18,736,000,000
1924	18,436,000,000
1925	16,634,000,000
1926	20,909,000,000
1927	20,673,800,000
1928	21,340,100,000
1929	21,284,900,000
Total	\$210,061,000,000

This great total is surely one to italicize in the memory. Two hundred and ten billion dollars relinquished in a period of eleven years by individuals and corporations with an eye solely to their future and not their present benefit.

One can obtain a hazy notion of the magnitude of this sum by comparing it with another total. The United States Government has never been notable for its parsimony. Add up all the money it has spent, include all our wars, all the pensions, all the relief in recent years. Go from 1789 right up through fiscal year 1938. One hundred and forty-nine years of free spending. In all that time the Federal Government has spent \$151,000,000,000. Not three quarters of the sum spent by individuals and corporations in future-spending only in a mere eleven years. The comparison, if it does nothing else,

*These totals are in the current prices for each year. Anyone interested in knowing what the totals would be if computed in a stable price level can easily ascertain by referring to supplementary tables provided in *Commodity Flow and Capital Formation*. It should be explained here for the economists who read the *Post*, that the totals given for the years 1919-20-21-22 include a small amount each year for repair and maintenance of public construction. For the other years this item is eliminated, for these four years no data were available to Doctor Kuznets to make a segregable estimate.

may awaken us to the vast extent of modern American economic enterprise, when it is healthy.

The average for those eleven years, observe, was about \$19,000,000,000. Observe also the highly interesting stability of this type of spending, except for the depression of 1921 and 1922.

The three years—1930, 1931 and 1932—represent our great ride down the toboggan. By the year 1932, the total sum spent in the special categories we are considering had dropped by almost two thirds, from a previous average of \$19,000,000,000 to \$6,500,000,000; and almost half of this smaller sum consisted, not of producers' durable goods and private construction itself but of their mere repair and maintenance.

A fairer comparison would result if the totals were comparable from 1933 onward. For in 1933, quite definitely in this country, the upward turn in the last business cycle occurred. Unfortunately, Doctor Kuznets' figures here do not supply a complete comparison. First, his entire study does not go beyond 1935. Besides, the available figures for one of the items—repair and servicing—do not go beyond 1933.

Nevertheless, a fairly clear indication of what occurred may be had if we eliminate the one item of servicing and repair, both before and after 1933. The two totals would then include the sums spent only on the actual production of new producers' durable goods and new privately financed construction. Here are comparable figures for two four-year periods:

1926	\$14,838,000,000	1932	\$3,580,000,000
1927	14,462,000,000	1933	3,379,000,000
1928	14,492,000,000	1934	5,662,000,000
1929	14,499,000,000	1935	5,596,000,000
Average	\$14,572,000,000	\$4,683,000,000

A difference in the averages of almost \$10,000,000,000 each year.

From other sources than Doctor Kuznets' book—stopping as it does with 1935—it is now well established what happened during 1936 and 1937. In both these years there was an all-over rise in business activity, right up to the middle of 1937. But this rise took place principally in the consumer-goods industries, in retail and wholesale trade, and in the service occupations. Those crucial industries where what we have called future-spending is involved paddled along in the rear. In short, the late recovery, it has been pointed out by many authorities, was a

strange affair: it was pre-eminently a consumers' goods recovery. Nothing quite like it can be found in all the records of business cycles in this country. It went forward gallantly on this one leg. The other leg—future-spending—was still smashed and limping badly.

During 1936 and early 1937, there was some improvement as to producers' durable goods, and a little as to privately financed construction. Allowing for this improvement, and keeping in mind also the item of servicing and repair, there was probably a deficiency of total spending, attributable to these categories alone, of somewhere between \$8,000,000,000 and \$10,000,000,000 each year in the United States from 1932 onward. The total deficiency for seven years, including 1938, would have been somewhere between \$56,000,000,000 and \$70,000,000,000.

There is plenty of certainty, is the principal location of the present abnormality in American economic society. But that alone, it should be reiterated, is what the diagnosticians agree upon; they do not agree upon the causes for this special American malady, nor upon its cure.

Nevertheless, this bit of certain knowledge does throw a particularly illuminating light upon one of the attempted cures for depression, which, in a common ignorance, we have all hopelessly submitted to. Several methods of economic therapy have been proposed and actually tried; but one has dominated all the others for six years—the notion that the Federal Government could spend the nation out of the depression.

Its principal prophet has been an English thinker, John Maynard Keynes. Great Britain itself has ignored his fiscal theories, with conspicuous success, as we shall see. President Roosevelt, however, certainly came under Mr. Keynes' influence, and has carried Congress and the country with him in boldly applying this theory of economic therapy.

The cure is often referred to by the phrase "compensatory spending." Its adherents mean by this that when the downward turn in the business cycle begins, whatever it may be caused by, it merely consists of a decrease in the total purchasing of goods and services in the nation. What seems more sensible than that the spending not become done should be replaced? The Government could simply step in at this point and buy—anything—it doesn't mat-

ter, and, if necessary, by the billions. The new Government buying thus compensates for that which is not being done by individuals and business enterprises.

It does more. By processes admirably obscured by the metaphor of "pump priming"—"I say," admirably," because this homely figure of speech makes many people think they understand the processes—new private spending itself is bred, and thus the Government spending can soon be stopped. Accordingly, the metaphor of spending is always pictured as "emergency spending"—another useful modern obscurantism; indispensable, indeed, in inducing any national patient to submit to the cure.

How Much "Compensation"?

There is one nicety about this theory that unsuspecting citizens should be sharply aware of, in trying to judge it fairly. Not all Government spending is supposed to have this magic compensatory quality. In other words, excess of what the Government spends over what it receives in taxes and other exactions.

For if the Government collects in taxes, let us say one billion dollars and then spends it, it is merely spending one billion dollars that would have been spent soon or late—almost all of it soon—by those from whom it collected the money. Accordingly, the spending in the nation is not increased by the disbursement of Government money—no matter how much it is—that has been collected in taxes. (This is not an interpretation of the "emergency" part of the theory itself.) But this is not true when the Government, by going into debt, currently spends more than it collects in taxes. This excess can fairly be regarded as replacing some of that private spending which ceases when the business cycle turns downward.

The issue then becomes clear. How much more must the Government spend enough to compensate adequately for that nonspending which, in actuality, the word "depression" represents? In other words, the question as to whether this method of economic therapy is effectual—or even valid as theory—is obviously, to a large extent, quantitative.

What, then, do the precise figures reveal as to the American experience?

Here are the net deficits of the United States Government throughout the period.*

1931	\$ 462,000,000
1932	2,735,000,000
1933	2,402,000,000
1934	3,659,000,000
1935	3,002,000,000
1936	4,351,000,000
1937	2,707,000,000
1938	1,459,000,000
Average	\$2,028,000,000

According to the Keynes theory, this average of \$2,620,000,000 a year was supposed to compensate for a deficiency of spending—on producers' durable goods and private construction alone—of from \$8,000,000,000 to \$10,000,000,000 a year. It seems to have fallen somewhat short.

*These are for fiscal years ending June thirtieth. Actually the amount of additional purchasing power injected by the Federal Government into the channels of business was somewhat less than these net deficits—particularly in the years 1937 and 1938, because of the bookkeeping with regard to the Social Security funds. It seems preferable to use the average net deficits, rather than attempt refinement here by calculating actual cash deficits, which might be unconvincing figures. If the average were lower, it would merely strengthen the case as presented above.



"Stop on Cooper, or all the bets will be taken!"

The inevitable failure of the policy, as a remedy for a severe depression, became more apparent as the depression period is considered. For the seven years between 1932 and 1938 inclusive, as we have seen, there appears to have been a total deficiency in future-spending of some \$100,000,000,000 and \$70,000,000,000. Remember that this does not include still larger decreases in the other major divisions of economic activity distinguished above. But even if the total deficit expenditures at least had to be compensated for—that was the theory.

Mr. Roosevelt, a loyal soldier, held to the philosophy doggedly. Our net deficit—few Americans would believe it—actually totaled more than all the deficits of all the other nations of all the world combined, for the same period. By June 30, 1938, they amounted to approximately \$21,000,000,000. Colossal, but not one third of what was needed if the nonspending, in producers' durable goods and construction alone, was successfully to be compensated for.

Deficit financing has been attacked principally in this country on the grounds of its danger. It is undeniably the modern highroad to runaway inflation. The modern remedy, on the one side by side demonstrates also that the policy is utterly futile, as an effectual method of economic cure; at least in a society that operates upon the vast scale ours does. It is the economic lesson, if it can only be learned by our governors, of this costly experiment. Government cannot begin to spend enough, quantitatively, to replace the enormous amount of nonspending that occurs in the major category of future-spending alone during any severe depression. During any mild depression, it would not have to.

Did Government Spending Help?

But did not Government spending help to some degree? Were it not Government spending that actually carried us out of the great depression? This latter is what is claimed by the politically minded adherents of the theory, and the claim has been commonly credited by the easy-going American public.

The claim should be appraised by citizens for what it is—pure and simple economic conjecture. Alongside it, in any rationally sound analysis, must be placed the truth, the opposing conjecture should fairly be placed—namely, that deficit financing actually retarded, instead of promoted, the business recovery that was planned from 1933 to mid-1937. What supporting facts are added by the adherents on both sides?

Those who hold to the opinion that the policy was successful point to the simple fact that business recovery did go forward here from 1933 to mid-1937, while our vast deficit financing was going on. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*; business recovery came after deficit financing, therefore was caused by it.

The opposing conjecture laughs at this reasoning as mere innocence about economic processes when it is advanced by the uninformed, and wisely thinking when it is advanced by those who should know. They bring forward, in rebuttal, some no less certain facts. First, that indubitably we live in a society subject to this chronic business-cycle disease, and thus recovery was inevitable without deficit financing; in 150 years it has never failed to occur. Second, as specific demonstration in these cases, they show that recovery did begin in every important nation in the

world, in most cases many months sooner than with us. Moreover, third, the recovery elsewhere in the world recovered advanced much further than it did here, in spite of our supposedly remedial deficits. Fourth, in the one important nation where somewhat the same theory of recovery was deliberately attempted—France—recovery tended to lag, as it did with us. Fifth, in the particular nation most comparable to ours—Great Britain—there was a surplus instead of deficit during the period when we were spending \$21,000,000,000 in excess of our revenue; yet that nation progressed so far that by 1937 it was enjoying the most prosperous times in its history, and was enjoying its national income. In short, a Government surplus here (if governmental interference is to be considered the main actuating principle of recovery) was more remedial than Government deficits, and had the advantage of not leaving behind an unpaid bill of \$21,000,000,000 plus interest!

It will be seen that this second conjecture amounts to—that our attempted method of economic cure merely coincided with an inevitable upturn in the business cycle between 1933 and mid-1937; that, judging by that which was simultaneously happening in most of the rest of the world, our strong medicine either helped none at all or perhaps, by further upsetting the patient, actually retarded a more healthful recovery.

But how could such strong restorative medicine help none at all? How could as much as \$2,620,000,000 spent by Government, each year in excess of its revenues, without having at least some stimulating effect? That is a proposition few laymen can understand.

Recall the several major divisions of goods and occupations identified above. The largest categories—in both volume and value—are consumers' goods and consumers' services. Now, the last recovery was predominantly a consumer goods recovery. The stream of money from Government would obviously increase spending in these two categories—no one can dispute that—and perhaps by almost the full amount of the average \$2,620,000,000 distributed annually through the period.

But it must not be overlooked that when private future-spending takes place, it likewise shows a means of money into these same categories. Recall the point emphasized above about the outstanding characteristic, so often overlooked, of future-spending—that those who receive the money must use it immediately benefit from it. Most of it is ordinarily spent at once upon consumers' goods and consumers' services. Now, by the discouraging nature of the increasing debt and other policies the Government could easily have lessened the stream of money that would have normally flowed from this source into consumers' goods and services, by those who receive the money. If future-spending, in other words, by reason of discouragement, the net result of the Government excess-spending of \$2,620,000,000 annually could easily have been the reverse of compensatory, even in these categories of consumers' goods and consumers' services, where, on the surface, it might appear to have been necessarily beneficial.

At least it was the reverse of compensatory where future-spending was concerned. The increase in the purchasing of consumers' goods and services—whether this was somewhat retarded or somewhat helped, by the Government's policies—undoubtedly

went forward without a corresponding increase in the new production of products of durable goods and privately financed construction. This much is fact, not conjecture. Yet, under the Keynes theory, recovery in this field was the very object of the policy. Why did it not occur according to schedule? That has been the poser, for economists as well as serious-minded laymen.

What happened can best be understood by citizens by keeping in mind the main characteristic of producers' durable goods and residential and business structures—namely, that they are durable. They continue for long years, until they are scrapped, to perform their useful service for consumers' goods and of housing the population and its business enterprises.

The Fallacy Tracked Down

Now, the one idea that clarifies this whole problem is that the productive capacity of this modern technological equipment is elastic. If the demand for consumers' goods slackens, we can picture it, on the whole, as slowing down, actually working fewer hours. While this happens—observe—it is kept in condition and repair by that special occupational group we identified above, which does nothing in life but perform this function. Then, at that phase of the business cycle when the demand for consumers' goods rises, the nation's total productive equipment speeds up slowly, more and more; its works increased hours, and it can easily meet any increased demands upon it—without the production of any very great amount of new producers' durable goods of the same kind—until the demand for consumers' goods rises to greater volume than it was at the height of the previous cycle.

That this is not mere theory, that it is generally demonstrable by events, can be seen by again reverting to the figures. How large are the sums spent each year by ultimate consumers, by businesses and individuals, for goods and services, other than durable producers' goods and construction? Doctor Kuznets calls his final figures on the point "crude," yet they are surely close enough to the actuality to clarify this point to laymen. In 1929, when these particular outlays were at their highest, they totaled \$71,544,000,000. In 1938, when they were at their lowest, they totaled \$45,343,000,000. More than \$26,000,000,000 difference.

Along, then, came the Government and injected an annual average of \$2,620,000,000 added spending into the economy. But the nation's technological equipment supported the buying of \$71,544,000,000 worth of all kinds of goods and services in 1929—other than producers' durable goods and construction. Is it not clear that if the equipment was kept in repair, as it was, little new productive machinery and little new building would necessarily be required, when there was an increased demand for other goods and services amounting only to a piddling—one finally gets that way in dealing with such figures \$2,620,000,000 a year?

It is this elasticity in the productive capacity of our machine world that the compensatory-spending theory overlooked; this, and the fact that deficit financing may easily discourage great amounts of new building that it replaces. With hindsight we can now see that these were its fatal fallacies. Too bad it could not have been foreseen. For the final practical result of these fallacies is that we shall all have to dig down in our jeans in the future,

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as taxpayers, and hand out about twenty-one billion dollars, plus interest on what has been loaned. The long future in mind, even this may not be too expensive a price for teaching economies to our governors—if only they learn its main lesson. The last session of Congress did not indicate that they yet had.

This examination incidentally serves to disclose that the plausible figure of speech, "pump priming," is really an absurd analogy to actual economic processes.

The metaphor conceives of excess Government spending as water, and of a similar but much larger flow of money-income issuing from the entire productive machinery of the nation, which is a pump. It then conceives of this latter flow as completely stopped in any period of depression. Otherwise, the pump would need no priming.

But, if our entire social machinery is the pump, plainly the flow of money-income never ceases pouring from it. The flow merely lessens in volume during depression, and then increases during recovery. Thus the applicability of the metaphor to the actualities of our world is completely absurd, if the entire social machinery is conceived of as the pump. At its lowest volume—according to the metaphor—we were priming a pump from which \$39,000,000,000 of money-income was already flowing!

Sometimes this absurdity is vaguely apprehended by those who use the metaphor and they change the notion: They conceive of the stopped pump, not as being the entire social machinery, but only that vital portion of it we have been considering—new producers' durable goods and privately financed construction. It is only this pump that stops and has to be primed. But if it is the damaged pump, it, too, never stops pouring money-income into the society. Its volume got low in darkest 1932, down to \$3,560,000,000; at least this was the amount of income was coming from it; it was not, and it, too, never stopped; and the flow was considerably greater, observe,

than the average annual \$2,620,000,000 from Government, which was later increased to \$3,500,000,000.

Aside from this, the pump primers—as our analysis above showed—never got anywhere near this particular pump. They poured about \$21,000,000,000 down two other pumps: that of industries making consumers' goods, and that of service occupations. The weight of evidence seems to show that they probably decreased, rather than increased, even to the detriment of adding additions to it from elsewhere. But apparently, as city folk, they figured that the water going down those two pumps would work its way underground, somehow get beneath the one pump they were really concerned about—and prime it, although it, too, was already flowing! Any child who has ever been given the job of priming a pump would know what to expect of this peculiar procedure. Nevertheless, if the analogy of pump priming is to be seriously used, this absurdity is an exact description of what happened. The surface plausibility of the metaphor has been deeply mischievous; yet, philosophically, one may take it as merely another indication of the perpetual tendency of human beings to deceive themselves, as to actualities, by means of words.

A single simple fact reveals in sharp outline the main economic problem which has beset the people of this country. For at least eleven years prior to and including 1929 an average of \$19,000,000,000 a year was disbursed in this country by private citizens, in spending that had their source in the present, benefit in view, and this enormous sum was astonishingly stable from year to year.

If again \$19,000,000,000 a year on average was contributed in the same way to the grand total of business being done, can there be any doubt that the principal troublesome symptom of American society—involuntary unemployment—has not been seriously lessened? The ultimate puzzle, then, is plain: What is keeping the individuals of this nation from spending

as much money, with an expectation of future benefit, as they used to do?

The causes for this, as to this point are many. They usually place the blame on business, on organized labor, or on Government. They range from carefully reasoned studies by detached economists to polemic-minded political explanations like "capital is on strike," or "the White House is the answer"; and then on to highly speculative and seemingly profound notions—for example, that the entire social system of private enterprise is undergoing a mysterious deep change; that there ain't goin' to be no more future-spending. For future-spending is the very essence of capitalism, and we of this generation are witnessing "the doom of capitalism." It is being replaced by something new called state capitalism—perhaps as new as Hamamurabi, who left a Code millions ago to show us just how to do it.

Explanations of this wholesale type are exciting for discussion, but they do seem to have no scientific value. The problem is far from being academic. It is as pressing and practical as pay days. It really has to do with pay days; it has to do with how many millions of us are going to get along materially within the next half dozen years—to say nothing of later. For if future-spending does not greatly revive during the present recovery we are seeing, one need not be a prophet to foretell that we shall have a continuation of the social problems of the past nine years, with perhaps some exciting intensifications of them. Solution of the problem calls, then, for the construction of a new and clearly conceived national policy.

New, because we all ought to realize, whatever our political persuasion, that we have had a predominant clear-cut formula for the past nine years: the Keynes theory of Government deficit financing. It has been a mistaken policy and it should be scrapped instantly, since it is so costly and so dangerous, as well as likely to lead to the worst what precise course of curative action should take its place? No one would agree to a policy of drift.

Because of the present honest differences about the real causes of this speculative American malady, certainly no single therapeutic policy is apparent as likely to be immediately effectual. But at least one point of view seems to have the merit of common sense—of inhering common sense, that we say no to future-spending.

The experts differ as to the sources of this trouble. Some few of them, after all, may be right. Because they differ does not mean it is absurd of them to offer opposing views. It is not wise to some degree right. A really exhaustive, detached and patriotically non-partisan analysis of all the various notions—as to the reasons for the continued depressed state of future-spending—might well result in indicating a remedial course that might finally get to the seat of the trouble.

Hopefully, a body exists at this moment in Washington that can do such an investigatory job, if it seizes the opportunity. At the instance of the President, the so-called Temporary National Economic Committee, which was created by Congress at its last session, no doubt with the tongues of many members in their cheeks. It was given a roving commission, and its preliminary press releases, as well as its personnel, indicate that it may indeed go roving over the whole field of economic maladies. If it does, like old George, in Three Men in a Boat, it will surely find that there is no one cause of any of every disease in the manual except housemaid's knee.

But, of course, there is no need for roving. First things come first," President Hoover said wisely. If he has not passed a little note to these investigators, saying: "Don't bother about anything else above all, forget politics. Just get the true answer to our question first: Why are the nation's entrepreneurs not spending an average of \$19,000,000,000 a year, with a view to their future benefit, as they used to?" If that happened, the effect would be to make the cause of our might soon find ourselves rubbing our eyes as we emerged from national muddle.

THE VALLEY OF SUN AND SNOW

(Continued from Page 18)

glamour once, and even now repeated the trick. Ketchum and its neighboring Sun Valley are having their second boom.

It all started with the skiing craze which has swept the country during the last four winters. The Union Pacific's energetic chairman, W. A. Harriman, looked upon the New England ski-tourists' profitable ski-train business and found it good. A side glance at American winter travel to Swiss, German and Austrian Alpine sports centers suggested another source of wealth. Harriman got to wondering what the U. P. could do to cut itself a piece of the winter-sports pie.

Count Felix Schaffgotsch, an Austrian sportsman and ski expert, found the answer to this question. He saw the U. P.'s mid-continent route, he reported that the country surrounding the little town of Ketchum offered skiing comparable to that found at the famous resorts. There were the mountains, insuring plentiful dry snow, and there were timber-free slopes to provide the long runs which are the delight of every skier. But best of all, there were the ramparts of the Sawtooth Range to break the cold north winds. And

just to the north of Ketchum lay a small protected basin known as Brass Ranch. Count Schaffgotsch, Mr. Harriman, and the Union Pacific had found their Shangri-La.

The accompanying pictures, taken during Sun Valley's second season, show what Mr. Harriman's Union Pacific has done with that lonely valley in the Idaho mountains. Having no green-shuttered New England village, no gabled Alpine hamlet, at the end of their spur-line, they had to make their resort from the snow up. Nimble-fingered publicity agents compute the expense of the entire project at two million dollars, but whatever the cost, the development was surely one of this depressed decade's most daring gambles on the whim of the sport-conscious public. Sun Valley stands today as a successful resort; as a failure it would have been Union Pacific's folly.

To entice winter-sports lovers over thousands of miles of Union Pacific track, the railroad's engineers were given the thirty-three hundred acres of the Brass Ranch and ordered to construct thereon a resort worthy of a great skier's superlative. The first

building to be completed was the Sun Valley Lodge. Built of concrete, pressed and stained to simulate Swiss-chalet construction, the building offered one hundred and fifty members of the carriage trade every comfort and luxury they left behind in New York, Chicago, San Francisco or Hollywood. To the lodge, Sun Valley happily welcomed film stars, debutantes, and too tired businessmen and any winter-sports lover who belongs to the ten-dollars-a-day-and-up class. Hard by the Lodge is provided for the skier's pocket-books. The Challenger Inn accommodates another four hundred vacationists and, together with its attendant theater, *Weinstube*, stores and dining room, almost completely encircles one of the resort's two skating rinks. In the panorama on the picture page the Lodge is shown on the left, the Inn and its village on the right.

Having completed the resort buildings, Union Pacific's engineers next turned their attention to the problem of making the surrounding mountainsides all one-way grades. A chair lift was devised to carry the skiers thousands of feet above the floor of the valley. One of these lifts serves the

practise slopes, others the heights of Proctor and Ruud mountains, where the experts gather. Ski-trailers—men who have the skill to make a snow shoe and keep the machine from sinking in the snow—haul skis, sleds and toboggans up slopes not served by the lifts.

Add to these mechanical marvels Hans Hauser, Austrian ski champion, and his corps of bronzed young Tyrolean instructors; add a wondering Eskimo with his reindeer and dog team; add the ski-jumpers, the men who have been heated swimming pools, French chefs, streamlined trains, a gracious lady or two from Hollywood; add to these purple snow shadows, a hope of a debate on her way to Florida, the Serious Young Skier from Dartmouth and the girl who bought the cute wool suit, but forgot the skis—add all these and you have Sun Valley. In some prospectus, Valhalla, high above his namesake creek, Johnny the Harp must watch with wonder this strange conquest of a wintry land which fought him to a finish. And, being a harp, he must wave his fingers to the melody to this new race of men who finally grubskated into the Sawtooth Range and made it pay.

"—CORDIALLY YOURS, ALEXANDER BOTTS"

(Continued from Page 11)

enclosed, directing him to proceed at once to Jeffersonville, Miss., where he will describe to our local dealer the latest improvements in our new models, and co-operate with him in attempting to sell a fleet of tractors and other equipment to the contractor who has just bid in the big Jeffersonville PWA levee-building job.

I have written the dealer to be on the lookout for George, and I have told George that he will have complete freedom of action. I will not hamper him in any way. And I am confident that he will use this freedom in such a way as to make us both proud of him. He is going to send me daily reports of his activities. And whenever there is any important news, I will let you know.

Most sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS,
Sales Manager.

TUGWELL HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Wednesday, July 20, 1938.
MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS,
SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.

DEAR BOTTS: Your letter is here, and I am still unable to understand why you are taking George into the sales department. I can't follow your arguments at all.

More than that, I am too busy even to try to follow them. At the moment, I am in the middle of a controversy with the State Department, regarding the exact status under the Neutrality Act of several of our recent shipments to China and Spain. In addition, I am preparing for an appearance next week before a congressional investigating committee. I also have to take care of a number of problems in connection with the new Wages-and-Hours Act. And I have to adjust, to the satisfaction of Treasury officials, a number of bookkeeping errors which were made last year in connection with our Social Security taxes. In other words, I am practically run ragged over here, and I have absolutely no time to waste in trying to understand your strange explanations as to why you insist on giving my nephew the wrong job.

I must ask you, therefore, to spare me these long-winded discussions and simply bring my nephew back to the factory and transfer him, without more ado, into the engineering department.

Very truly,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
President, Earthworm
Tractor Company.

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF ALEXANDER BOTTS,
SALES MANAGER

Friday, July 22, 1938.
MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
TUGWELL HOTEL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR HENDERSON: Your letter was waiting for me when I reached the office this bright but unlucky Friday morning. I suppose I ought to feel sorry for you on account of all the trouble you are having with the Federal Government. But, somehow, I can't seem to work up much sympathy for you, because I am having too much

trouble myself. And it is all on account of that miserable nephew of yours. In some ways I wish you had retained the management of his career in your own hands instead of losing him off on me. If I were the type of man who easily gives way to weak and cowardly impulses, I would at once accept your defeatist advice. I would kick your peculiar young relative right out of the sales department into the engineering department, and let him rot there. However, as long as I have taken him under my wing, I will continue to stand behind him. Having once set my hand to the plow, I will never, like Lot's wife, look back. I will retain George in the sales department, even if he drives me crazy—which, as a matter of fact, is exactly what he seems to be doing at the moment.

So far, I have received three daily reports from the young man. The first was mildly disturbing. The second was definitely disgusting. And the third—but wait until I tell you.

Report No. 1, received here last Wednesday, is so short that I will quote it in full: "Jefferson Hotel, Jeffersonville, Miss. 8 p. m. Mon. July 18, 1938. Dear Mr. Botts: Arrived here this morning. Have mislaid your letter of instructions, and forgotten name and street address of dealer here. Please send me this information, so that I can get in touch with him. Yrs. truly, GEORGE HENDERSON."

After reading the above epistle I was, as I have indicated, mildly disturbed—not on account of George's forgetfulness but because of his apparent helplessness in finding a way out of difficulties. After all, Jeffersonville is a small town. Your dealer is one of the leading business concerns of the place, and, if George had merely thought to ask for the local Earthworm Tractor man, there would have been literally hundreds of citizens who could have given him the proper answer.

But did George ask any questions? Apparently not. Judging by his letter, he arrived in Jeffersonville early Monday morning, did nothing all day, and in the evening wrote me to find out the name of the man he was supposed to be working with. By the time I got the letter, it was Wednesday. And in the same mail there arrived another letter, dated the same Monday evening, from our Jeffersonville dealer—who doesn't seem to be any too bright, either. The dealer said he did not want to approach the contractor until he had the latest dope on our new models, and he wanted to know why George had not arrived, and when he could expect him.

So here was indeed a pretty kettle of fish—these two well-meaning but half-witted individuals both looking for each other in the same small town, but totally unable to discover any method for getting together other than writing letters to me in an entirely different town hundreds of miles away.

Ordinarily, I would have sent each of these mugs a long and rather sarcastic message. But I had promised George not to interfere. And besides, I was pretty busy, so I merely sent the young man a wire giving the name and address of the dealer. And I sent the dealer a wire saying that George could be found at the local hotel. Then I dismissed the matter from my mind.

IT'S ABOUT TIME—THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE—THAT'S READ COVER-TO-COVER EACH WEEK



THE postmark was Chefoo, China—the letter writer a naval officer aboard the U.S.S. Marblehead:

"It is impossible to tell what a companion TIME is to me. We hear of new fighting or battles or campaigns within a few hundred miles of us, yet we wait until that news travels 8,000 miles to TIME and 8,000 miles back to us, for accurate, interesting accounts.

"I say 'we', for TIME is read by most of the signal force, twelve men; by over half the quartermasters, four more, and by an indefinite number of other men.

"For, one, gain knowledge even from the advertisements. For example, when—and if—we return to the States I'll be able to tell all the new car models although the only place I've seen them is in time advertising."



MAN AND WIFE

One big fact about TIME is that it is read cover-to-cover every week by away-above-average, successful men and women.

78% of TIME subscriptions are in men's names, but in addition to the 22% in women's names, TIME has an enormous supplementary readership among wives, mothers, sisters, daughters of the TIME-reader type of man.

The same things in TIME that appeal to intelligent men appeal to intelligent women. So it is not surprising that about 8 out of 10 TIME women are cover-to-cover readers, the same as TIME men, and that about 6 out of 10 TIME women (again like TIME men) say they find TIME's advertising pages helpful in informing them about products and services. (Facts from TIME's new survey of 52,000 subscribers.)



700,000 DOORBELLS

If an advertiser could pay personal calls on his best customers who live in the best parts of town, he'd run into more than twice as many TIME readers as he would have in 1930.

TIME's 300,000 families have grown in eight years to more than 700,000. But their type is the same as ever—open-eyed, eager-minded, solvent, turning each week to TIME's news with curiosity and confidence.

Their faith in TIME carries over to the advertising columns—can be an asset to the advertiser who tells of his products and services in TIME.



Where over 700 advertisers reach over 700,000 families who can always buy

But it did not stay dismissed. The whole disagreeable affair came bounding back in the shape of George's second daily report, dated at Jeffersonville on Tuesday evening and received by me in Earthworm City on Thursday morning.

In this communication, George reported that earlier in the evening he had run into what he called "a very embarrassing situation." He said that "a large, tough-looking individual" stood up behind him to break the lobby, looked over his shoulder, noticed that he was reading some Earthworm advertising literature, and then asked him if he was connected with the company. When George admitted that, the big boy introduced himself as the contractor who had bid in the local PWA job, and stated that he wanted to buy five or six tractors and a bunch of other equipment. It appeared that he had made a date, for that very evening, to talk things over with a salesman for the Behemoth Tractor Company who was recently arrived in town. As he said he would prefer to break this date and spend the evening discussing the Earthworm tractors—which he considered a much superior machine.

Here indeed was a golden opportunity—which George met by saying that he could not think of interfering with the man's previous engagement, and that he would much prefer to postpone any discussion of the matter until the morning. So, however, the tractor man had found the local Earthworm dealer. George then started to walk away—whereupon, as he explains it, "this large and somewhat unattractive creature" turned around for half an hour, in following me all over the lobby and attempting to discuss tractors—until finally the Behemoth salesman came along and succeeded in persuading him to postpone for about a long enough period so that I was able to escape to my room."

So much for George's second report. The third, dated at Jeffersonville on Wednesday evening, was just as good. It was received at Earthworm City this morning—Friday.

In this latest effusion your nephew says that the tough contractor finally caught up with him and insisted on having a talk about Earthworm tractors and their possible use on the project which he was starting. So George—apparently much against his will—finally consented to spend a few hours with this eager prospect. But he did not put on a sales talk. He did not. He relates, with great pride, that he insisted on analyzing this whole construction job from a purely engineering point of view, utilizing various scientific principles which he had learned in college. The whole conversation, says George, was kept at a very high level.

Just how elevated this level was is indicated by the fact that George keeps vaguely referring to the job as a "drainage ditch." Whereas the Government specifications for the project, which we have on file here at the office, indicate very clearly that it is a levee. Now, it might be supposed that almost anybody, even a college graduate, could distinguish between a ditch and the levee; could differentiate between an exerecense and an excavation; and hence, could tell the difference between an embankment and a ditch. But apparently this problem is too much for George. And even this is not the worst of the matter.

After several hours of conversation—so elevated that it missed most of the details in the case—George came away with the discussion becoming completely

doedlocked. The tough contractor made up his mind that what he needed for his six Earthworm tractors, together with a certain amount of additional equipment such as elevating graders, bulldozers, and so on. George decided that tractors were not adapted to this particular job. So they argued the question all afternoon. The contractor apparently based his reasoning on many years of practical experience in the dirt-moving business. George, on the other hand, based his reasoning—derived apparently from such inanimate sources as textbooks and college professors. In the end, neither side in this quarrelsome argument would give in. And George states that he finally walked away in disgust, while the contractor departed in the company of the Behemoth salesman.

George closes his letter by remarking piously that he is very glad he stuck to his argument. "It would have been dishonest," says he, "to sell a man the wrong kind of machine, even if he thinks he wants it."

So there, Henderson, you have the whole ghastly truth about your nephew, as far as I know it to the present time. Probably you will find me for everything that has happened. And I will admit that I will stand by him to the extent that I may be to some extent at fault. But I can defend myself by pointing out that I have acted, at all times throughout this lamentable affair, to the best of my motives.

To begin with, I tried to do you a favor; I tried to help you. Why I welcomed your nephew to my office. After I had talked to him, I decided that I rather liked the young man; and ever since then I have been helping him for his own sake as well as for yours. Certainly I have tried hard enough to make my experiment on your nephew a success. If there has been a failure, it is because I have been helping him, remember that of the experimental guinea pig and the guinea pig's uncle.

Please remember that when I rescued young George from the misadventures of an engineering career and took him into the sales department, I did not receive the enthusiastic co-operation to which I was entitled. All I got was a grudging acceptance from George and a rather full of objection from you. When I gave George the rare privilege of listening to my inspiring reminiscences, he apparently let my words go in one ear and out the other; with the result that instead of talking with him on his first job an erstwhile empty

head newly filled with some of the finest sales ideas in the world, he sallied forth with that erstwhile empty head still just as empty as erstwhile.

Finally, now that I have sent this young man out into the field, re-inforced with an ample equipment and totally unhampered by any of the burdensome restrictions with which you, in the old days, used to interfere so unreasonably with a salesman's efficiency and initiative—after I have done all this for the young man, how does he repay me? He merely abuses this freedom I have given him. He spends the first day not finding the dealer with whom he is supposed to be working, although the guy is right there in the same town with him. He spends the second day running away from an important prospect who wants to buy six tractors. And he spends the third day arguing with a man out of buying the very tractors which he is supposed to be selling to the same man.

It is enough to ruin anybody's faith in anything. And it is also enough to make me change my plans in regard to George. In other words, we have decided to abandon—for the moment, at least—my policy of granting freedom to the young man complete freedom of action. And I am leaving him on the night train for Jeffersonville, Mississippi, where I will take personal charge of this muddled situation. By prompt action it is probable that I can pull this sale out of the fire. And there is even a faint possibility that I may be able to rescue your nephew from his present erratic course and set him back on the path he should follow.

I will keep you informed regarding future developments.

Very sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS,
Sales Manager.

TUGWELL HOTEL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Saturday evening, July 23, 1938.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS,
CARE EARTHWORK TRACTOR AGENCY,
JEFFERSONVILLE, MISS.

DEAR BOTTS: Your letter is here. I am glad that you are beginning to recognize my nephew as a salesman. And I sincerely hope you will soon have him located in the engineering department. My work here is piling up to such an extent that I simply do not have time to do anything for the young man myself.

The latest headache is a communication from the National Labor Relations Board, charging us with unfair labor practices and directing us to reinstate that machinist, Sam Krimsky, whom we fired last winter for what they describe as distributing radical literature around the plant. I have tried to tell them that we never had any objection to Sam's passing out his little pamphlets; it was only when he began wrapping them around hunks of rock and heaving them through the plate-glass windows of the front office that we regretfully decided to terminate his employment. But it is hard to tell anything to these fellows, so it looks as if I have a long, weary argument ahead. Besides this, of course, I still have to make that appearance before the congressional committee. And there are several other minor matters to be taken care of.

You can see, therefore, that I have no energy to waste on your long-winded discussions as to what you are doing for the young man. I will only report that he is in the engineering department where he belongs, and also that you are back from this unnecessary trip to Mississippi and are working in the sales manager's office—which is where you belong.

Very sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
President, Earthworm
Tractor Company.

JEFFERSONVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.
Monday, July 25, 1938.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
TUGWELL HOTEL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR HENDERSON: Your letter of Saturday night has just reached me. I am, of course, extremely sorry to hear of your continued difficulties with the Federal Government. If you think, however, that you already have about as many troubles as you can stand, you are probably wrong. Because I have a feeling that this letter is going to multiply your worries many, many times.

Naturally, I do not want to cause you any unnecessary suffering, so I will try to break the bad-news to you as gently as I can; starting my account of the situation here as cheerfully as possible, letting the narrative get more and more disturbing as I go along, and saving the worst for the last.

I arrived in this little town on Saturday afternoon, and at once called on our dealer. Then the two of us looked up the contractor who is doing the job, which, just as I had supposed, turns out to be a levee, not a drainage ditch. The contractor told us he would need several Earthworm tractors, together with a certain amount of additional equipment. Accordingly, we spent the week end figuring out his exact needs, and this afternoon he signed an order for the whole thing. And that much is satisfactory in the matter.

But, although this important order has been saved, I seem to have lost, in some unaccountable manner, your equally important nephew, whom I have so far completely failed to locate. The young man was certainly here in Jeffersonville last week, at the time he wrote me those three letters. But the contractor disappeared, and I have not been able to find him. The people at the hotel don't seem to remember anything about him. And nobody knows where he is now.

I have telephoned the factory at Earthworm City, but he has not returned there. I have also checked the possibility that he may have suddenly received his

failure as a salesman, and decided to live his shame by eluding of home to Boston. But somehow this explanation does not satisfy me. So there remains, as the only other possibility, the thought that he may have been murdered, kidnapped or subjected to some other form of foul play. I have, therefore, turned the whole matter over to the local police, and they are starting a state-wide search.

In the meantime, I am rushing back to Earthworm City, where I plan to check up on George's last few hours in that place and at the experimental farm, in the hope that I may uncover some clue to this mystery. You may rest assured that I will leave no stone unturned in my efforts to locate your nephew; and I would be very grateful for any special information which you may have that might have a bearing on the problem. I would be particularly glad to know whether George has ever suffered from amnesia, fainting fits, sleepwalking or other nervous disorders. Was he ever dropped by his nurse when a baby? Has there been much insanity in your family?

I am sorry to bother you with all this—especially as you are so busy in

Washington. But I have really begun to make a great interest in George, and I feel we should spare no efforts on his behalf.

Very truly,

ALEXANDER BOTTIS.

TELEGRAM

WASHINGTON D C

JULY 27 1938 1 PM

ALEXANDER BOTTIS
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY ILL

YOUR LETTER JUST RECEIVED STOP HAS GEORGE BEEN FOR QUESTION MARK NO COMMA SEARCH MUST BE FREESH WITH ALL POSSIBLE VIGOR STOP SPARE NO EXPENSE STOP WIRE ME AT ONCE IN DETAIL WHAT MEASURES ARE BEING TAKEN STOP GEORGE AND ENTIRE FAMILY HAVE ALWAYS BEEN COMPLETELY NORMAL

GILBERT HENDERSON

TELEGRAM COLLECT

EARTHWORM CITY ILL

JULY 27 1938 3 PM

GILBERT HENDERSON
TOWELL HOTEL
WASHINGTON D C

THIS WILL BE A LONG TELEGRAM BUT YOU SAVED SPARE NO EXPENSE SO HERE WE GO STOP

I AM NOW BACK IN EARTHWORM CITY AND HAVE RECOVERED THE GEORGE WAS FURTHER ON THE TRACK THAT I HAD THOUGHT OR EVEN COULD HAVE IMAGINED STOP MY LETTER OF INSTRUCTION TO HIM TOLD HIM TO GO TO JEFFERSONVILLE MISS STOP IN HIS BOSTONIAN IGNORANCE HE THOUGHT MISS WAS THE ABBREVIATION FOR MISSOURI SO HE WENT TO JEFFERSONVILLE MO COMMA WHICH COMMA LIKE MOST OTHER TOWNS IN AMERICA COMMA HAS FVA PROJECT DASH IN THIS CASE A DRAINAGE DITCH STOP GEORGE SPENT FIRST HALF OF WEEK USING ALL HIS ENGINEERING KNOWLEDGE TO ARGUE THE CONTRACTOR OUT OF ALLOWING THE TRACTOR STOP THE CONTRACTOR WAS ALSO IMPRESSED BY GEORGE'S SCIENTIFIC MENTALITY AND BY HIS ASTONISHING HONESTY IN ARGUING AGAINST THE EQUIPMENT WHICH HE WAS REPRESENTING AS A SALESMAN THAT HE BEGGED GEORGE TO MAKE A COMPLETE SURVEY OF HIS PROJECT AND COMMISSIONED THE MACHINIST HE THOUGHT WOULD BE BEST STOP SO GEORGE SPENT THE REST OF THE WEEK LOOKING OVER THE JOB AND FINALLY TALKED THE CONTRACTOR INTO BUYING TWELVE OF OUR EARTHWORM POWER SHOVELS AND DRAG LINES STOP HE ARRIVED HERE TODAY WITH THE FINAL SIGNING ORDER COMMA WHICH IS

MUCH LARGER THAN WHAT THE CONTRACTOR ORIGINALLY INTENDED STOP THIS GEORGE SEEMS TO HAVE HIT AN ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE OF SALESMANSHIP BY WHICH A BIG SHOW OF EXCESSIVE HONESTY LOSES ONE SALE BUT SO IMPRESSIVE PROSPECT THAT HE CAN BE STUCK FOR TWICE AS MUCH IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARD STOP GEORGE HAS REFUSED TO SIGN THE ORDER UNTIL HE HAS SEEN THE DEMONSTRATION OF THE TYPE OF GIVING A SALESMAN COMPLETE FREEDOM OF ACTION HAS BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL THAT I HAVE DETERMINED TO USE THE SAME GUINOA PIG IN ANOTHER SIMILAR EXPERIMENT STOP ACCORDING TO I AM SENDING GEORGE TO THE GREEN MOUNTAINS OF VERMONT WHERE HE WILL MEET ONE OF OUR DEALERS IS IN DEEP TROUBLE WITH A CUSTOMER WHO IS USING ONE OF OUR TRACTORS IN A MOST UNUSUAL PROJECT ASSISTING A COLONY OF BEAVERS IN BUILDING A DAM PARENTHESES BELIEVE IT OR NOT END OF PARENTHESES PERIOD

ALEXANDER BOTTIS

UP PERISCOPE!

(Continued from Page 7)

fraught with danger that some inkling of our presence would leak out and bring the Japanese bombers on our heads. We worked day and night every day. Every night we charged the batteries with the engine and discharged them on her screw. The engine-room crew and the electricians got plenty of sleep, and Young and I, the crew would do. He grumbled and complained about little things, so I knew from of old he was having no big difficulties.

Young was in charge of everything at the engine room. He reported directly to me. Neither of my young Chinese knew an air compressor from a thrust bearing, which was just as well. Mann took charge of the torpedo room. He picked out a couple of bright-looking assistants and took every torpedo apart and put it back together again right. We had one amusing difficulty. We couldn't get grain alcohol for torpedo fuel. In the end we distilled some after case of Holland gang with a still that Mann rigged up. We wouldn't have got anywhere without Young and Mann.

One day long before the crew at diving stations. We could not dive, of course. It was impossible to leave the dock until we were ready to go. But we could and did go through all the motions. Not much training for the bow and stern plane man, nor for the diving officer, but it had to do, and at the end of the month I think they had some idea about what they were up against. Wong took charge of the well-grounded in mathematics, so I made him my fire-control assistant. Loo became the navigator and diving officer. He caught on to the navigation quickly enough, having had some experience as a surveyor, and diving officers are born, not made.

Wong and I had a problem on our hands in that we had no tactical data, either on the submarine or the torpedoes, and no chance of getting any. There were no fire-control instruments, although the periscope was an excellent one and the gyroscopes worked all right. So we constructed our own fire-control tables and made a couple of simple omnimeters for the fire-control

calculations. I worked the poor fellow continuously and I drilled him on innumerable torpedo problems, until he could do them in his sleep. And so, one evening just after dark in early May, we went to sea.

We steamed out into the outer harbor, disarmed the junk superstructure and, as dark and alone and friendless as any wartime submarine, headed north through the Formosa Strait. Afraid of being sighted from the air, we submerged before sunrise and came up only after sunrise. Progress was slow, because at night we could run only on one engine and charge batteries on the other. The batteries continued to be my worry. How I wished I had a good electrician's mate to watch them for me. They would stand the strain of an all-day dive, but there wasn't much left at the end of the day. The cells were ragged, and, after the manner of old batteries, you could never tell which cell would fail next.

I had had a number of heavy cells noted up with special fittings on short nips, and I devised a system of jumping from one to another. Progress was slow, but it did several times and the boys got rather proficient at it, and maybe too nonchalant. I explained to Wong and Loo what might happen if we ran with a reversed cell. You see, if one cell of the battery is so very much lower than the rest that it reaches the end of its capacity while the others are still going strong, the polarity of this cell reverses. The cell then charges in the reverse direction, and maybe all that happens is a loss of battery energy when you can least afford it.

But then again, if the battery becomes heavily loaded, the cell may gas—give off hydrogen at a heavy rate. I explained all this, and thought it made a deep impression. Maybe it didn't, I don't know, but when Young knew the whole danger. His training had been in the engine room. He knew what a battery explosion was, all right, but battery explosions came when you were going fast. Hydrogen, to him, as to every old-time submariner, was another way of spelling danger, but I doubt that he could visualize this

slow building up of hydrogen concentration in the confined atmosphere of a submerged boat until, the explosive limit was reached, a sudden flash and a bomb which any chance spark might explode.

It worried me though. I had one of my Chinese crew forever watch the voltage cells, with instructions to warn me whenever any one of them got too low. I used to let the crew smoke for ten minutes of every hour and watch their cigarettes for the telltale blue flash that would indicate a hydrogen pocket. There was no need of making them stop smoking. If the hydrogen percentage got too high, the spark that would touch it off was sure to come from an open switch, or brush of a motor, or the blow of a steel hammer on iron. The gas is odorless, invisible and tasteless, and there was no instrument on board for its detection.

Well, it took us ten days to get up to the latitude of the Saddle Islands. A crew operating under wartime condition whips into shape in a surprisingly short time. At the end of ten days they behaved like veterans. It was a hard ten days, hard on everybody. But there was no whimpering. I knew that if they then could set out on dry land, I would never see many of them again. I couldn't blame them. I've often felt the same way myself. Alone on the bridge at night, with every third wave coming over the rail and down the bow, with my unprotected neck, hanging on for dear life, just living from one minute to the next, I have often reflected that submarining is one hell of a way to make a living.

Just north of the Saddles, we took up station across the most probable route of the convoys coming down from Japan. One morning we were in the middle of the Saddle Islands, and a fog with a five-knot wind then blew the fog about in patches. One minute you couldn't see your own bow and the next the fog would lift and for an hour or more the day would be sunny. We didn't dare run on the surface, for fear the fog would clear like that and leave us exposed, but I came up every now

and then, and when the fog was thick, lay on the surface awash to conserve my battery, diving at the first sign of clearing. I went down when I came up, but worse than useless. The periscope was the only thing we could depend upon.

About five o'clock one of those patches of clear weather blew in, and down I went. When I came up to periscope depth later and ran up my periscope for a look-see, my heart nearly jumped out of my mouth. There, about five thousand yards ahead, lay a division of heavy ships and a whole bevy of light craft. Their sterns were toward me, and I thought at first that they had got safely past me, that I had missed the opportunity of the century by minutes. But I ducked under and ran toward them for ten minutes, and then looked again. We were closing on them. They were stopped and anchored, waiting for the fog to lift. So sure were they of their stranglehold on China that the thought of a submarine never entered their minds. Their destroyers were out at about ten thousand yards, waiting for hostile planes. I suppose, if I had been a little closer, they would remote chance might find them way out there.

It was like shooting sitting ducks. I passed the word to get the tubes ready for firing. It seemed like a year, but I must have been less than a minute when Mann came back to the forward battery door and reported ready. I told him the word to fire, told him to bring by hand if the electric failed, and to get them off at all hazard. He rubbed his hand soberly on his jumper and nodded, but he looked up and grinned when I said, "Fire!" "It was too easy," Poor Wong, with his tables and slide rules, didn't know what to make of it when he had so little to do. He plotted out my approach and called out the top-echelon shots with the superb accuracy of a Chinese, but I had never given him a problem as easy as this to do during his training, and I think he was worried that he wasn't doing his best.

I simply ran up parallel at fifteen hundred yards, making only one swift periscope exposure for check just as I

tube. The depth charges had possibly started a leak aft. We couldn't hold her. Hard rise on bow and engine planes, and still she sank. A hundred feet . . . a hundred and fifty feet . . . going down faster. I made motions for Mann to take charge of the air manifold. Blow a little out of No. 2 main ballast. She was sinking more slowly now. Two hundred feet. Two hundred and twenty-five feet. She stops sinking. "Secure the air," she commences to say. Now we try just as desperate to hold her down. I vent a little of the air out of the ballast tank. How long can this go on?

Do you appreciate our situation? A submarine salmures by virtue of suddenly flooding her main ballast tanks. These are normally kept full when submerged and empty on the surface. Any minor adjustment of weight is accomplished by pumping water into or out of smaller tanks. If we want to surface in a hurry, we admit compressed air on the top of her main ballast tanks and blow the water out through the Kingston valves in the bottom of the tank. Now we are taking on water through the leaks so fast that the pumps can't handle the weight fast enough. We must use the compressed air. It gives quick action, but it's an expedient fraught with danger. The Kingston valves of the main ballast tank must be kept open. We decrease the weight of the boat by putting a bubble of air in the ballast tanks. If we go down, the bubble is compressed by the increasing sea pressure, and water comes in the Kingstons to fill the tank.

We get heavier. We go down faster. We have to blow more water out to stop her downward speed. She starts up. The sea pressure diminishes. The bubble expands; she gets lighter. Her speed upward increases. If we don't stop, she will break water on the surface. We must let some of the air out of the tank. Our equilibrium is unstable. Any tendency to rise or sink feeds on itself as the sun sets. A little darkness and a little fog, and we could come to the surface in comparative safety. Five minutes go by. I walk the tight rope between the surface and the crushing depth. "Blow a little out of main ballast. . . . Secure the air." Mann is as steady as a rock at the air manifold. I watch the depth gauge in the feeble glow of the emergency light. The water is above the depth plates in the control room. It rises to the calves of my legs. No. 2 main ballast is empty. "Close Number Two Kingston. . . . Blow a little out of Number One main ballast. . . . Secure the air." I'll have to surface and take chances with the destroyer. We haven't heard a depth charge in minutes now. "Blow all main ballast." The boat takes an upward angle. Theater of the sea back to theater end of the control room. We start upward for the last time.

Suddenly there is a furious pounding on after battery watertight door. The door flies open, and in strides a mob of screaming Chinese, crazy with

fear. They run to the conning-tower hatch. They can't lift it for the weight of water and wreckage above. They beat on it with their fists. They fight and mill around the foot of the ladder. The salt water pours over the coaming of the door and in on top of the battery. The decks are up, where they have been trying to place the battery jumpers. There is nothing between the salt water and the cell. It pours down on the battery.

I step to the door to look. Young lies across the cell tops, the cook's meat cleaver embedded in his skull to his eyes. He's dead. How long had he held off that milling mob from the

Still, the conning tower was above water now, and that leak had been stopped. If we could get an engine started and patch up the broken steering gear in the conning tower, perhaps we could continue to work nearer to the land before daylight revealed our pitiful condition. Mann volunteered to have a try at inspecting the engine room. I couldn't ask him to do it. We both knew that his chances of ever breathing fresh air again were small. But it was our only hope. Wong insisted on going with him.

We tore up our shirts and made pads wet with sea water to tie over their mouths and noses. It's a fairly

and cracked the engine-room hatch before we jumped clear. She lurched crazily once or twice, then sank steady by the stern. We could just make out the shadow of her bow as she went under, her bow planes sticking out like an impossible machine made of gears. She was a pig-iron wench of uncertain antecedents, but she had been all mine and she met her end like a lady, with a long throaty sigh for the pain our parting cost.

I could hear Mann cough for an hour or more as he tried to get the chlorine out of his lungs, but we must have drifted widely apart. At daybreak I was still alone in the engine room. I regained consciousness aboard a Chinese fishing junk, lying in the bilges with the fish. And with the fish I was in due time delivered at Ningpo.

The rest was an anticlimax. I got hold of someone in authority only after difficulty. I wanted a boat to go out and see if they could rescue some of my crew, although chances were slim. Only one other survivor had been picked up by the same junk that finished me out, one of my engineers. Of the rest I never succeeded in establishing the slightest trace. If any were picked up by the Japanese destroyers, judging by what happened at Nanking, I know what happened to them.

I wanted to organize a project to get another submarine. I'd earned a hundred thousand dollars. I wanted to see the color of my money. I wanted a lot of things. In the end I was only too glad to get out of China with a whole skin. For the Chinese adopted the position that the whole story was preposterous. The Chinese engineer could testify only that there had been explosions uncomfortably close, and the boat had commenced to behave in a crazy fashion. The light had gone out, and he had fought his way to the deck. Then the ship had sunk, and he was in the water. He knew that I had given her the *coup de grâce* by opening the emergency hatch. In fact the Chinese authorities seemed at one time convinced that the simplest way to get their difficulty was to line me up before a firing squad for sinking a Chinese submarine. I think my engineers would have enjoyed that. He seemed to feel that he had a score to settle with me. I felt sorry for him. He had participated in one of the most telling blows that had yet been struck for the Chinese cause. And he was honestly ignorant of the whole affair.

I spent a week in a stinking Chinese jail. In the end they let me go. Just that I got to Hong Kong by the grace of God. There I borrowed money for my trip back by plane. I found two thousand-dollar payments had been credited to my account at the Bank of Hawaii, but by the time I had paid back the money I had borrowed in Hong Kong and reoutfitted myself, this was gone. Mr. Lee pretends to be my story, but I think he'll say yes to do anything about my bonus. The Japanese, of course, will never admit the loss of two big ships. I'd sell out my claim for a hundred dollars in cash and change the remainder to yen, if I could. But Young is definitely dead. The vision of that cleaver in his skull comes back to haunt my nights. And Mann is probably gone also. I blame the life preservers were passed out to the Chinese shipmates I have no regrets. It was their flight. I am ahead of the game in only one respect. In that one crowded hour I had my belly full of sunshine. Do you want to get away with an opening for an inexperienced real-estate salesman?



door? I catch a whiff of the chlorine that is bound to come. Salt water in the acid of the battery, and a submarine becomes an automatic poison gas plant to asphyxiate her own crew. My flashlight shows this thin trickle of greenish stuff seeping up from the battery covers. It won't be long now. I look at the depth gauge. We are on the surface.

The conning-tower hatch is closed forever. I tell Mann to open the forward battery door and get up on deck through the gun hatch. The gun hatch open, the crazy mob fights its way on deck. I wait for the sound of the destroyer's gun. It doesn't come.

My control-room crew stood fast. They had had something to do and some understanding of what was being done. The idle engineers aft had had nothing to do but wait in the dark, feeling the violent angles the boat took, listening to the depth charges explode and to the swishing of the water in the control room. It was more than most men could stand. They didn't understand the danger of opening the door.

I told those who had stood fast to go on deck, and I followed them slowly up the ladder. It was rapidly growing dark, and the fog was so thick that a dozen destroyers could be within a hundred yards of you and never aware of your presence. The sea was calm. There was a long, low, lazy swell setting in and the boat rode with her stern toward it. Thirty men on a narrow deck a few feet from the water's edge; a boat full of poison gas below; the ocean alive with the menace from whom we could expect no mercy; no boats, a hundred miles from land—

effective gas mask for the very soluble chlorine, for a few minutes. I still had my flashlight. We opened the engine-room hatch. It was dangerous. The sea lapped within inches of the coaming, but we had to do it. Loo and I sat above and guarded the hatch while they dropped below.

I called to them every minute or so. It only took a few minutes. The water washed closer to the hatch coaming. I curled around the coaming to dam back the water with my body, and called for them to come back up. The boat's stern lifted to the next wave. They scrambled up the ladder and fell coughing on the deck. The stern sank in the trough. The water broke over and cascaded down the hatch. We slammed and secured the hatch just in time.

I could guess what Mann had to report. The motor room was half flooded. The watertight door might hold, but the engine room wasn't in much better state. The water was up to the floor plates. Every wave now washed over the engine-room hatch. An hour or so was all she could last.

I called for volunteers to go below and get life preservers. Loo talked to the crew. Three or four men stepped out. They were armed with homemade masks, as before. They dropped down the gun hatch. The gas wasn't so bad there. It was seeping forward, but slowly. The life preservers were passed up the hatch, hand over hand. It was quickly done, but we hadn't much time. In half an hour we had difficulty clinging to the tilted deck, so I ordered them over the water. I was determined she would make no Japanese souvenir. So Wong and I worked aft

BIRTHPLACE OF 8 BILLION DOLLARS



OURS is known as an industrial nation. Yet more than eight billions of the dollars that kept its money-streams moving in 1938 were not created in our bustling cities nor in our sprawling factories . . . but sprouted from the ground. Eight-billion-seven-hundred-fifty-million is this year's estimated total of our farmers' income.

It is more by a good 3 billion than all the wages paid the workers in our five next largest industries put together. It is over 8 times the wages in food product factories. It is just about 8 times those in iron and steel mills. It is better than 12 times those in factories making motor cars and parts.

Jingling in the pockets of America's farm families, this 8½ billion dollars represents the power to buy a lot of goods. Add

to it the cash in pockets of people in our agricultural communities whose lives are linked with the farmer . . . and you have the source of more than 40 cents in every dollar that our retail stores take in.

And these pockets can be mightily influenced through the pages of a *single* magazine. A magazine that goes each month to 2 million of these families. A magazine so influential that no cause backed by its pages has ever failed to get action.

If it's your job to see that some company's advertising dollars sell the most possible goods at the least possible cost . . . then see to it that some of those dollars are put to work in *Country Gentleman*. *Let its power to move people help move your goods!*

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

NATIONAL SPOKESMAN FOR AGRICULTURE

(Continued from Page 40)

way merely to remember this summer, although occasionally there was a spurt of gay spirits which broke through the feeling of anxiety for the times, so that the three girls clung to those moments as one clutches at logs in midstream. But Phoebe, Rand, Alf and Ambrose were all in the thick of danger. Ed Armitage was dead. And never this summer did Wayne Lockwood ride up along the lane road. So I wonder that the boys of this year celebration—salutes, bells ringing, parades in which a few returned soldiers were the prominent object of cheers divided in lustiness only by those given the stalwart Reserves, who would be next to go if any other call came. Perhaps the war was not to end this summer after all.

On an evening in August, Emily had just lighted one of the two glass lamps, still a little nervous over results, still watched critically the while the ceremony was being enacted. Phoebe Lou rocked Todd. Sarah had settled herself near the lamp for a good spell of carpet-rag sewing. Jeremiah had been reading news aloud from the last of the daylight on into the first of the lamp-lighting, with aerid comments from Sarah.

"Our state is called on to constitute ten thousand men toward filling the new quota of three hundred thousand men lately called for by the President. Governor Kirkwood has called for five thousand loyal Iowans to be furnished immediately before harvest. The remainder will not be called before the month of September or our harvest is well secured."

There was only silence now. More men, more home boys to fight the monster that lay crouching there in the South.

"Hark," Phoebe Lou said, "I thought I heard —"

Suzanne, leaning there against the doorway, had been hearing it in the stillness for quite a while, keeping it to herself as one crouches over a treasure jealously.

Wayne Lockwood, who had not sung for so long a time, was singing as he rode home from town.

Wayne Lockwood rode in lighter-hearted mood than for many months. He had enlisted and felt cleansed of some former defilement, rid of an undesirable part of himself because of feeling. Many things were clarified. He knew for a certainty where duty lay. And he knew surety from pain over an unworthy infatuation. He let his voice rise to the extent of a melodious power, as though in grateful praise that now nothing was to be seen through a glass darkly. Peace followed in the wake of right decisions. Stoutness of character indicated itself in one's duty. And just now duty led to war. Doing one's duty made one strong.

To the group by the cabin his voice came across the prairie in the stillness, so true and melodious, so vibrant with feeling that it set every nerve to tingling.

Oh, for the faith of him who reckons Each of his days a thousand years.

The resonant voice died away up the lane road and one by one they all went into the house. All but Suzanne. She was in the corner of that log-and-log-and-frame building, her hand at her

throat to still its throbbing. As though the bitter can still sit its answering cry! "I'll not try to evade it any more," she thought. "I'm no longer a child with dreams. I'm a woman. I love him and always shall. No one will know. He will never know. That he doesn't care the least thing for me doesn't enter into it any more. To give him my love will have to be all theirs to it. But I'm willing . . . and reconciled . . . just that and nothing more."

Who served the love was never any doubt but that the song of years was a song of love.

FAMILY ALBUM

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

IT OCCUPIED a special place. Among the household decorations; Turning those pages, nice by the way. We kept in touch with our relations.

Gift-called and sumptuously bound In crimson plush, that reliquary Showed Cousin Sarah, aunt-gowned, A strangely whiskered Uncle Harry.

And Captain Blake who was to sea— His ship was lost in China waters; There, too, was Great-Aunt Stephanie Fondling her pantafoed daughters.

The Reverend Obadiah Stock, Who served the Lord and saved his neighbors, Looking as stern as Plymouth Rock— At last he rested from his labors.

Dagger-necks and faded prints Of kindfolk blissful or benighted; Assorted smiles and glowers and squints, Ladies who languished unrequited.

Twiddling his toes, without a stitch, One moon-faced cherub has me guesing, A matter of resemblance which Is really not worth stressing!

XII

DEAR MOTHER: I thought you would be glad to have a few lines from me at this time, especially as I have taken a very serious step in my life. I have enlisted and expect soon to start for the war. I know this will be a great blow to you, but surely you would prefer to have me go as a volunteer than to be drafted. I have thought long and anxiously in regard to this matter and could come to no other conclusion but that it was my duty to go if we are to have a country and security to our lives and property. . . .

So wrote Wayne Lockwood, saying nothing of the emotional turmoil by which his life had been troubled the past year, dwelling only on the decision, with no reference to the events leading up to it.

So to do it was the Reserves, one hundred more young men, who were drilling on the fair grounds, whose sisters, mothers and sweethearts were teary-eyed over flannel stomachers and foodish bee-stung pin cushions. Wayne Lockwood, tall and stalwart, was drilling with them.

Suzanne's second year of teaching had just started, over in the log school-house. On a morning of that first week Jeremiah came from the stable, hung his cap carefully on its peg behind the lean-to door and washed his hands for breakfast before telling them: "Hornee Reserves are called to leave tomorrow."

Off and on all day, Suzanne, looking out of the log building, wondered how life could go on after Wayne had left. All through the monotonous reeling, the thought of Wayne wove itself in and out of her thoughts as though one were the warp and the other the woof of her mind's weaving.

"Give the table of two's, Nora." "Two one's two, two two's four, two three's six —"

That night in the cabin! Something brought the very clock together, but held them apart too. What brought them together? And what held them apart?

"The table of three's, Lavina." "Three one's one, three two's two —"

"No, no, Lavina." Some pedagogical sense of duty kept one part of herself in the schoolroom even while another part was off with Wayne. Though she realized now she could never be anything to him, she also knew that just to look up the lane road and know he was there—to hear him singing in the moonlight—to watch him come riding into the yard behind the stake-and-ride fence—all these were better than to see him go to war.

The afternoon dragged on. At last it was time now to send the children home. Time! Time, which kept bringing tomorrow morning closer. Time, which let down the weight of the old clock like stones on your heart.

"Is there school tomorrow, Miss Martin?" "Yes."

"Are you going to the Falls to see the Reserves off?" "No."

"Why ain't you, Miss Martin?" "Yes, why, Suzanne?"

"You went when the Pioneer Grays left, Miss Martin, and others."

"'Ist 'cause it would make you feel queer to see 'em go?" "Yes, it's because it would make me—feel queer to see them go."

When Suzanne was home after school, her father was just coming from the lane road. He had gone to invite Wayne down to supper. But Wayne sent back word to the folks that he had some things to attend to at the last and would ride over later in the evening to see them.

Supper was a silent meal. Dishes were washed. Pancakes were stirred up. The day's dusting. Life is made up of such infinitesimal things.

They were all through with these tasks when they heard Wayne's horse come into the yard. All had been listening for that sound. And now there it was.

Suzanne's hand slipped up to her throat as it always did in moments of stress. Then she went to the window at the back of the house and looked out. In the dark she could not be seen. But the faint light from the main room caught and held for her Wayne on his horse. He was in uniform! She watched him dismount, the strap and disappear around the corner to the front room, where there were lights. She walked to the lean-to door leading into the room, but she did not go in, merely stood in the shadows and waited.

Hearing the steps on the tree-trunk stoop, Jeremiah laid down his paper. Sarah's and Emily's needles paused in their in-and-out journeyings. Phoebe Lou came hurriedly from the bedroom.

Wayne stood in the front doorway in his soldier uniform.

Oh, but he was big and handsome and gallant looking. All eyes upon him spoke it as plainly as words could have. "Come in. Come in."

"Sit down, Wayne." "No, I'll not sit. There are a few things more I have to do. I only came to say good-by."

"Anything we can do for you?" "No, there was nothing they could do. Hornee Akin has bought the sheep and Wallace Akin was to have half of the corn for the husking. Mel Manson was taking the team and wagon off his hands. Oh, yes—there was just one thing—he wondered if someone here would look after old Snide."

"Oh, I will," Emily said quickly. "I'd like to."

"I'd be grateful, Emily, and like to think of him down with you folks." And because it sounded sentimental, he went on quickly: "The Akinse will put in the crop if by any chance the war isn't over in the time, which I think probably is. Now that I'm going," he grinned boyishly, "I'm only afraid I'll meet them all coming back." But it was only 1862 and Wayne was not to meet the soldiers who had been here.

"I wanted to tell you if you want to pasture any stock up there—you or the neighbors—help yourself. The land will still be here for me when I get back. And if I don't —"

It hung in the air like the sound of the deep-throated tower bell over in town, whose reverberations were so long in dying away.

She did not try to finish the sentence for Jeremiah at once said cheerfully: "Oh, hell, you'll be back by spring. You'll put in your crop yourself. I'm ready to wager."

They were all standing, constrained and tense.

Sarah, her mouth twitching a little, said: "What time do the steam cars leave?"

And Phoebe Lou said: "Well, you don't have to think about Injuns anyway—like we —"

Emily looked pale in the lamplight, her freckles spotting her thin face as though they had been painted on with tiger-lily powder.

Suzanne stood back in the shadows, her fingers white-knuckled in the folds of her dress, as though she would not fly to her throat to betray her.

Jeremiah said: "I'll be at the train, but the womenfolk here say they can't go any more. It's been too many times."

Suits me just as well." Wayne forced the ghost of a grin. "Atmosphere's always pretty thick around the depot. Well —" He started over toward Sarah, his hand outstretched.

This was it. This was good-by to Wayne and life and love and dreams and —

He was shaking hands with Sarah, while the last of the other hand across her twitching mouth. With Phoebe Lou, crying unabashedly. Some of the tears were for Wayne and some for all soldier boys everywhere, but more were for this young man riding recklessly off to Pigeon Ranch who would never ride again. With Emily, as white as a sheet, dropping her eyes so no one could see the hunger in them. He was in the doorway toward Suzanne in the shadows. But he did not shake hands with her. He did not touch her. He only stood, straight and tall, and looked down at her.

When Suzanne saw her hands behind her, holding each other that neither one

would prove untrustworthy, said very quietly: "I'll be up the lane road and wait for you when the train goes by."

And Wayne turned and went out of the house.

In the morning Suzanne was glad she was not going over to town. She went down the grassy path, through the small gate and up the road to school. Queer, how unreal the day looked to her. The sun shone and there was no warmth. The birds sang and there was no music. Goldenrod and daisies and little ragged asters were blossoming along the way and there was no beauty. It was Wayne Lockwood who was with her and making the day real.

She wondered how it would be if Wayne cared for her. Leaving today to have him go? Well, there was very little use to waste life dreaming on that. Face facts, pa always said. Wayne did not belong to her and she had to face it.

There were only five of the very smart children in school, including Nora. For that she was thankful. The others had gone to town with their folks, to whom the soldiers' training was the big event of the fall. Even these five small youngsters were full of talk about the Reserves' leaving, so that Suzanne suppressed it, made them study their reading for a time before she would tell them her plan.

So instantly her mind swung the rails over there to the north of the school-house. High on the graveled embankment the track shone in the morning sun. It still ran only to Sturgis Falls—no farther. The war had stopped so many things.

It was time now.

"We'll go up the lane road," she told the five, "and watch the train go by with the soldiers."

They were surprised, excited. A war was nice. A war let you get out of school to walk up the lane road and see the soldiers go away to it.

So they hopped and ran along, ran off the dusty lane road to pick red prairie lilies and white ox-eye daisies and purplish-blue asters.

"See, Suzanne, all the flag colors," Miss Martin, the called her, in the schoolroom. Out here on the lane road she was just Suzanne.

"Can we throw them at the soldiers when they go by, Suzanne?"

"Yes."

"Will they like it, Suzanne?"

"Yes. I think they will."

Oh, why were things so complicated in life? When you were little like these children, the whole world was a happy, lovely place. And when you were nineteen it was neither one.

It was coming, the smoke flattening out into white clouds in the distance. The children squealed with excitement, their flowers poised for throwing.

"Stand away back. It goes by so fast that the suction might draw you right under it."

Now they could see the flat gravel cars, blue with uniforms. There were green boughs of trees fastened to the sides. The hell was ringing, the steam whistle shrieking. Nora had dropped her flowers to clap small hands over her ears.

But what was the matter? It was not coming its mad pace, roaring its way across the prairie. It was slowing down. What was happening?

"Look, Suzanne, it's stopping." The children were screaming it above the clatter of the grinding brakes and the piercing noise of the whistle. The smoke was blowing down around them.

Wayne Lockwood was swinging off the last of the flatcars, sliding and slipping down the embankment, gravel rolling under his feet. Wayne in his blue uniform was coming toward them. And now he had Suzanne in his arms, was straining her body to his own, his lips to hers for one long moment, while the bell clanged and the smoke from the engine fouled the prairie and the soldiers called out gay saucy things.

"Good-by."

With no word other than that hurried, whispered "Good-by," he released her and was up the gravel bank again. Hands were reaching for him, pulling him onto the flatcar. The bell was still clanging, the smoke blowing. Wilting goldenrod and daisies were flying up into the air on short ineffectual journeyings. The train was pulling out. The soldiers, some on benches, some half reclining on the car floors, were waving countless blue caps. Wayne was the only one standing. In the midst of the blue-coated men and the green tree branches he stood erect, smiling, his arm high, holding his blue cap, the morning sun bright on his yellow head.

The children were excited. The train had stopped. It was the wonder of the year. What were parting and kisses, love and war? The train had stopped at the lane road.

They clamored about her.

"Suzanne, did it ever stop before?" "Suzanne, I know it stopped for Mr. Scott once, and ma said then it wouldn't have stopped ever for anybody but the Scotts. But it did."

"Suzanne, it stopped for Wayne Lockwood."

"Suzanne, do you think he asked 'em to?"

"Suzanne, was it just because he wanted to say good-by to you?"

And then, as a new and pleasant thought struck: "Suzanne, why did he want to? Is he your lover?"

"Yes."

Suzanne's hands were at her throat and she was crying—happy tears, sad tears, curious tears, then trying desperately to push those tears aside so that her straining hungry sight might see the last of that upright figure.

"Yes—he's my lover."

XIII

ALL the neighborhood knew the train had stopped at the lane road. But no one seemed to know just why. Wayne Lockwood had taken advantage of it to jump off and kiss Suzanne, ac-

cording to the little folks. Not that it meant anything. The soldiers had a sort of privilege to kiss all the girls good-by.

In the days that followed, Suzanne moved in a world wholly apart from the others. The door through which she had so often looked was wide open. If she threw away the key now, it was because she had no further use for it. One does not need a key for a door which is never to close. All that she had dreamed and longed for was to come true when Wayne came back.

When Wayne came back!

When he came back, heaven would not be off there beyond the clouds floating in the blue above the prairie. It would be here and now. Heaven would be up the lane road.

Another company of recruits was ready to go from Sturgis Falls at the call, one from Prairie Rapids and from other parts of the county. Sometimes when Jeremiah was talking about these, Suzanne would notice that queer look on her brother Henry's face, as though he were going to speak out concerning something on his mind. But it always went into nothing as he turned back to his farm work. He seldom left the place now, doing his fall plowing and his corn picking, his husking and his stable work more silently than ever, from dawn until after dark.

And now a letter came to Suzanne from Wayne. When Jeremiah brought it to her and she saw the heading, Helena, Arkansas, and her name in strong and steady writing—even as Wayne was strong and steady—the thought went through her mind foolishly that this was enough, just to have a letter, no matter what it said. She could have put it unopened in the bosom of her dress and left it there, and still have known comfort and satisfaction from its presence.

When it was opened, it was no love letter. At least it would not have been to any casual reader. But there was no casual reader to see it. Only Suzanne, who could read heart-warming things between the lines telling about the Thirty-first being moved down the Mississippi on transports, and who knew, by the test of her throbbing throat, what it meant when he said, "There is so much to say to you now, Suzanne, that I shall say nothing at all."

Of course! She knew how that was. There was so very, very much which

did not need words for the telling. It was just love between them. The saying of it did not matter.

All the other boys were still coming unseated through their betties, Phineas, Alf and Hand getting safely through Metamora, although the regiment had suffered heavily, and a brood surviving Corinth when fully a third of his company had been wounded in battle.

In the early spring before plowing time, no one was deeply surprised to hear that the Scotts were leaving for Duquenois and that Horace Akin had bought the place. Unhappy Mrs. Scott, grieving for her girl, had evidently prevailed on her husband to follow.

The days went up and down the scale now, with joy and sorrow alternating—pleasure over every victory, a deep depression at personal loss. Over in the two towns victories called for mass meetings, speeches and bonfires, and some whisky to celebrate. Defeats called for mass meetings, and some whisky to drown the grief. Prices of war were exchanged. The sick came home. Some recovered and went back.

Jeremiah set little Nora to reading the war news and though she did not understand the reports or the political speeches, he said it would give her a certain definite idea of what it was all about. Suzanne could hear him at times explaining patiently to her the meaning of the vocabulary, and telling her of the station of the underground railroad in Illinois, near his former farm, operated by a deacon of the church.

Wayne succeeded sometimes in getting a letter to Suzanne or to Jeremiah, saying that the news in it, if interesting, was to all old friends. The Thirty-first had been in Mississippi, back to Helderberg, Arkansas, and Arkansas in a battle at Chickasaw Bayou soon after Christmas, "if Christmas there still be in the country." In January they had started out a point near Arkansas, and were now in Arkansas, and mire to the rear of the enemy's works and captured them. They were now, on April first, at Young's Point, Louisiana.

By late spring the Horace Akinsees were living in the fine Scott house, so that the Marins were in and out of it, and never did Sarah come back from the country. The Marins envy the open stairway and vehement criticism for their own loft leaders.

"You and me'll be walking up the golden stairs together someday, ma," Jeremiah tried to joke her. "You'll enjoy 'em all the more for the wait."

But Sarah would not joke about it. And Jeremiah, seeing how deeply she loved it, would not let her be so serious with her seriousness: "When the war's over, ma, we'll see. Just wait 'til that's our minds." "When the war is over" ran through the conversation of the dark days, the long winter, every year for repairs, but which is still too seaworthy to discard. For thirty years it was a haven for all its children and the families of all its children, friends, neighbors—"pans and peddlers," as Sarah had once said—a

"All right, we'll come over for dinner—but remember, no fuss."



warmhearted comfortable old house with its calico curtains and Seth Thomas clock and wild-turkey feather-stuffed chairs and a big, heavy, sturdy and honest it stood, unshaken in the rains and the blizzards and the screaming winds that came down from the north prairies, as sturdy and honest as the old man who had fashioned its first rooms out of the timber.

But it was still only 1863, with growing crops not doing well just when they were so needed. Everything was hard and scarce—coffee at a dollar per pound, so that only Sabina, Melinda and Celis could each afford a few long-haired pounds. Sarah and the three girls at home tried a half dozen substitutes, yams and wheat, bran mixed with molasses, sweet potatoes chipped and browned in sugar. Jeanie, alone with her three babies up on the north prairie, drank hot water. Celis was twenty-five cents a yard, and Sabina, cautioned by Tom that it would go higher, purchased three bolts, saw it later priced at a dollar.

And silver disappeared from circulation. Paper checks valued at one and two dollars were passed about. The banks issued little cards good for ten, fifteen, twenty-five cents. Jeremiah had it good, and authority that Cady Bedson in Prairie Rapids was hoarding gold, saying that he was going to wait until he got to three dollars and then he would sell. Telling Tom and his wife and how he thought it ("When it gets to be three dollars, he'll turn patriotic") Jeremiah could see that Tom evaded agreeing with him, sensed that his own son-in-law might be doing the same thing.

A letter came to Suzanne from Wayne, the last of June, written near Vicksburg. They had left Young's in Louisiana, and had passed on up the river to Greenville, Mississippi, "foraging for cattle, mules, horses and hogs," returning to Young's Point, moving with Grant toward Grand Gulf, moving again toward Jackson, Mississippi. They were under fire at Raymond on the twelfth of May, helped take Jackson the fourteenth, were again under fire at Black River, reaching the rear of Vicksburg on the eighteenth, engaged in a successful charge on the enemy's works, and were now—the seventh of June—steadily under fire. Oh, Wayne, I know what you mean, even though you are waiting to say it when you get home.

The letter closed in this fashion: "If Vicksburg does not surrender before the Fourth, we are going to storm it with or without orders."

And now this was the Fourth. And the residents of this part of the valley were trying to have a celebration picnic on the fair grounds, in Sturgis Falls. A few adults were still sitting at the table of planks long after dinner, when Cady Bedson rode so rapidly into the fair grounds that everyone turned to hear what he had to say.

"Vicksburg's fallen," was the thing he had to say. He had ridden hard all the way up from Prairie Rapids to bring the message. Cady Bedson, safe at home, making money with his grain buying, was always the first to ride about the county telling the latest news from the South.

It went quickly to the far end of the fair ground, like a prairie fire springing from tumbleweeds to dried grasses to tumbleweeds. "Vicksburg's fallen."

All the rest of the afternoon they sat around in quiet groups—fathers, mothers, sisters, sweethearts. Victory! But what was the cost of the victory?

Just so nothing has happened to Wayne. Oh, God, don't let anything have happened to Wayne.

XIV

NOTHING had happened to Wayne Lockwood.

Lantz, Jacob, wounded.
Linderman, Cornelius, killed.
Lusch, Charles, wounded, died.

But not Lockwood. Suzanne told herself God was good, and then thought: But how about the Lantzes and the Lindermans and the Luschs? He's their God, too, and shivered that there was no reasoning about it or philosophy to it.

Fourteen men of the Third—the Pioneer Grays regiment—had been wounded by guerrillas on their way to join Grant before Vicksburg—but not Phineas or Rand or Alf. The last of the month, though, word came that he had been in a battle, and lost one hundred and fourteen, killed, wounded or missing.

And now the list said:

Martin, Phineas, wounded.

It was fall, with a purple haze on the prairie and the air like apple cider, with Suzanne teaching again and Lock-out Mountain and Missionary Ridge words in every valley resident's mouth, when Phineas came home.

Emily and Suzanne, in the main moon, saw him turn to the little gate and come up the path. They called out and ran to the doorway. But Sarah, a hank of yarn across the arms of her chair for straightening, was caught in the mesh trying to get to him.

And then the girls saw his sleeve—the right—was empty and pinned to his side.

"Hello, girls," he called cheerfully, beginning at once to whistle and swagger on up to the stoop. But plumping his mother inside, the whistling broke off suddenly and he brushed past the two over to her, dropped down by her chair and with his head in her lap on top of the tangled yarn, broke into low painful sobbing.

"There now," Sarah said, patting his shoulder, smoothing his hair. "It ain't so bad that it couldn't 'a' been worse. It could 'a' been both arms, and that would 'a' been a real trial. You're alive and well and can't go back, and that's a blessing. Come, now; don't you want I should make you chicken gravy and saleratus biscuits for supper?"

"I don't want no supper."

"Hello, girls," he called cheerfully, beginning at once to whistle and swagger on up to the stoop. But plumping his mother inside, the whistling broke off suddenly and he brushed past the two over to her, dropped down by her chair and with his head in her lap on top of the tangled yarn, broke into low painful sobbing.

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So Phineas was home, trying to putter around with his one arm, and so awkward at it, but no one must feel sorry for him or help him. Jeremiah gave orders for that. Phineas must have no pity to take away his self-regard.

The Christmas celebration was largely an attempt to do something for the small children, Henry's Nora and Harry, Phoebe Lou's Todo, Jeanie's three little girls. You couldn't take your anxiety about war out on the little folks, the girls all said. No matter that everyone felt as poor as Job's turkey and that there was no heart in being gay, and more valley boys killed or wounded, the children must have a good time. Celis and Melinda had not expected to come, thinking that Father and Mother Banninger would not want them to take the little boys away, but when Christmas Day dawned they could not stand it, said they felt like children themselves and had to get home to the old place, surprising everyone by driving into the yard with the Banningers just before dinner.

The year 1864 began with a snow blockade. The valley lay supine under its own weather, like a fish frozen in the four-foot ice of the Red Cedar. Sometimes the mercury reached thirty below. From the last day of December until the middle of January no train trying to cross the prairie from Dubuque reached the river. The company made every effort to get rid of the snow, but it piled in the cuts as fast as it was shoveled out.

"A blockade much more effectual than the blockade of Wilmington," Jeremiah described it.

Day after day went by with no letters from the home folks in the East, none from the soldiers, and no newspapers besides the local one. But now there was a new telegraph clicking in the little frame depot. Scarcely a month ago Mr. Platt Smith, of Dubuque, had sent the first message: "Did I not tell you so?" It kept them there with happenings for a few days, but when poles and lines succumbed to the onslaught of the god of storms, there was nothing left to connect them with the outside world.

"We don't rightly know whether Lincoln is still President," Henry remarked, "or what's the latest down there."

Down there! Down where Lee was holding the Rapidan, near Fredericksburg, and Johnston was still strong in Georgia.

In the midst of this snowbound condition death came into the neighborhood as though to prove no snowstorm could break him in his blockade. From his grim duty, Mrs. Horace Akin, in her new home at the old Scott place, sickened and died suddenly from a premature birth, and not even the doctor or Sarah Martin's capable nursing could stay the cold hands. It was impossible to get up to the cemetery. They packed the casket in a huge snowbank of the yard to wait for a time of moderation, and Horace Akin and the two young boys took turns sitting at the bedroom window nearest to it in sad and lonely vigil until the day they could shovel through the drifts over the north prairie to the burial ground.

It saddened everyone immeasurably, adding to the gloom over not being able to hear from the South.

On the fifteenth, after a laborious shoveling by the piddler, the black engine nosed its way with snorting vexation across the white fields of the Wallace Akin farm and on into Sturgis Falls. Jeremiah in the bobbed, driving the heavy-legged Little Giant, got through the drifts before the train made the two miles.

There were letters and papers for everyone, canned oranges, sugar and hard biscuits for the whole crowd, and the train bringing passengers, mail and freight. And six thousand pounds of frozen prairie chickens stood in the freight depot, ready to go back to the Eastern markets.

In the post office Jeremiah ran out Mr. Banninger in the crowd waiting for the long-delayed mail. Mr. Banninger said he had a letter to see his wife, as Celis and Melinda and the two little boys were at Sabina's, waiting for a ride out to their old home.

The little boys had whooping cough and the girls thought there was no hope for them, but when the children were over it, so Jeremiah took them all out home to Mrs. Harriet's winter quarters—the house so magical in their ministry, the little boys whooping spasmodically under the buffalo robes all the way out.

Letters from Rand and Alf were in the mail, telling Melinda and Celis they would be home soon now from their three-year enlistment—each asking how that little son-of-a-gun boy of his was and saying not to try to fool their paws by switching the two answers.

A letter from Wayne to Suzanne said they were moving by way of Chattanooga and Bridgeport to Woodville, Alabama, where they would go in the winter quarters—that he hoped it would all be over in the spring, so he could return to see again his farm lands in the valley and all his "good friends and neighbors and you, Suzanne."

Not a love letter by the two women of what a love letter should be. Just a line under the "you"—a little half-line, so unimportant and yet so informative. It meant that to Wayne then, were friends and neighbors, and then there was Suzanne. All the long winter days back and forth to school she carried it in her white breast, where it rustled remindfully at night and then, because of its snowy paleness, rustled no more, but lay supinely there against her heart.

Henry went north to another township for a week to help a man get out with which to fence a quarter section of unbroken prairie in the spring. There was more than enough for him to do at home, but the settler offered him cash and he could not refuse the opportunity. It made the girls get out



"Toss me off at White Plains!"

in the cold a great deal to help Jeremiah.

Phineas was laboriously learning to stink or clean a stall. Melinda and Phoebe Lou were the two mainstays, Celia preferring to look after the little boys indoors, where her skin would not get chapped. Melinda was sewing now for outsiders whenever she could get a dress to make.

April brought a draft. Jeremiah, announcing at the table that he was going to the courthouse to witness a case, said Sarah to remark, "I don't wish harm to anyone, but I could almost hope that smart aleck of a Cady Beson would get called—hoarding gold and buying up grain and soldiers' war-meat."

When Jeremiah got back at night and said "Well, ma, you got your wish about Cady Beson," Sarah turned pale with the responsibility of what she had done.

"Yes, sir, when the wheel turned three times and the little blindfolded

draft boy pulled out a paper, the clerk took it and read 'Cady Beson.'"

"When's Cady got to go?" Suzanne asked.

"He ain't goin'!" her father laughed wryly. "He got ahead of you there, ma. Three quarters of a minute after his name was read he had a sack of gold out of his pocket, wavin' it around and sayin' as big as Cuffy, 'Which one of you fellows wants this?'"

"Who took it?"

"Yes, who's his substitute, pa?"

"A fellow on the north prairie with a wife and three young'uns. Said he guessed his children would have some shoes and somethin' to eat now besides corn meal."

April brought Rand and Alf back, too, discharged honorably at Davenport, where they came breezily home, their gay boyishness and loud voices seemingly untempered and unsubdued by Metamora and Vicksburg. As though their offspring were huge jokes, they laughed uproariously at the two fat

little boys, past two now, running steadily everywhere, still whooping occasionally and even now knocking each other over with raucous glee. With a great deal of argument the two men bet each other which was which, went into shouts of merriment while they picked the wrong ones.

And then Melinda and Celia, pecking up the children's things, left with Rand and Alf. Looking at the two strange noisy men, Suzanne wondered how the girls could go on with their lives. "They don't even know them," she said to Emily.

She thought about that and other queer things. Ambrose, Phineas, Ed, Rand and Alf—Wayne—all Americans—all had gone to fight other brothers, lovers, fathers and husbands, also Americans. Hating them? No, you didn't hate them, Phineas had said—no individuals were. It was just the damn rebel uniforms you hated, like gray lice crawling over everything. Once they shared food with some of

them and twice the pickets of both sides sat around a fire and played card games.

If it could only be over before anything happened to Wayne! Pictures marched across her mind day and night in one endless procession of imagined horrors. Over there to the south and east was the unknown—too far away for one to hear the booming of cannon or see the gapping wounds or smell the fetid odors. But they did not escape her. To the extent that her imagination led, she saw and smelled and heard with an inner sensitiveness that could not evade the sights and smells and sounds.

It's over before something happens to Wayne. Bring him safe home and I'll ask nothing more of life.

Thus did Suzanne daily try to bargain with God, promising blindly to free Him from other obligations if He would grant her this one boon.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AS I SAW IT

(Continued from Page 21)

and say my only alternative is to release her from any promise."

The little doctor choked as he repeated this. For myself, I was silent, anxious to comprehend such a situation. At last the doctor rose to go, asking: "What shall I tell her?"

I answered: "Tell him I will write." When he was gone, I sat for hours thinking, thinking, when, as suddenly as the blow had fallen, its weight lifted, and I saw things in their true proportions. It was our lives that mattered, not politics, not scandal. If I did not care enough for the man who shared his misfortunes, his sorrows, then it was a futile love. I would glory in standing by when the world scoffed and doubted, for in the end he would triumph and vindicate my trust.

I lighted my desk lamp and wrote from my heart:

1308 Twentieth Street,

Sept. 19, 1915.

Dearest: The dawn has come—and the hideous dark of the hour before the dawn has been lost in the gracious gift of light.

I have been in the big chair by the window where I have sought out so many problems, and all the hurt, selfish feeling has gone with the darkness—and I now see straight—straight into the heart of things and am ready to follow the road "where love leads."

How many times I have told you I would like to help—now when my first test has come I faltered—but the faltering was for love—not lack of love. I am not afraid of any gossip or threat, with your love I shall stand, even now this room echoes with your voice—as I write—"Stand by me—don't desert me!" This is my pledge, dearest, and you will stand by me—not for duty, not for pity, not for honor—but for love—trusting, protecting, comprehending love. And no more whether the wine be bitter or sweet we will share it together and find happiness in the comradeship.

My own unhesitating tonight (I mean last night, for it is already Sunday morning), and be willing to trust me.

I have not thought out what course we will follow for the immediate present, for I promised we would do that together.

I am so tired I could put my head down on my desk and sleep. But I feel I could bring me real rest until I had pledged you my love and my allegiance.

Your own

Emery.

I sent this letter early that morning. The day passed with no word of reply.

This I could not understand, and felt that the evening would bring the explanation. But the next day and the next followed, and I felt humiliated and hurt. About noon of that third day, Doctor Grayson came. Grave anxiety marked his chiseled features. Without even shaking hands, he said: "I beg that you will let me go to the White House. The President is very ill, and you are the only person who can help. I can do nothing." He added: "I know it is a lot to ask after what you have both been through, but I feel a desperate situation. Neither Miss Margaret nor Miss Bones is here, so I will have to act as chaperon."

"Did the President ask you to come?" I asked, and he said: "No, I told him I was coming, and he said it would be unfair to you and weak in him to ask it." Then Doctor Grayson added: "If you could see him, you would not hesitate. He looks like I imagine the martyrs looked when they were broken on the wheel. He neither speaks, sleeps nor eats."

I had to think! So I left him and went to go to room 16, where my letter had fallen into alien hands? Could he think I was of such base metal that I could not stand an acid test? Did he still care, or did he doubt? Then I remembered what he had written: "I will stand by."

The Unanswered Letter

So I went, and the doctor and I were silent as we drove through the familiar streets; and when we left the elevator on the second floor of the White House he went quickly to a door, which he opened and beckoned me to follow. The curtains were drawn and the room dark, on the pillow I saw a white, drawn face, with burning eyes dark with hidden pain. Brooks, the colored valet, was by the bed. No word was spoken; only an eager hand held out in welcome, which I took, to find it icy cold, and when I unclasped it we were alone.

Strangely, in these tense moments things are understood with no need of words. I never asked why he had not answered my letter; only, had it reached him. He said, "Yes."

Three months later, the day after we were married and were sitting before

the fire in our suite at Hot Springs, Virginia, my husband asked to make a confession that had lain heavy on his spirit. He said: "Well, I am a coward, I promise to absolve you." He drew from his pocket the letter which I had written in the early hours of that September morning. The seal was unbroken, the words could not be worn or rubbed from being so long in his pocket.

He said: "I think I am rarely a coward, but when this letter came that Sunday morning after a sleepless night, I could not open it, for I felt the world slipping from under my feet. I was so sure, with your horror of publicity and all the rest of it, that this was the end and you would never see me again, that I could not bring myself to face the written words; so I put it here, where it has been ever since. Now, with you beside me, I want to open it, remembering, no matter what the hurt it holds, that you came like an angel of light to heal my wound."

We read it together, and what he said need not be told here; only that he begged that the letter never be destroyed.

Years afterward, when I asked Colonel House to tell me where he got such an unjust impression as he gave the President about Mrs. Peck, he said he never saw the letter. "The letter came from anybody; that he and Secretary McAdoo had planned it between them, because they thought at the time that a second marriage of the President might prevent his re-election. Colonel House concluded his story: "In that I was mistaken, for I think you have been a great asset." When I asked Mr. McAdoo about it, he said that it was entirely untrue. "The letter," he said, "shifting of responsibility between Colonel House and Mr. McAdoo was something I never mentioned to my husband, because I knew it would make him see red."

After much thought, Mr. Wilson and I decided to announce our engagement on October 7, 1915. The President phoned the announcement and asked Mr. Tamm to give a copy to each White House reporter.

It was after dinner on the evening of the sixth. I entered the study at the White House just after Mr. Tamm had finished the last point of this interesting mate room was the flat-top desk, a gift

to this Government from Queen Victoria. On it stood the student's lamp that Mr. Wilson had used as an undergraduate at the University of Illinois. He loved to work under that lamp, which was lighted every night. In the years to come, that desk grew very familiar, made sacred to me by the hours which he spent there, and though never cleared of work, for fresh demands came to it every hour of the day, it always gave the impression of perfect orderliness.

The Desk of State

The desk is very large, with stacks of small drawers at each end, both back and front, and where the chair stood there was a deep central drawer on each side. The President had given strict orders that anything of immediate importance from the State, War or Navy department should always be put at once in this large drawer. He never went in or out of the room without looking in that drawer to see if there were things which he should not neglect. The desk was the center of that supervision for him, particularly during the war, when things moved so swiftly that even a half hour's delay might be serious. So, no matter where he went, he always carried with him to this receptacle every little while, and often find it too full even to close. And many a time when we planned a free evening together, the drawer, with all the problems sealed in big linen envelopes, each bearing an ominous red square clipped on the corner—which meant "Immediate and Important"—would end all hope, and we would settle down to wait in the quiet and read, as we had hoped.

But I have wandered far away from that October night when I stood by the desk and leaned over the President's shoulder to see how the announcement looked, typed for the press. I am glad that I paused there, for that serene evening in the study, with a fire crackling on the hearth and the beds drawn, Mr. Wilson's quiet face and hands together in the White House for so many years to come.

Next morning I was plunged into a maelstrom of kindly but forthright letters of advice and contacts with every description of person, from real

friends and charming acquaintances to self-seekers and cranks. Before eight o'clock the telephone and the door bells were ringing, and when I heard someone coming up to my room, I thought it was the maid with the breakfast tray. But not at all; it was a lady whom I knew, but who had never had access to my bedroom, and who just could not wait to tell me how wonderful it was. My poor servants were as unprepared as I for what was before us, and could not cope with persons like this woman.

Hardly had I recovered from this episode when someone I really wanted to see called, and I went downstairs to the drawing room. I had been there a few moments when a ring at the bell announced another caller. I told the maid to say that I wished to be excused. She opened the door and, *sans cérémonie*, in rushed a man I knew very slightly, did not like, and to whom I had always been "Mrs. Galt." He caught me in his arms and kissed me, saying: "I always knew you would do something big, and this is the biggest thing yet. My name is America, but I am sure she will come immediately back, so as to be at the wedding." He cast down a cluster of flowers and went as he had come, leaving me speechless. I felt that the world had suddenly gone mad.

The next thing that stands out in that day of readjustment to a new life was the arrival of a tiny black deerskin jacket about two weeks old, poor little thing! His neck was encircled by a red, white and blue ribbon, tied in a huge bow, through which was fastened a big card stating: "My name is America." This seemed the last straw, and if the little beast had not been so utterly miserable, it would have been funny.

The dog was too young to keep, so I returned it next morning to the donor with a note expressing appreciation, but adding that it was impossible for me to keep it, as I was leaving for Philadelphia early the next day. Another gift, which I still cherish, is an original drawing by C. K. Berryman, cartoonist of the Washington Star.

A Philadelphia Day

The history of October 7, 1915, would not be complete without saying that it was the day when the President first could call on my mother without exciting curiosity. So he went that afternoon to see her, and later she, my sister, brother and I, all met at the White House. The only other guests were the McAdams, and we had a jolly evening all to ourselves.

The following day the President was to go to Philadelphia for the opening of the world series. Mr. Wilson had asked mother and me to join the party. The day was radiant, it was our only opportunity to see the President together since our announcement, and along the route crowds gathered to greet us. Upon reaching Philadelphia we had an escort of police. No matter how accustomed we grew to the presence paid to the great officer of the presidency, it never ceases to be a thrilling experience to have all traffic stopped, the way cleared, and to hear acclaim from thousands of throats. So, in this first experience where I shared

the acclaim, I was excited as any child. We found a charming welcome everywhere, and people tried in the nicest way to express their interest in me. It was trying in some ways, but I was so content and happy that even the natural curiosity of strangers did not seem an intrusion. The following day mother and I dined at the White House. The next morning I drove to Baltimore to do some shopping. That evening, October tenth, was the first time the President dined with me alone in my own home.

By this time letters and telegrams were coming from all over the country to us both. Of course, the majority of those from strangers went to the White House, but I was inundated with letters of every sort, including delightful ones from old friends, many of whom I had known since childhood. Then there were requests for everything from money, photographs, automobiles and advice, to discarded clothing. One letter stated the writer was five feet, eight inches tall; weight 140, hip measurement 40; bust 38; very attractive; only needing up-to-date clothes to be a beauty.

The days were too full for Mr. Wilson and me to see each other with regularity, so we had a direct telephone line installed from the White House to my house. It did not go through the exchange, but connected one instrument with the other. On the days when we had no time for a visit, the President would send me, by messenger, foreign

men said; what the effect on the country had been; how Germany had reacted to it. It was as if President himself wrote a few lines to keep me in touch with his thoughts, and I sent him my suggestions or comments. This became later a daily means of communication. They were vivid letters from him—often only a few lines—but how perfectly they brought me his anxieties, his sense of personal responsibility for the welfare of the people, and his determination to have the point of view of one as remote as I from the great moral issues at stake.

A Gift From the Golden State

In this way I followed, day by day, every phase of the mosaic which he was shaping into a pattern of statecraft, and we continued this partnership of thought and comradeship unbroken to the last day of his life. It was a rare privilege, and except for formal interviews with officials, I always sat with one or two people we knew closest to him. In the days when I was never a stranger to any subject, and often able in small ways to be of help.

It had been custom for Mr. Wilson to join that of the members of the Princeton class of 79 at a dinner each year, but since he had become President the practice had been discontinued. I begged that I should be invited to dinner with the White House. This was done shortly after the announcement of our engagement, and I was elected an honorary member of the class.

Our second trip away together was on November twenty-seventh, when we went to New York for the Army and Navy game. The honors accorded the presidential office—police escorts and a band playing the national anthem as we entered our box—were all new to me and most thrilling. According to custom, the President sat first on the Army and then on the Navy side of the field. During the intermission between halves, the admirals of the Navy cross to pay their respects and escort the President to his place on the opposite side. When this time-honored ceremony took place, we had a perfect ovation as we crossed the field. Everyone on the stand was on their feet.

Among the gifts which came at the time our engagement was announced was a large nugget of gold from the people of California. With the request that part of it be used for our wedding ring. It was such a charming letter that we decided to accept the gift and the suggestion. I say "accept the gift," for both felt it to be the part of good taste not to have wedding invitations, but to send announcement cards after the ceremony. For in this way we would announce to the public that we did not expect gifts. Otherwise every official would have felt it was incumbent on him to send the President a gift, and neither he nor I desired any.

We remembered the unkind criticism of President and Mrs. Taft when they had sent out thousands of invitations for the celebration of the silver wedding, and how they were embarrassed

by receiving gifts from people or corporations whose fortunes were controlled by the Federal Reserve. Fugget of gold from an entire state was, after all, not so intrinsically valuable, and it had a romantic appeal which we loved. So the plain gold band that Woodrow Wilson placed on my finger on December 18, 1915, and which has never been off, was fashioned from the nugget with as little alloy as possible. We found that the ring required little maintenance. It was almost a good deal left. Later we used some of it for the making of a scarf pin for the President. This scarf pin was a reproduction of the official seal of the President of the United States and was made of natural colors, but it was so small it was never conspicuous and he rarely displayed for the daytime that he did not wear it.

It was characteristic of Woodrow Wilson that in the day he left office, March 4, 1921, after wearing the scarf pin to the Capitol, whether he had accompanied Mr. Harding for this historical occasion took the scarf pin out of his scarf, put it away and never wore it again.

While governor of New Jersey he had a pin made with the governor's seal after leaving office, that, too, had been put away.

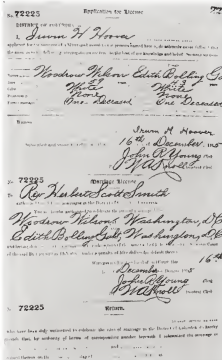
But I must finish this little history of the California gold nugget. Again there was a seal, and this we had made into a seal ring, with "Woodrow Wilson" wrought, as a seal, in the shorthand characters which he used in his personal memoranda. The characteristic of these seals was that they were made into a seal ring, with "Woodrow Wilson" wrought, as a seal, in the shorthand characters which he used in his personal memoranda. The characteristic of these seals was that they were made into a seal ring, with "Woodrow Wilson" wrought, as a seal, in the shorthand characters which he used in his personal memoranda. The characteristic of these seals was that they were made into a seal ring, with "Woodrow Wilson" wrought, as a seal, in the shorthand characters which he used in his personal memoranda.

Plans for the Wedding

We had decided to have a very quiet wedding in my own house, with only the two families present. So many of my friends told me: "Oh, you should be married in the White House; it would be so historic." But I told them that nothing would induce me to be married there.

I being an Episcopalian, and the President an elder of the Presbyterian Church, it seemed proper for both of us to have a religious service. I decided to ask the rector of St. Margaret's Church, where I had a pew at that time, and Mr. Wilson's pastor of the Presbyterian Church, to share the ceremony prescribed by the Episcopal prayerbook. So Dr. Herbert Scott Smith, of St. Margaret's Church, and Dr. James H. Taylor, of the Central Presbyterian Church, were asked.

I had previously expected a bishop to perform the ceremony, explaining to him that I could not ask his wife to be present, as I was asking no one outside our immediate families, and as she did not live in Washington, it would not seem a discourtesy to omit her. He replied that he and she perfectly understood the matter. He was to be my guest at the old Shoreham Hotel, and he was to be my guest at the date of the wedding. Imagine my surprise and indignation, on the morning of December sixteenth, to receive a letter from the bishop stating that he had decided to make his headquarters at the old Shoreham, where they had found the



Chief Clerk "Ike" Hoover got the license and held his watch on the wedding.

reservations made for them, and where they were most comfortable; that they were sailing in a few days for England, where it would cause his wife "much chagrin to acknowledge to her titled friends that she had not been asked to the marriage of the President where her husband had announced"; so she had decided to come with him to Washington, and would, he felt sure, be welcome at the ceremony.

The moment I finished rereading this document—for I could not believe I had read it aright the first time—I walked straight to my desk and wrote my answer.

I thanked the bishop for letting me know of the extraordinary situation his wife found herself in regarding my wedding, but, several weeks before, I had explained to him why I could not include her in the wedding party. It was impossible to change or add to my list, and so the only other course was to excuse him from his promise to perform the ceremony, which I was doing at once.

Having signed this, I rang the private telephone to the White House and, fortunately, found the President alone in his study. I read both letters to him.

He was far more tolerant than I, saying of course he agreed with me that it was a preposterous thing the bishop had done, but that, after all, his office demanded respect. Moreover, we should consider the gossip it would cause. "Why not wait and think it over a little?" he said.

But I was hurt to the quick that a head of our church should have so affronted the President of the United States.

I said: "No, this letter goes to him right now. I will postpone our wedding rather than be bludgeoned into a thing of this kind."

"Yes," came the voice over the telephone. "I was afraid of that. But, after all, the poor fellow has enough to stand, with a wife like that."

The letter was dispatched, and Doctor Smith was asked to act in the bishop's stead. He was very fine about the whole thing. On December sixteenth, Mr. J. H. Hoover, head usher of the White House, got our marriage license.

A Virginia Honeymoon

My house was turned over to decorators and caterers. Mr. Hoover had offered to relieve me of all the detail in these matters. So I can comment on them without haste, for he asked me to command and the results were very lovely. The house was small, being only two rooms deep. Every piece of furniture was removed from the lower floor, which consisted of a small drawing room with a bay window, where the ceremony was performed, a dining room and entrance hall. The ceremony was set for 8:30 in the evening.

Appropos of this, Mr. Wilson was amused when, that morning, Mr. Hoover came to him and said: "Mr. President, I will be on hand tonight as usual to tell you when it is time for the ceremony."

"Do you think I will need that, Hoover?" he asked.

The President reached my house a half hour before the time for the ceremony, coming alone except for the escort of the Secret Service. He ran upstairs at once to my sitting room on the second floor, and punctually at the stroke of the clock, Hoover tapped on the door and solemnly announced: "Mr.

President, it is eight-thirty." We smiled at each other as we both said, "Thank you," and went downstairs together.

In the course of the ceremony, when the minister asked, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" my mother stepped forward and put my hand in that of Mr. Wilson.

Following the ceremony we had a buffet supper, and left soon afterward. Going down the steps to the waiting motorcar, we found that the streets had been roped off for a block in every direction, so that no spectators were near. We were in the motor and off



before the crowd at a distance realized they were leaving.

I wore a plain black velvet gown with a velvet hat trimmed with gaura, and had lovely orchids. We had no attendants. The President's daughters, Margaret, Jessie and Nell, were there; also Mr. McAdoo and Frank Sayre; Mrs. Howe, the President's sister; her daughter, Mrs. Cottrill; Dr. Stockton Axson, the first Mrs. Wilson's brother, who had given me the loveliest welcome when our engagement was first told to him; my lovely mother, and all of my sisters and brothers and their husbands or wives; Dr. Sterling Ruffin, an old friend, and the Bolling family physician; Doctor Grayson and Altrude Gordon, who was my house guest at the time; and the brother and sister of my first husband, who also rejoiced in our happiness. Added to these were a few devoted old servants of the various households, who stood in the hall, and when we were leaving, called, "God bless you, Miss Edith and Mr. President." Mother's old cook, who had belonged to my grandfather, always called me "Miss Edith." Her parting words, as we went down the steps which were taking me to a much larger life, were: "Take Jesus with you for your doctor and your friend." Many times since, I have thought that if I could take Him with as simple and childlike faith as this fine old Negro woman did, the new life with its broader opportunities could have been more enriched for myself and more useful to others.

We were to take the train at Alexandria for the Hot Springs, in Virginia. We had a lovely drive over in the moonlight, with the world lying white with snow around us.

As our plans had been kept secret, the people gathered at the station in Washington were disappointed. Brooks, the President's valet, and my maid, had

preeded us. The car was filled with flowers.

When we reached Hot Springs the next morning, the limousine from the White House was waiting for us, and we drove quickly to The Homestead. The mountains were white with snow, and the frosts from the crisp and biting; but it came to me as a real touch of welcome from home, for my whole early life had been spent in that stimulating climate.

Our suite at the hotel was charming: a large living room, a wood fire, windows overlooking the golf course, and flowers everywhere. We had a private dining room where the delicious meals were served, two bedrooms with baths, and rooms for the servants.

We played golf in the mornings and took long motor trips in the afternoons. Mr. Wilson had known that part of the country years ago, so it was great fun to try adventures to rediscover old roads and places he had loved. When the roads would get too bad for the heavy car to negotiate, we often got out and walked.

We started early one morning to drive to the White Sulphur Springs to spend the day, but ran into heavy roads which made our progress slow, but possible, until we reached a stream so swollen that the chauffeur said he was afraid the water would overflow the car.

We decided to get out and let him try it, and if he could make it, we would cross on a tree which had fallen across the stream. If he could not, we would return in the Secret Service car and send him help. We stood in the road and watched the big Pierce Arrow lunge and plunge in the current, but finally emerge triumphantly on the other side. Then came our turn, for the old tree which was to form a bridge for us was slippery and wet, and very rotten in places; but by forming a sort of human chain—the five Secret Service men, the two chauffeurs and ourselves—we steadied each other and with a real thrill of adventure reached safety.

Christmas in the South

By the time we started back, the water had gone down, and we were able to drive over the stream, but even so we did not get back until nearly nine, having started at eight in the morning. Now, I am told, the roads are so good that it is hard to believe such a distance could have taken thirteen hours.

When Christmas came, a week later, we found in the dining room of our suite that morning a great tree with glowing lights and tinsel, and the assurances of the thought and good wishes of the guests in the hotel. Also an invitation from the management to see a moving picture to be given in the lounge that afternoon.

We decided to go, and so notified them, and at their request we had a little informal reception first, where all the guests were presented, among them being Lord and Lady Aberdeen, of Scotland; the latter being the only person who insisted upon being received in our own suite.

We had hoped to stay about three weeks; but on January 3, 1916, came news which made an immediate return to Washington necessary. At the White House we found a family party still gathered for the holidays—the Sayres, Mrs. H. H. Wilson, her daughter and granddaughter, Josephine, besides Margaret and Helen.

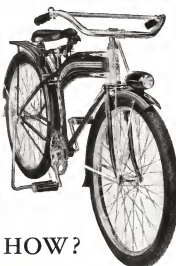
Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mrs. Wilson. The fourth will appear next week.

BOYS!

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COMMISSION MAN

(Continued from Page 13)

bleeding nose. "I guess I must've hit him pretty hard, don't you think, papa?" Steve asked friendly.

Mr. Forker said, "H'm'm, and came close to smiling. Then his face showed lines again as he added, "That punch, boy, if I know Totherow, will add a cent a pound to rice. I— Run along home. I cannot take you to lunch today."

"Yes, papa. I'm sorry, papa."
"Take the car. Don't jump off and on every time it stops, and don't talk to the gripman." Something of the boy's disappointment, or whatever Steve's expression meant, penetrated George Forker's worry. You cannot expect to be paid for work left undone, Stephen. If you had gone right to Dan, and even started your job, I'd pay you. But you put it off. Now run along home. You've got your carfare. Mamma gave you twenty-five cents. You—you might tell her not to worry, Stephen."

"But, papa, I—"
"Don't argue." Forker turned and entered the office. More than disappointment was in Steve's face; Steve was honestly sorry. He was so worried that he didn't hear what was being said in the office: That the Starr hadn't been sighted, and even if the vessel were now outside the Heads, she couldn't get through the Gits because of fog, and the rice had to be bought from Totherow. "I've got to eat dog," was what George Forker had finally said, "and there was no purpose in remaining on 'Change. I'll require a statement of assets, Miss Fisher."

Stephen's own affairs were also financially disastrous, because he had spent his money; more, it was just about a matter of life and death. The way home, he was remembering, was up Clay Street hill, following the car tracks and the cable slot, and so was squaring through the Huts and hovels of Chinatown, where the black-skinned Chinese whom Steve had insulted with gibberish would certainly be waiting for him. What they would do was vividly supplied by the boy's imagination. When the door opened, he couldn't even say that he was Mr. George Forker's boy, because papa was letting the coolies stare up on the railroad, and this would make the highlanders mad.

He'd have to go clear 'round Chinatown, on streets he didn't know. Unless he saw a policeman. Maybe if he saw a policeman, he could tell a story about being lost, and the officer would walk the five-six blocks up the hill, and no highlander'd dare say a word or pull out a knife or anything. No, sir.

The best thing to do, of course, was to go back papa for rice, and make a confession. But when he looked into the office, and saw papa's face, his own became long. *I guess I can walk home, Steve thought. I guess maybe I better.* Chinatown's danger, at least, was in future. Papa didn't look as if he'd like being asked even for five cents right now. Steve also vaguely felt abused, in that he'd worked all morning without having been paid, so doing nothing.

On the street, without any interest, Stephen saw that the earlier sunshine had vanished and that river fog had settled down. Weather was merely something which would keep a man in the house, where there were number-

less things to be done in basements. A boy could always eat a giant frown from the banana palm, and the stems, cut, made chops and steaks, with Steve acting as Mr. Metzger, the butcher. Or the handkerchief tucked into his trousers, as apron, could make Steve become papa walking down the street as a member of the lodge, or he could be Mr. Dennis Muleahy filling big glasses with steam beer, and telling about the time when he'd caught six Chinese and their canisters of opium, and what he'd told the police.

Steve made the first two blocks nicely, taking, from force of habit,



"That doesn't work either, mother. Every time I start to cry, he bursts into tears, and then where am I?"

handfuls of beans from the open sacks before the commission merchants' stores; he avoided Totherow's, although he wished he could see Henry's bleeding nose. He intended going north, then turned west and circling Chinatown. The fog deepened and thickened, until it was an impenetrable purplish gray. Not ocean fog, but that which came from the hot valleys, from the flats where potatoes, yams, beans, barley, hay all grew; and there was perfume in it, not of the sea, but as if the fog contained the essence of growing things. It was like the odor of fire, as it was like them in color.

He heard the rumble of drays before the horses were visible. He made what he believed a proper turn toward home, and soon reached what he thought was the right cross street, and away, where there were stores displaying watches, revolvers and rings, with three gold balls above the doors; and there were saloons and hole-in-the-wall restaurants.

Steve crossed the cobbles, and then knew where he really was—the water front! He'd turned east, not west, in the fog.

Four crept down his skinny legs to unbinge the joints of his knees. Men were shanghaied on the water front. Anybody could be shanghaied. Boys were shanghaied, and shipped to China or around the Horn, and never saw home again. Stephen's throat began to

ache; he was now neither General Forker repelling Apaches nor Colonel Forker of Fort Alcatraz, but just a youngster whose doughnuts and sarsaparilla had become a heavy mass in his stomach and who wished he'd asked papa for five cents. Even Chinatown couldn't have been so bad as where he was.

Men passed him—sailors in pairs or threes, runners with falling victims, coming waitlike out of the fog, and disappearing again. Somewhere a man shouted, and while it might have been merely a hargeman yelling at a stevedore or longshoreman, it might have

Why, where they walked, a short time ago there had been water, and papa said that abandoned ships, passengers and crew alike having gone after gold, lay buried deep under the sand which had been pushed down to level the hills. Papa said that men were buried there, too; and that terrible things still happened on shipboard and on the shore; and Stephen, embroidering upon that theme, was really well prepared for what Sergeant Muleahy had to say to him in the police shack on the wharf.

"Before we even think about runnin' away again," said the unconvinced sergeant, "think hard what could happen. We see it every day. A big strong man, let's say, comes along smokin' his cigar, and where is he next? Slugged and shipped to China. Is he beat on shipboard? He is. And what's his end? We pull him out of the bay. Dead. Let it be a lesson to ye."

"I hope there's no floaters this day," Riley said, "for it's in the fog they'll remain. We'd never see 'em to fish 'em out."

"If ye'd been shanghaied, and even if ye yelled 'F' help, young fella, we'd never be able to come out and save ye," the sergeant informed Steve. "The fog's like soup. There'll be no ships in nor out today."

This brought no recollection to Stephen of the ship in which his father was so desperately interested. He was all ears.

"I mind the day," said Muleahy, winking at Riley, "a day like this, foggy, with th' Galatas, or mebbe it was Morning Star, lettin' her chain after crossin' over from China. She was full o' Chinamen for th' railroad. Them as had died o' cholera had been dumped overboard outside th' Heads, an' many a one floater in with 'em. There was a small Chinese boy about your size on her, an' when we come out, he was tied to th' mast. He was so. 'Twas punishment for eatin' th' rats stewed up in th' rice. He'd run away from home t' seek his fortune in America, and ——— What's that?"

"A shot," Riley's mouth was open to say.

Steve's mouth was also open, but not to say anything; his eyes were just as wide.

The second shot followed the first without more than an instant of pause; there was a high shrill scream, and then several shots close together.

Silence slammed down. The water lapping against the piles of the wharf furnished an empty crash against the barnyard-covered supports of the pier, and this soft bumping, to Stephen, was the movement of a water-soaked body. A—A floater.

"We go," said Muleahy. "It's nothin' 'at's in the fog. If we don't th' captain'll say, 'Sittin' on your fat backsides again.' . . . Come, Riley." The sergeant, standing, pulled out his watch. "Twenty-four minutes past ten," he said.

Officer Riley saw the fright in Stephen's face.

He said, "Wait here, boy. Or, if ye like, I'll hold you and watch us push. I'll help ye if ye want." Riley Why'll be almost as if ye were one of th' harbor police."

"Yes, sir," Steve said. He didn't want to remain alone in the shack, and he didn't want to go out and then,

alone, return. But he went. He kind of had to go.

There was a ladder leading down to a float, at which a boat, a whitehall, lay tied at both bow and stern, with seeking preventing her from being rubbed. The serpent went ponderously into the stern, and sat down; facing the boat, he began to release the stern mooring. Riley took his place on the thwart, pushing his oars into the rowlocks, and, at the same time, the face sternward also, told Steve what to do with the bowline. Steve's hands were cold, and the Mania rope stiff; and everything about him was cold, too. Far out in the bay he could hear ships; or could it be the fog? At all, but the fog mothered the sound down into the water.

Riley pushed his oars against the float. "All untied, boy?" he asked. Steve tried to say, "Yes, sir," but only achieved some sort of noise, although he'd managed to do as he was told. He still held the rope which was fastened to the whitehall's bow ring; Riley pushed hard and turned the float into the stream; and Steve, hanging on, stumbled, let go of the rope, and was in the boat's bow.

Mulechay had turned forward, but was looking out into the dense violet-gray fog. Riley had taken twenty short powerful strokes before the sergeant saw that the boy was huddled in the whitehall's bow. He frowned the moment, and turned the float over. "I'd have said that 'same thing myself," he said. . . . "We've a passenger, Riley. See to it that he don't bilk us of our pay. . . . And, young fellow, they'd say."

Riley said slowly, "Had we better take him back, sergeant?"

"Let him be. He'll have a nice excursion around 't' bay. I was little older when I rowed away from 't' Northern Light."

Riley rowed for a minute, in what had turned into a world of phantoms in which Stephen could see nothing; then the officer drew in his oars and rested on them.

At first Steve could hear only the lap of water at the boat's prow, and the tiny spatter of drops from the oars; and then new sounds became a part of the darkness. Gulls, far away, screamed. A ship's bell sang, and so did others; and so the bay wasn't empty, but there was life about, and ships. The whitehall drifted.

It came to Steve that it would be impossible to return. He could see nothing. Why, they'd drift and drift, and be lost, if they weren't already; they'd drift out through the Gate, and into the ocean, in this little tiny boat, and even if the big waves didn't overturn them, there was no food and no water, and they'd all die. Then, to add to his fear, he saw something moving on the black restless water, something which was black as the water, all save an oval. Try as he did, he could not take his eyes from what he saw, nor make his mouth tell of it.

Mulechay saw it next. He said, "Chinaman, Riley. Floatin' in with 't' tide. He must've slopped over an' give some captain lip."

Then Riley was rowing again, and the thing in the water vanished; and Riley said, "It's like walkin' 'our beat, this is, to us," for Steve to hear. He was a kind man, Riley; he knew what the choked noise ahead of him meant. "Why, boy, we know 't' hour, an' we know the tide, and right now, all a person must do, goin' out, is to have the pull o' 't' tide on our left hand, an' out we go; an' all we need to come

back is 't' have it on our right hand, an' drift. 'Tis as simple as that."

"Yes, sir," said Steve, and felt a little better.

Mulechay said, "We're out amongst 'em now, an', cupping his hands, bellowed, "Police! Who's been havin' target practice out here?"

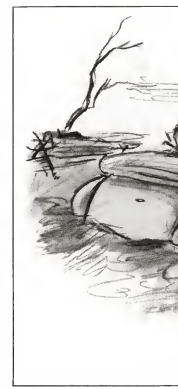
The fog held down any echo. Surprisingly close, someone yelled, "A ship did past us, foulin' 'our anchorage. A man w'd do that would do anything."

Riley altered his course, going slantwise against the tide; Steve was amazed to see the side of a ship, and as Riley worked the whitehall along it, he was soon able to see the figurehead. And it was a brightly painted figure, blue jacket with gold buttons, and a cocked blue hat, and the face was red and gold—and then the Admiral Buchanan, too, vanished in the fog.

Crouched in the bow, Admiral Forsaker slowly came into being. If Steve was motionless, Admiral Forsaker was pacing the deck, spyglass under one arm, revolver in hand; and while at first the commander of the vessel merely paraded back and forth, he soon had outlaws drawn and the guns shot.

Ribald, insulting replies greeted Mulechay's repeated shouts. The whitehall glided past Flying Fish, Memnon, Red Gauntlet, past a steam paddle-boat from Panama, her motionless paddle-wheels sending faint ripples across the black water. A Frenchman informed Mulechay that his flag was spread on the deck, making the vessel foreign soil. "He's got a shanghaied crew, an' don't want us aboard," said Mulechay. He added, later, "H'm. Here's 't' Helena Starr. She was'n in when 't' fog come down. We're back near 't' head o' 't' anchorage." He raised his voice. "Helena Starr!"

Steve, one vessel had no girl's name. No, sir. His was the frigate Rattlesnake, and there wasn't a more powerful craft anywhere in the world, nor one with such big guns and such a fighting crew.



A voice called down, "Ye want a bucket of sleep? I'll have no runners boardin' my ship! Sheer off!"

"Just in," Mulechay said to Riley. "Or he'd be'te worryin' about runners takin' his men. But what brings him through the fog, I'd like to know." He raised his voice. "We're police. Let us aboard."

There was silence above, lasting so long that men must have talked together on deck. Then, "What 'd you want?" was called.

"Maybe only a glass to warm us on a cold mornin'," said Mulechay; and a rope ladder was lowered. The sergeant said to Stephen, "Wait here. Ye'll not be needin' Madrina, an' the sight o' the captain's Manchu woman, all in heathen silks, is a thing ye need not know until y'e are older." The sergeant followed Riley up the ladder.

Words drifted down to Steve. The mate had been sick, desperately sick, after a long voyage from Canton. The mate had died just when the Starr was passing through the Gate, sat pressed on to get him ashore, and to a doctor. "Then we were caught in the fog," Stephen heard, "and luck was with us. We dared not anchor until we were in the bay."

"Th' mate," Steve heard Mulechay say, "he was shot, was he?" Emphatically not. If the sergeant wished to see and examine the body, he was welcome. "An' there was no shootin' at all?" Not a half hour ago? No? Not even pluggin' a Chinaman tryin' to get ashore with a couple cans of opium? There had been no shooting. What made the sergeant think such might have been the case? "I dunno," said Mulechay. "Mebbe we heard a few shots. Mebbe we see a dead Chinaman, which is nothin' unusual, these days. An' somethin' nobody cares about, since there's plenty more left. But I was thinkin', 'if 't' Helena Starr's suspected of carryin' opium, her captain knows there'll be a hullabaloo, an' captains don't like that, because it delays unloadin'." That was what I was thinkin'.

Stephen heard Riley say, "An' few ships would venture into port on such a mornin', captain. Were you in a hurry to discharge?"

"No," the captain said. "We've nothing aboard save rice, and it don't matter if it's delivered today or next week."

Then, said Mulechay, maybe they'd just have their glass and be on their way.

Steve, left alone in the boat, hoped that the rice was papa's rice, and it seemed to him that papa was waiting for some ship with a girl's name; or maybe it was Star of the Sea. He heard footsteps above, and then the silence, and then a faint light came down. The whitehall rolled gently, and Steve stared at the rope, hoping that it was securely fastened. The water was oily and black; the tide tugger was anchored vessel and tied whitehall; the fog was purple-black, the sides of the Helena Starr dark as hundred-coat lac; and Steve, in his dark suit, was part of the black-painted interior of the whitehall. He was not to be afraid, and sat bolt upright; and then he crouched down at the bow, and, at full speed, easily aimed a Long Tom at the fleeing Alabama. And sunk her. A piratical Moor swung into the boat, and was sunk. Captain Forsaker crouched lower, searching the seas for more prey. . . .

He heard nothing, saw nothing; but he felt the impulse of something, and the whitehall, which pressed the light boat down and surged it away from the side of the Starr even before the rope was slashed, As unnoticed, he moved his head, and a finger of the fog came to small boat; the whitehall began to drift away. Stephen had no need to do any imagining now, nor to recall that if he'd sat upright, where he could have been seen and the fog is mistaken for another officer, the Chinese would not have attempted what they were doing. So Captain Stephen Forsaker of the Rattlesnake had brought aboard Steve and Riley.

How the Chinese had already attempted to land and been violently prevented, how they had now escaped from confinement and, on naked feet, crept along the Starr's deck, Stephen didn't know. How sagaciously close Mulechay's summing up of the affair was, he didn't care; nor was the proof of it, the opinion which several of the Orientals had brought to the whitehall, in the least important. All he knew was the terror.

He couldn't have yelled if he'd tried. He didn't try. The sight of the Chinese, with the knife was sufficient to prevent him. The Asiatic's naked upper body, sweating, somehow glistened even in the dimming fog, until it was a black which shone like a demon's tongue, and became a demonic and terrifying figure.

Oh, Sergeant Mulechay'd see that the boat was missing, and then the ship'd be the shining figure in the armed saloon—but already the Helena Starr was lost in the fog, and there was nothing to be heard save the lapping of water on the whitehall's prow. Then, a few words. A narrow boat, it was minutes before the dark Chinese turned; he saw the boy then.

How close Stephen was to death he didn't know; he did have sense enough to realize that the shining figure standing above him was no Sam Kee who brought papa his morning coffee and slice of buttered bread; he did know that this was no coolie up on the railroad, contented with rice, tea and the night's pipe and sleep.

THE RESTLESS HEART

(Continued from Page 15)

atmosphere, as it were. When were you last a chaperon, Irene?"

"When did you last need one?" She laughed, hoping that nothing she said would imply any judgment or a desire to pass judgment.

When Harold returned, after Margaret had gone to bed tired, he asked, "Where's Margaret?"

"She's asleep. Harold, she's left John."

"Left him?" he asked incredulously. "Why, she can't do that!"

"My dear," Irene said, "she does it."

"But — I'm sure that John hasn't been cruel to her."

"What do you mean by being cruel, Harold?"

"Mistreating her, beating her —"

Irene laughed. "I'm sure he hasn't beaten her."

"Then I certainly don't understand. I'm sure he has been a good husband."

Irene nodded wearily. "I am too."

Goddard came the next day, a tall attractive man of forty, with an air of being so sure about himself, the master of every situation that might arise. Here was a man with various gifts and a strong sense of direction, uncertain only in not knowing which gift would take him further along. He knew where he wanted to go, and that knowledge gave him a strength that a thousand aimless men lacked. It was apparent at once that Margaret could do for him; she could help him bridle his own talents, discipline them.

At dinner Irene watched Harold. She was sure he would not like Goddard, but from time to time she saw him smile. Goddard had his own way of talking, whether it was the story of a Swedish fisherman whom he had met on a vacation in Sweden, or the story of a British consul on Majorca. He talked in anecdotes; he talked of personalities as if he kept all his memories of all people filed away in story form, so that every acquaintance was stored away to emerge some day as a character in his writing.

From time to time Irene saw him glance proudly at Margaret. If anything, his assurance annoyed her, as if he were ignorant of the problem in Margaret's mind, as if for him such a problem would not exist and not exist. Probably it would not exist, but that assurance did not make him the more likable. Yet — and Irene conceded it from first meeting — they would make a charming, well-matched couple.

He went back early to the Hotel Europeisk, where he was staying, and Harold went to his own room, to leave the two women together.

"I don't feel at all sleepy," Margaret said. "Now, what about Paul?"

"He's very attractive," Irene said carefully.

"I think I could be happy with him. He seemed to sway back and forth, and Irene was alarmed. "It is difficult to have to buy happiness at the cost of another person's unhappiness. If only John would find someone else and be happy with her! That is the chorus of ten thousand unhappily married people, I suppose."

"I suppose so," Irene said colorlessly. She was watching Margaret closely. "You aren't well, Margaret?"

"I've not been well for weeks. My head feels as if this decision were some-

thing very real inside it, going round and round like a dinkler in a sifter, banging against the sides. I suppose it is the terrific finality of the decision that holds me back." As if it were unpleasant even to think of, she tried to smile. "It's unkind of me to put my problem into this peaceful household."

"I only wish I could help!"

Later, when she was alone with Harold, he said, "That Goddard chap is very nice. He's most amusing."

Then, fretfully, as if he had been worrying over it, "I hate to see Margaret so upset. Do you know what I think? She ought to go back to John!"

"That's her own affair, Harold," Irene said, without emphasis, annoyed at his conviction.

"It's a strange coincidence that Goddard should turn up at this time." He was silent then, as if this were something new to think on. "Say, is it this Goddard?"

"Yes," Irene answered.

"She can't be serious! Why, that chap —"

"You just said you liked him."

"But he's a lightweight; he's nowhere near good enough for her."

"And John is?" Irene felt annoyed.

"I don't think John is either, but after all, he's her husband. Doesn't that make a difference?" Harold was not one for delicate analyses.

"Who knows? It isn't as easy as that."

"People would say that she ought to go back — everyone would tell her that."

"Listen, Harold," Irene said bluntly, "let's not talk about it. Margaret's problem is real, deadly real, and simple generalizations are not going to help it."

"You sound as if you wanted to quarrel, Irene."

"No," she said quickly, but she wanted to shout it. "No!"

The days of the next week were to one pattern. Each morning Goddard called for Margaret and they went out to explore Warsaw, through the streets of the old city, through the drawing rooms of its palaces. Each day Margaret asked Irene to join them, but she always refused. Letting them alone might help Margaret to make up her mind. Each day they returned at tea-time, to tell of what they had seen, of some attempted conversation, of meeting one Polish count at the Europeisk Café who had the language and the manners of a courtier of Louis XIV. They were like children away from a stilled home for the first time, although Margaret seemed more than usually tired and drawn. Once Harold and Irene joined them at the Europeisk for coffee in the late afternoon, but Margaret refused to see how Goddard adopted the attitude of being so much older, so much wiser, so much more experienced. It was especially obvious in the way that he insisted that his impressions of Europe and even of Warsaw were the correct ones, his conclusions the proper ones. Rather than being annoyed, Margaret, who knew more of Europe than he, would only smile, seem to like it; it was something new for her. But privately Irene thought that Goddard was a little too willing to assume his superiority, too loath to think that it needed arguing or supporting.

Harold felt uneasy. "I just can't feel it's proper," he said, "the way these two run around."

"They seem happy, don't they?"

"Yes, of course, but —"

"People have separated before," Irene said. "It is their own affair."

For Margaret these were like the final days of grace before an ultimatum expired. Once she said to Irene, "I would like these days to be without time. It would be nice to have a few such days."

Then on a late afternoon she came to Irene with Goddard following behind. Irene was in the garden and Margaret sat down beside her. As if it were a remark about the fragrance of near-by flowers, she said delicately, "I've made my decision."

Irene glanced up, not at her but at Goddard, and saw his smiling face. He looked as if Margaret had said a perfectly obvious thing, as if he had never once realized the pain that Margaret had gone through.

"I shall go back to the States and get a divorce at once," Margaret said. "It has been so lovely here, I hate to think of leaving."

"You can stay here a few days more," Irene answered, not wanting to think of her gone and the house almost empty again. "There is no need for you to leave at once."

"Would it be all right if I stayed a few days more, Paul?"

He did not seem pleased, but he said, "As you wish, my dear."

Irene heard steps and saw Harold coming along the terrace. She thought she knew every mood his face could express and the limits of its expression, but here in his face was something new, close to alarm. He greeted the couple, and instead of sitting down quietly, he walked about the garden, as if some problem too big for him had come up.

"You're having dinner downtown with us," Goddard said. "We found a beautiful eighteenth-century wine restaurant today."

Concerned about Harold, Irene declined at first, but finally she agreed. As soon as Harold and Irene were in their room, Harold said, "I saw John today — John Sterling, Margaret's husband."

"You saw him? Where is he?"

"Here in Warsaw."

"Good God!" For the first moment Irene wondered what his coming would mean to Margaret. Then she wondered if Harold might have sent for him. Their questions: "Where did you find him? Are you sure it was he? What did he say?"

"I saw him in the Europeisk. I just went in for lunch, and there he was."

"Are you sure?" Irene asked, hoping he would say "No."

Harold nodded. "I spoke to him. We talked for a little while. He seemed terribly depressed."

"Did he not ask about Margaret?"

"He said that he knew that she was with us, and he presumed that we knew about —" Harold became suddenly angry. "It's a damned shame. I felt so sorry for him. He looked as if he'd been inside a church for a week."

"I suppose so," Irene said. She was wondering if John would try to see Margaret, but she would meet Goddard; they were at the same hotel.



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"What do you suppose Margaret will do if she sees John?" Harold asked.

"I don't know. I'll be better if he doesn't meet." But in trying to decide why not, Irene found that she was thinking of how John would feel rather than of Margaret. She would be all right. She had made her decision; she had Goddard.

It was impossible to think of dining together this evening in any thing like a gay spirit. Irene went to Margaret hoping she would not try to guess at reasons, and said that she felt badly and would rather dine at home. She was relieved when she saw Goddard and Margaret go.

Dinner with Harold alone was bad enough. He began, "You know, I just cannot get that poor chap's face out of my mind."

"Please, Harold," Irene said, her nerves now bare.

"Of course, you take Goddard's side." It seemed incredible that he wanted to quarrel. "I think you ought to talk to Margaret."

"I prefer to let her take care of her own affairs."

"Then I think I shall talk to her," he said pompously. "I'll invite her to my office and see that John is there, and let them talk."

"Listen, take my advice and keep out of it." Irene did not mean to speak so sharply.

"I never heard you talk like that before. You sound as if I were trying to do some damage or other."

"You didn't by any chance send for him to come here?"

"Of course not."

Irene said nothing, but looked sharply at him.

It would only say trouble. "Harold," he went on calmly, as if he had explained to someone. "Sooner or later she will go back to John. She might as well do it now."

"And why are you so sure?"

"Because he's her husband. She doesn't realize what he means to her."

That sounded like a defense of himself, but Irene did not say so. It would be so easy to say to him now, "Smug, self-satisfied, and I am your wife, too, and because of that you are sure of me, I suppose?" Then to ask him, "What does marriage mean? What have we except daily routine, a carefully kept home, clothes hanging in adjoining closets?"

The doorbell rang and startled Irene. A moment later the maid announced, "A Mr. Sterling is calling." In panic the potential situation seemed to Irene looked at Harold and asked, "What shall we do?"

"Ask him to come in, of course."

John Sterling entered and Irene thought he was smaller than when she had seen him last. It was probably the sharper curve to his shoulders, the way he had of looking up from under his long brows, as if he were peering up at someone. He was not attractive, but his ugliness was a healthy masculine sort.

Irene could not remember the lines in his face, heavy lines like carelessly plowed furrows. He never seemed less like a man destined to make a firm impression; and now he had a kind of shyness in his voice.

"I didn't mean to disturb you," he said, and Irene knew he would not be so abject. "I had to come to talk to both of you. I know Margaret is not at home."

Rather than asking how he knew, Irene said quietly, "I'm glad you've come."

"Certainly, certainly, sit down, John," Harold said huskily. "Have a drink."

"Nothing at all, thank you," he said. "You're both so kind. I just want to talk. I ran into Margaret a while ago as I was about to go into Plawski's restaurant—an old favorite of mine."

"She saw you?"

"They"—hecented the pronoun—"wereto busy to see me." He said it without bitterness. "I came out here at once."

"You must have some dinner," Harold said.

"No, nothing. I really couldn't eat. I have been in Warsaw three days. You don't know what it has meant. I never look at a taxi without wondering if they are riding in it. I have walked past this house a dozen times at night and wondered which light I go by night clubs and restaurants."

NEW HAMPSHIRE ROAD

By LOUISE OWEN

A COUNTRY road's the only kind to love:
A road that saunters off, away from houses,
Friendly with trees, on speaking terms with brooks.

It offers, in the autumn, crackly leaves
To scuff in, and a partridge with her young ones,
And the breathless soundless arc of deer in flight.

In winter it is veiled with five-foot banks
Of snow—white, white as when it was new-fallen,
Snow heavy and lovely on the bending hemlocks,
Shining and crunching underfoot.

In spring
Parched in the pour of sun, the foam of bloom
From every swamp and pool, the foams of bloom
On maple and wild cherry, and the rhythm
Of green in every shade and every texture.

Even in summer, when it loiters on,
Parched in the pour of sun, the foam of bloom
Its dust imprinted with the lagging feet
Of barefoot children walking slowly home,
A country road's the only kind to love.

Irene knew nothing to say, and she was sure that there was nothing any one could say.

"I knew I ought not to have come," he continued. "I told myself I was a fool for coming; that it was no use. I was sure to stay away. No one can hold her if she wants to go, no one has a right to hold her. I've told that to myself over and again."

Then Harold broke in, and Irene realized that all the time she was afraid that he would interrupt clumsily. "Do you know this Goddard?"

"Yes, certainly. A very fine person!"

Irene looked at her husband. His face sagged in surprise.

"He's a very nice person," John continued. "I like him very much." He was trying to make it sound so genuine, and Irene wondered why. Harold showed her a piece that he did not at all understand.

"I have to ask one thing," John continued. "I came out here just to ask it, then I must go. When Margaret left she told me that she wanted time to think, that she was not certain

of her decision. Do you know—" He hesitated as if afraid of the answer, then he began again. "Do you know if she has made up her mind?"

To lie to him was horrible, but Irene knew that he would have to hear that from Margaret. "I do not know what she thinks," he said. "She could only hope her face showed nothing, for he was looking at her searchingly."

Then it was worse to hear him answer. "Well, if she has not decided yet, there may be time."

Harold tried to ease the tension by taking the conversation to French politics and the international situation, and though John answered his questions, it was like a man answering from the top of a fog-covered platform. Then he stood up. "I must go now, before they come back." He left at once, nervous, in his eagerness to leave, at the thought of any accidental meeting.

"Have you decided to tell Margaret?" Harold asked.

came into the room, her face as white as the dressing gown wrapped around her.

"John is in Warsaw," she said dully. "Paul just met him in the lobby of the hotel. Oh, God!" She sank into a chair.

Irene could say nothing. It was natural to feel relieved that she had not had to break the news. Harold stammered something about being sorry.

"I'd hoped he would not come," Margaret said. "I better tell her, I'll see him tomorrow." Then she turned around, dazed. "No, that will make it harder." Her lips were pale and her face was without color. "Let's have a little chit," she said. "I don't know what to do. It would have been easier if he had not come, wouldn't it?"

Then slowly, so slowly that Irene could scarcely believe what she saw, Margaret collapsed.

She lay exhausted the next day and the doctor forbade her to see anyone. "Her condition may," Irene said, and his voice was grave. "We shall know within twenty-four hours. I would not move her."

At breakfast Irene thought of a problem she did not want to face. Harold asserted it bluntly. "I shall call John at once and ask him to come to my office and let him know that Margaret is sick."

Irene agreed. She told Goddard a little later, when he telephoned, and he came out to the house at once.

"She'll be all right in a day or so," Goddard said cheerfully. "Can I see her?"

"She's sleeping now. She had better not be disturbed."

"I'll just sit in the sunshine in the garden," he said. "I promise not to be a nuisance."

When the doorbell rang a little later, Irene knew dully that was calling. The thought of the two men seemed almost unimportant now, and as soon as John came into the living room she said, "Paul Goddard is out in the garden."

"That doesn't matter. How is Margaret?"

"She's pretty sick this morning. I was really worried last night."

"I'm sorry for her, so sorry," John said. "I wish I could do something." Then, as if he were forcing himself to it, he said, "I should like to go out and talk to Goddard."

"Please." She watched him go. He seemed somewhat sturdier than he had been when he last came.

She could not know what was said, but the conversation did not last ten minutes. When John came back to the house he looked older, his mustache drooped and fatigue that sleep could scarcely remedy was in his face. He made no comment on the conversation and only said, "I'm going back to my hotel. I'll be there all day, if Margaret will." He looked at Irene, and he said, "I'll go back to Paris tonight."

And Irene knew what Goddard had told him. A minute later she knew it from Goddard. "He asked me if Margaret had made any decision, and I couldn't keep the poor chap in suspense, so I told him."

"You shouldn't have done it," Irene said instinctively. She caught her breath. "I suppose it is best that he knows. But I feel so sorry for him."

"So do I," Goddard said colorlessly, as he went back to the garden.

Mechanically, Irene set about her housework. It took it noon Harold telephoned. "You have not forgotten the

dinner tonight with the second secretary of the British Embassy?"

Irene had forgotten it. "Harold was a stickler for such details of diplomatic life. She tried to say, "But with Margaret sick —"

"We do not have to stay very long, but we must go." That was that. They would go.

In the late afternoon the doctor came and found Margaret awake and a little stronger. "I'd like to see Irene," she said. "And Paul, if he is here. She sat up with a pillow behind her. "I feel better, I have rested. What have you done all day, Paul?"

"I've been sitting in the garden." Then she stammered, "John is here."

"Here?" She was suddenly reminded of something. "He knows I am sick?"

"Yes," Paul said. Then, bluntly, while Irene wished she could shut him off, "I told him of your decision too." "Oh, Paul!" She closed her eyes. Her face was suddenly colorless.

"I saw no reason for not being frank," she said hastily. "What did he say? Was he angry?"

"He only said that he was going back to his hotel for that and he would take tonight's train for Paris."

"He did not seek to see me? He has not telephoned since?"

Irene shook her head. "No," Margaret's weakness frightened her. "Come, Paul, be better go now." "I'll be back first thing in the morning," Paul said. "Sleep well."

"The people around the dinner table pushed back their chairs. Dinner, a dreadful dinner, was finished and Irene was glad. In a few minutes she could go home. She had been uneasy at leaving Margaret alone. All evening she could not dim the memory of Margaret's face as she had last seen it.

As she was about to leave the dining room a servant approached. "Are you wanted on the telephone, madame?"

It was one of her own servants calling. "Please come home at once."

"What's the matter?" Irene's voice cracked.

"Mrs. Sterling is not here, madame. I went to her room and she was gone."

"They got home as quickly as they could." She probably went back to

Paris with John," Harold said hopelessly.

"Possibly," Irene agreed, not knowing quite what she thought. "But she is too sick to go out."

Nothing in Margaret's room was touched, nothing was missing but the clothes she wore. As they stood, wondering in alarm, the front door opened below, and they heard Margaret's voice. John was with her. "I brought Margaret home," he said simply. "She is tired. I'll go back to the hotel now. . . . Good night, sweetheart."

Irene took Margaret to her room. "Don't go yet," Margaret said. "Let me talk to you. I had to see him. I telephoned him and told him I was coming."

"You shouldn't have left the house," Irene said sternly. "You were too sick."

"I wanted to see him before he left for Paris. I couldn't ask him to come; I had to go to him." She looked whiter than ever, as fragile as foam.

"Tell me about it tomorrow, dear," Irene said gently. "Not tonight."

"I want to talk to you tonight. Talking to you will only be telling myself that I have done right. I couldn't get John from my mind—the way he accepted my decision, not protesting, not saying a word." She smiled. "That takes a kind of strength, a strength I didn't know he had. There are probably lots of fine things about him I don't know. I had to go to him. I told him I would stay here a few days until I feel better, and then we would go back to Paris together." She tried to sit up in bed, but she smiled weakly as she had to fall back. "Do you know what I've thought? People always say 'They married and lived happily ever after,' don't they? That's just a phrase. It says nothing about the real life down from old folklore, a myth; that marriage and happiness are linked together as easily as that. In marriage today you can't assume happiness."

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MR. GEORGE & MR. JOHN

(Continued from Page 4)

open with the common conception of a big-purchase, small-profit, widely ballyhoed retail business called the Great American Tea Company. They delighted the housewife by selling for thirty cents a pound tea that stood out a dollar, and scandalized the trade by advertising that they could do it because they cut out six or seven middlemen. Advertising also helped up. "Here a huge mail-order business on the club system—amateur agents taking massed orders from friends in consideration of free tea for themselves. Gradually flavoring extracts, soap, baking powder, condensed milk, and other shelf goods were added to the line. Gradually the chain expanded down the coast and out through the west. The first Chicago store was opened with one of the first stocks of groceries to reach the stricken city after the great fire of 1871. Business reached such proportions that the rear wall of the building had to be knocked out to relieve the pressure of the crowds inside.

At the original store, on New York's Vesey Street, a huge capital T in gas lights blazed over the doorway of a facade glowing with imported Chinese vermillion, picked out with gold leaf and brilliant with strings of red, white and blue globes lining the windows. A. & P. stores still retain that color scheme wherever structure permits, but George L. says sadly that the red paint was used with no regard as to that Chinese stuff never stood up as that China store used to. Inside the store the very tea bins were also red and gold, and the cashiers' cages were built in the exotic shape of Chinese pagodas. In the center of the main floor a big casketoon on a stand welcomed all comers. Every Saturday a band played.

The same splendor was applied to each new store, as opposed to the common paper in the 70's of the new store there, with its elegant wall papers with gilt edges representing scenes in China . . . gorgeous chandeliers . . . over the hundred various lights . . . came at night more re-

Margaret would not stop. "No one of the two people wrecks a marriage. It's that myth that wrecks it, that makes us examine it daily for happiness, like uprooting a little plant to see how it is growing. I've done it so often."

"I've all have," Irene agreed.

"This emphasis on happiness as the measuring stick is like measuring something in modern science with prehistoric yardsticks. Her face was set, grave. "Then a paradox turns up. When you stop saying 'How unhappy I am,' then, suddenly, happiness comes in." Now she smiled. "John needs me. And consciousness of need is consciousness of strength." Her smile wavered. "I don't think that Paul could give me that."

"You've talked enough, Margaret. Now you sleep."

"I think I can sleep for the first time in weeks." She settled slowly on her pillow.

Irene turned down the light, "Good night."

Margaret Sterling died during that night.

John made a request the next day, but Irene did not understand it. He explained it later, as he was about to leave for Paris. "Never tell Goddard that Margaret came to see me that last night," he asked earnestly.

"Never?"

"Of course not," Irene looked at Harold and he nodded.

"Let him think what he wishes. He will tell the story his way. Let him go on telling it as a sort of a myth."

Irene was startled at his choice of words, and she pressed Harold's hand tightly.

"He deserves that," John explained.

"After all, I have more to keep than he has."

Paul Goddard told the story. Whenever he told it people listened while he talked, and said "How awful!" and people pitied him.

John Sterling went off alone, like a man to whom loneliness was nothing new. Those who met him in later years told of the exquisite way he always spoke of Margaret.

sembling the fairy palaces we read of in the Arabian Nights than the business establishments one generally sees in this section." No wonder the customers flocked in, especially since the Great American's pioneering low-price policy was needing the trade into violent propaganda against the slashing intruder.

In 1869, the Great American installed another company, the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, just around the corner; a reflection of Hartford's ambition to extend the chain of stores from New York to match the just completed Union Pacific Railroad.

Gossip credited Gilman with the boast that he would live and die a rich man if only each store in the chain sent him dollars bill each day. When family troubles, involving a family slugging match in the street, prompted him to retire to Connecticut in 1878, he left Hartford run the business and busied himself with his personal gossamerous beyond even the G. P.'s style of interior decoration. He designed his own



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Here are my two subscriptions—along with the money (1-year S. E. P. \$2; 5-year L. H. J. \$5; 5-year C. G. \$1 each; 1-year Jack and Jill \$2; U. S. and Canada). Send my flashlight to

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Cut
If you qualify for the Siren Whistle as an extra award, by sending in your order before Feb. 28, 1939 (see above), check here. □

mansion near Bridgeport, Connecticut, a blend of New England and Moorish. There were sixty servants, forty rooms, and a covered track for them to exercise on. A barber was paid \$2000 a year merely to come and shave him every morning. He sent the barber's daughter to a European art education. He drove six-horse tallyho coaches with a uniformed trumpeter riding ahead. Since he couldn't stand doornails, the mansion had none. Other of his eccentricities had grave practical consequences. He hated to put anything in writing, so even his partnership agreement with Hartford was oral. And his fear of death not only made him turn round and go back to his study, but kept him from making a will. So, when he died intestate and childless in 1901, male and female claimants to his remaining millions turned up to battle the Hartforders for the business that the A. & P. had become under their management.

When the courts upheld that oral partnership arrangement, the Hartford dynasty became what it is today, already been in practice for twenty-three years. During that period it had more than held its own. Its wagon salesmen covered the Eastern United States in high-wheel, red-and-gold carts that were part traveling stores and part premium offices on wheels. As the whole country went hog-wild on premiums, the A. & P. went along with themselves offering the same premiums than merchandise—fancy crockery, japanned tea trays, chromes "indistinguishable from genuine oil paintings," edition after edition of the Little Eighty-Eyes Story Book for the kids, whose mamma brought tea, vanilla extract, pepper and silver polish.

As premiums grew more elaborate and expensive, trading stamps were devised to enable the customers to pay for them by gradual purchases. Your grandmother probably pasted trading stamps in a book, and then swapped the full book for a pair of lace gloves or a market-bagged sack of one of the company's premium catalogue. Since about 20 per cent of the stamps issued never turned up for redemption, one of the company's minor vexations was the necessity of keeping a large reserve against this mounting call liability. Although divorced from premiums for twenty-five years, the modern A. & P. still maintains that reserve, just in case.

The One-Basket Theory

The A. & P. sent cross country from New York to Chicago, the "Little Tokyo"—a huge red-and-gold vehicle laden with gorgeous tea chests, drawn by ten huge black horses, their harness studded with solid-gold plates and gold-plated bells. The driver, splendidly canopied by a pagoda-shaped structure. In each large town \$500 in gold was offered to the citizen who could come nearest to guessing the combined weight of the team, with a prize of \$5000 for the best guess of all.

Though he lost his flamboyant partner so early, the elder Hartford knew something about hippodrome advertising in his own right. His prize, however, included no tallyho coaches. Nobody ever saw him get excited or break the ice, drawing flow of the quiet voice behind his beard. Presently married to a girl from Goshen, New York, he fathered five children in a large house with stained-glass windows in Orange, New Jersey, not too far from company headquarters in Jersey City. He did become the leading citi-

zen of Orange, serving twelve successive one-year terms as mayor, without salary, so successfully that, in nine elections out of twelve, no candidate opposed him. But he was anything but a professional politician, and otherwise his quiet, wood-sawing career recalls Mark Twain's amended proverb about putting all thy eggs in one basket and then watching that basket.

That was why he put two of his three boys into the business in their early teens. And why, in the summer of 1917, a tall, fine-looking old gentleman appeared in the A. & P. store in Fairfield, New Jersey, and stood studying the shelves till the manager asked what he could do for him.

"Nothing much," said the old gentleman. "How much business you do last week?"

The manager naturally asked what business that was of his.

"Good deal," said the old gentleman; "I'm George H. Hartford." A couple of hours later he reappeared at the hotel in Spring Lake, New Jersey, where, as usual, he was summing up with his numerous clan, at supper, said his prayers, put his watch and wallet under his pillow, fell asleep and never awoke. Basket watching had been his last activity.

At fourteen, young George was already entrusted with counting and checking cash receipts from all stores. On occasion he also fired the stove boiler with broken-up tea chests. He has kept tabs on the company's expanding finances ever since, in the same every-last-detail spirit. In the early days, suspicious of the high prices demanded by baking-powder manufacturers, he asked a chemist what went into the stuff. "Just alum and soda bicarb," said the chemist. So young George bought his own alum and bicarbonate, hired a chemist to mix them behind a screen in the Vesey Street store and knocked the props under baking-powder prices. That started something. Nowadays the A. & P. processes its own brands of canned goods, preserves, coffee, tea, condiments, laceshop stuff, and nearly everything else on a grocer's shelves. Since it is essential to the A. & P.'s principle of minimum profit on maximum operations, corner shaving is still George Hartford's ideal. Not long ago his mail contained a large company report sent to all executives. He raised

hell. "Somebody's spent eight cents making this, when he could just as well have walked across the hall and dropped it on my desk." Eight wasted cents multiply fearfully in an \$880,000,000 business.

At fifteen, young John showed a flash of family enterprise by borrowing a dray from his father on St. Patrick's Day, parking it across a side street and renting space on it to people who wanted to get a good view of the St. Patrick's parade. At sixteen he, too, was set to basket watching. Cleaning and filling inkwells for a start, he was presently buying premiums, weighing the drawing power of a chrome of a Newfoundland dog rescuing a golden-haired child against the brilliance of a fireworks matchup cap. A shy boy, thin and earnest, but following the ball like a polo pony.

In the past of 1907, a run struck the bank where the A. & P. funds were concentrated, and John was told off to the rescue. He showed the good general's ability to plan with minute detail and then completely shift strategy when a better idea comes along. Armed with a checkbook, a pen and a bottle of ink—in case the bank's writing materials gave out—he took his place at the end of a long line. Instead of flashing a check for the full amount—there might well not be that much cash left when he got to the window—he was going to write and pass in small check after small check as long as possible. But contemplating the little man who, having slept on the bank steps all night, was at the head of the line, gave him another thought. Abandoning his own position, he walked up to the little man.

"How much have you got in here?" "Four hundred and forty-seven dollars and ninety cents," said the little man. "All I got in the world."

"I'll give you four fifty for your place," said John. "You get back in line, and maybe you'll get your deposit too." Five minutes later he was stuffing his pockets with the company's thousands—in full. And getting the little man's address to find out if he had collected after all. Which he did—in full—paralyzed with delight over having doubled his money in a crash that had put even Mr. Morgan on the spot.

The third brother, Edward, was delicate in health, and musical, but this

did not prevent him, while abroad for his health, from picking up the idea of one of the first shock absorbers for motorists. The Hartford shock absorber, as you may remember yourself, was standard equipment on many a car twenty years ago. But Ed put most of what he made back into developing more motor-accessory ideas, such as an early geared auto jack and an ancestor of the present demountable rim. Business was good but not appealing. When he died, in 1922, he was back at it on an electrical auto brake. His son, Huntington Hartford, derives quite enough from his family share of A. & P. profits to enable him to buy the Josephine and spend his time as he likes it to the U. S. Maritime Commission for a cadet training ship.

A New Kind of Store

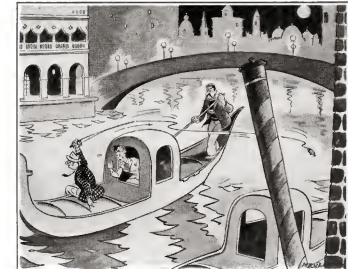
When John was just a rising young basket watcher, he found that the veteran employee who lettered wages in the company point shops had been used so so scrupulously that he cost twice what it would outside. When he pointed that out to the paint-shop veteran, the old fellow threw him out. When he pointed it out to his father, the senior Hartford told him straight: "I'll take care of this, and you tend to your own business." Then George H. sent for the painter.

"I'm tired of working myself to the bone in this company," said the boss. "I wouldn't be surprised if you were tired of it too. I think we'd better leave it to the young fellows to run; they don't know any work, but we'll let them make me pay, but they can handle the details."

The old painter agreed and became the first A. & P. employee to go on what the company called a retired plan. The company has expanded into a system of employees' insurance and pensions, which, with wage increases over the past three years, has given the company's full-time employees more than ten million dollars in dividends a year. The old gentleman, however, was lying shamelessly about his own retirement. As aforesaid, that never took place in his own lifetime.

Disagreements between father and sons were often fruitful of important new departures. By 1912 John was pretty well fed up with the premium business. The lunatic price of principle for nothing troubled his logical mind. And the contractors with whom the A. & P. made periodic deals for so many sets of china, Morris chairs and mantel clocks at stipulated cash values were getting more and more obstreperous. As the time for renewing the contract approached, he had to go on a business trip to Pittsburgh. On his return, he found that the new contractors were getting more and more obstreperous. And the contractors with whom the A. & P. made periodic deals for so many sets of china, Morris chairs and mantel clocks at stipulated cash values were getting more and more obstreperous. As the time for renewing the contract approached, he had to go on a business trip to Pittsburgh. On his return, he found that the new contractors were getting more and more obstreperous. And the contractors with whom the A. & P. made periodic deals for so many sets of china, Morris chairs and mantel clocks at stipulated cash values were getting more and more obstreperous.

Except for premiums, the A. & P.'s 400 stores were still more or less standard grocery stores, giving credit, delivering orders, holding competitive advantage over premium-giving rivals only by means of purchasing power and premiums cost money. Why not drop premiums and compete by drastically lowering prices? Why not carry it further—slash operating costs to the bone, set up a minimum of store overhead; a minimum-pay-roll cash-and-carry, small store, run by one man, closing while he was out at lunch, with standardized equipment, standardized stock and standardized, startlingly low prices?



"But, HARPER! This is our honeymoon!"

His father and brother said the "economy store," as he called it, was crash-trained. He had intended to let him have \$3000 to try out the idea. His blood up, John located his one-man, \$3000 store right around the corner from the A. & P.'s best money-maker—a big store in Jersey City. The budget fitted so close that the first economy store didn't even have a sign over its door—just whipping bargains in the windows.

Inside of six months little David in the middle of the block had put big Goliath on the corner out of business. The public evidently knew a good thing when they saw it, and the Hartforders were right behind them. The thing landed again. In one three-year period they set up 7500 economy stores, each requiring precisely \$3000 in new investment. That was when the company borrowed that famous five million. By 1917, when the old gentleman died, a little worried about this sky-rocketing, the business was grossing \$25,000,000 a year and the A. & P. was transformed into a national institution.

John Hartford was no more the inventor of the cash-and-carry chain store than Henry Ford was the inventor of the automobile. But he made it go in mass production in exactly the same explosive fashion.

The present business is a geological cross section of its whole history. More floor space and added meat departments have expanded many five-man economy stores, but the basic principle is still there. Lately, anti-chain-store laws have forced the company into self-service supermarkets in some states. The Hartforders found that the A. & P. was a supermarket altogether, its charges to the public could be cut down by \$100,000,000 a year. But the Great American Tea Company still exists, too, and still does a premium business by way on R. F. D. routes here and there. Nowadays, of course, the wagon is a motor truck—the last horse went in 1924. The premiums have been streamlined, but all along the streets of chrome and, in this day of installment selling, the housewife gets her first gift and pays for it afterward by gradual purchases. But again the principle is the same and, in spite of all he has to do elsewhere, John Hartford can still discuss with the Great American how much to pay for a com-

plete set of fireproof porcelain bowls for the premium like next fall.

In discussing the two brothers, ten-company employees seldom get beyond wondering at how different they are. It is a sound point. George, the elder, fifty-eight years in the business, has a bristly mustache and a shock of his own white hair. 'Till he speaks, you might take him for a retired Polish general—bulky, stolid, rumped, with a foreign air that his American drawl immediately belies. The word "now" crops up in strange places as he rambles along conversationally. His presence of the 1920s crowd is conveyed as follows: "I just couldn't now go along with that big talk." Commentators generally refer to him as the conservative, bearish influence in the business. But when you see the brothers together, you get the impression that, after their fifty years side by side, neither of them could function without the other, that they work together like a spur wheel and a pinion, and might not make anything like so much sense apart. John is undoubtedly putting up more gracefully with the present necessity for playing up to public opinion. But it would never have been done without George's convinced consent, that is certain.

John works out the contrast very suavely by being slender, incisive and exquisitely tailored, always with a gray suit, gray shirt, gray silk handkerchief and a pair of gray socks. He has the only spot of color. His neckties are always bows, a cross between the usual breed and a stage Bohemian's flowing Windsor. With his Roman nose, gesturing cigarette held at an angle, the hair that bulges low on his neck, and springy resilience at sixty-odd, he should be an old-school actor manager—Edwin Booth or Sir Henry Irving.

The Lighter Side

The old house in Orange is occupied nowadays by a son-in-law who became a vice-president of the company and to the same part of New Jersey, with an unpretentious house in Montclair. There he keeps rather more motorcars than he needs; he likes mechanical things, although not with brother Ed's passion. He owned one of the first Fords sold in the East and was an enthusiastic member of the get-out-and-

get-under movement when self-starters were still way up town. Even now, when he goes to the office in the morning from Montclair, the chauffeur sits beside him and he handles the wheel. Once he parked a couple of cars in his house while it was being built, on the sensible principle that machinery ought to be kept out of the weather and one roof was as good as another.

In 1917 an understrapper made him a present of a crystal radio-receiving set of the day, since which he has been a radio tinkerer of the first water. There may be a connection between this early interest and the fact that the A. & P. was about the first large company to get into radio. Commentators are undoubtedly something of his influence in the fact that A. & P. now is off the air except for spot broadcasts in local exploitation.

John's home is a sizable estate in the heart of well-manicured Westchester County, and is equipped with a movie projection room and a stable. But he is not the conventional rich man. Since his favorite mare died a few years ago, he has stopped riding so much and taken to walking. He takes vacations. He even goes to Europe. George, however, has never set foot outside these United States and has never taken a formal vacation in his life. Even when, in summer, he transplants himself to the same hotel at Spring Lake where his father used to lodge, where his father died, he comes to the office every day. Summer or winter, the elevator starter in the Graybar Building can set his watch by the grizzled old regular, although he may well not know who his passenger is.

George's signature is squinty, back-handed and utterly illegible. John's is flowing. The sole ornament of George's office is a pair of eyeglasses and glasses. John's is snapper, with the old gentleman's portrait over an elegant mantelpiece. Their mutual anteroom is decorated chiefly by enlarged photographs of the Maine coast, and a Panama Pacific liner in the Panama Canal. Not because either of them is ship-daffy, but because the transportation department had the pictures wished on it and wanted someone to hang them.

"Mr. John," as he usually is referred to by employees, sits on two or three

boards of directors and is considered much the clubber of the brothers. But he customarily lunches alone at news-hotel on milk and crackers. That should give you an idea of how gregarious he isn't.

With the press agent working overtime to lubricate matters, it takes a couple of months to arrange to see either brother in the flesh. Obviously, they cherish their privacy, and surrender it only in the larger interest of the corporation. The press agent lacked even a picture of George when that precedent-breaking ad started the newspapers asking for one.

The Personal Touch

The Hartforders are not autocrats. Decisions are arrived at in collaboration with half a dozen other first-flight executives. Fifteen years ago they gladly split their unwieldy kingdom into separate territorial operating companies, each handling the mountainous details on its own responsibility. John is pretty well committed to the personal touch, besides. His taste for dropping into A. & P. stores and chatting with the manager has led him to visit as many as 3000 stores a year. He makes a point of seeing and answering in person all letters from customers making complaints or suggestions. His signature has a right to flow freely, because a white back, when 45,000 letters are sent out to company employees, he insisted on signing them all himself—not even with that check-writing gadget that makes a dozen signatures at once. It took him six weeks to do it, he says. He was insisted that the personal touch had been given—part of the fine art of basket watering.

Who will watch the baskets after the Hartforders are gone—ever provided the Patman bill leaves anything to watch—is a question. Neither John nor George has any children. Of their two are now living descendants, only their father's own first child, a daughter, and three children, seven out of ten are girls. All regularly get their due shares of the income from the family trust. But the direct line of shrewd vigilance will be broken and nobody will remember any more how genuine Chinese vermilion used to stand up against weathering on Vesey Street.

EASY TO KILL

(Continued from Page 29)

The wrapping fell aside. Carefully, Miss Maynute extracted the knife, holding it very carefully, so as not to obliterate the fingerprints which were already on it—where the short pocket fingers of Lord Whitefield had held it earlier that day in the drawing room at Ashe Manor. The Moorish knife with the sharp blade, the finger-guard felt slightly cold. She must play for time—yes, and she must make the woman talk—this lean gray woman whom nobody loved. It ought not to be difficult—not really. Because she wanted to talk, she had to talk. And the only person she could ever talk to was someone like Bridget—someone who was going to be silenced forever.

"Bridget said, in a faint thick voice, 'What's that knife?'"

And then Miss Maynute laughed. It was a horrible laugh, soft and musical and ladylike and quite inhuman. She said, "It's for you, Bridget. For you!

I've hated you, you know, for a very long time."

Bridget said, "Because I was going to marry Lord Whitefield?"

Miss Maynute nodded. "You're clever. You're quite clever! This, you see, will be the crowning proof against him. You'll be found here, with your throat cut—and his knife, and his fingerprints on the handle. I never, the way I asked to see it this morning! And then I slipped it into my bag, wrapped in a handkerchief, whilst you were upstairs. So easy! But the whole thing has been easy. I would hardly have believed it."

"Bridget said—still in the thick muffled voice of a person heavily drugged, 'That's because you're so devilishly clever.'"

Miss Maynute laughed her ladylike little laugh again. She said, with a horrible kind of pride, "Yes, I always had brains, even as a girl. But they wouldn't let me do anything. I had to

stay at home, doing nothing. And then Gordon—just a common bootmaker's son, but he had ambition. I knew—I knew I would rise in the world. And then he jilted me—jilted me! All because of that ridiculous business with the bird."

Her hands made a queer gesture, as though she were twisting something. Then she drew a wave of sickness passed over Bridget.

"Gordon Rager daring to jilt me, Colonel Maynute's daughter! I swore I'd pay him out for that! I used to hate him that night after night. And then we got poorer and poorer. The house had to be sold. He bought it! He came along, patronizing me, offering me a job in his own old home. How I hated him! But I never showed my feelings. We were taught that as girls—a most valuable training. That, I always think, is where breeding tells. She was silent a minute. Bridget watched her, hardly daring to breathe,

lest she should stem the flow of words. Miss Maynute went on softly, "All the time I was thinking and thinking. First of all, I just thought of killing him. That's when I began to read up criminology—quietly, you know—in the library. And really I found my reading came in most useful more than anything else. I knew his man, for instance, turning the key in the lock from the outside with pincers after I'd changed the bottles by her bed. How she snored, that girl. Quite disgusting, it was. I was so pained. 'Let me see, where was I?'"

That gift which Bridget had cultivated, which had charmed Lord Whitefield—the gift of the perfect listener—stood in good stead now. And when Maynute might be a homicidal maniac, but she was also something much more common than that. She was a human being who wanted to talk about herself, and with her own man. Even Bridget was well fitted to cope.



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ADVERTISING OFFICES: For advertising business only, subscription not received—see below: Philadelphia, Independence Square, N. Y. City, 40 East 42nd St.; Chicago, 135 N. Dearborn Ave.; Detroit, 3044 W. Grand Boulevard; Cleveland, 925 Euclid Ave.; Boston, Boston Office Building, 20 Providence St.; San Francisco, 23 Montgomery St.

She said, and her voice had exactly the right invitation in it, "You meant at first to kill him."

"Yes, but that didn't satisfy me—much too ordinary. It had to be something better than just killing. And then I got this idea. It just came to me. He should suffer for committing a lot of crimes of which he was quite innocent. He should be a murderer! He should be hanged for my crimes. Or else they'd say he was mad and he would be shut up all his life. That might be even better."

She giggled now. A horrible little giggle. Her eyes were light and staring, with queer, elongated pupils.

"As I told you, I read a lot of books on crime. I chose my victims carefully; there was not to be too much suspicion at first. You see"—her voice deepened—"I enjoyed the killing. That disagreeable woman, Lydia Horton—she'd patronized me—once she referred to me as an 'old maid.' I was glad when Gordon quarreled with her. Two birds with one stone, I thought. Such fun, sitting by her bedside and slipping the arsenic in her tea, and then going out and telling the nurse how Mrs. Horton had complained of the bitter taste of Lord Whitfield's grapes! The stupid woman never repeated that, which was such a pity."

"And then the others! As soon as I heard that Gordon had a grievance against anyone, it was so easy to arrange for an accident! And he was such a fool—such an incredible fool! I made him believe that there was something very special about him! That anyone who went against him suffered. He believed it quite easily. Poor dear Gordon, he'd believe anything."

Bridget thought of herself saying to Luke scornfully, "Gordon! He could believe anything! Easy? How easy! Poor, pompous, credulous little Gordon."

But she must learn more. Easy? This was easy too. She'd done it as a secretary for years. Quietly, she'd counseled her employers to talk about themselves. And this woman wanted badly to talk, to boast about her own cleverness.

"Bridget murmured, "But how did you manage it all? I don't see how you could."

"Oh, it was quite easy! I just needed organization! When Amy was discharged from the Manor, I engaged her at once. I think the hat-pant idea was quite clever—and the door being locked on the inside made me quite safe. But of course I was always safe, because I never had any motive, and you can't suspect anyone of murder if there isn't a motive. Carter was quite easy, too; he was lurching about in the fog, and I caught up with him on the footbridge and gave him a quick push. I'm really very strong, you know."

She paused and the soft horrible little giggle came again. "The whole thing was such fun! I shall never forget Tommy Pierce's face when I pushed him off the window sill that day. He had such the least idea. She leaned toward Bridget confidentially. "People are really very stupid, you know. I'd never realized that before."

Bridget said very softly, "But then, you're unusually clever."

"Yes, yes; perhaps you're right."

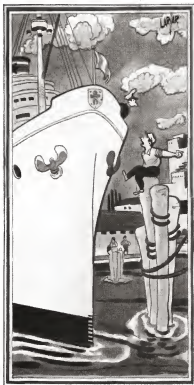
Bridget said, "Doctor Humbleby—that must have been more difficult?"

"Yes, it was really amazing how that succeeded. It might not have worked, of course. But Gordon had been talking to everybody of his visit to the Wellerman Kreitz Laboratories, and I thought if I could manage it so that people remembered that visit and connected it afterwards—and Wonky Pool's ear was really very nasty, a lot of discharge. I managed to run the point of my scissors into the doctor's hand, and then I was so distressed and insisted on putting on a dressing and bandaging it up. He didn't know the dressing had been infected first from Wonky Pool's ear. Of course it mightn't have worked. I was delighted when it did—especially as Wonky Pool had been Lavinia's cat."

Her face darkened. "Lavinia Fullerton! She guessed. It was she who found Tommy that day. And then, when Gordon and old Doctor Humbleby had that row, she caught me looking at Humbleby. I was off my guard. I was just wondering exactly how I'd do it. And then, I turned round to find her watching me—and I gave myself away. I saw that she knew. She couldn't prove anything, of course; I knew that. But I was afraid, all the same, someone might believe her. I was afraid they might believe her at Scotland Yard. I felt sure that was where she was going that day. I was in the same train and I followed her."

"The whole thing was so easy. She was on an island crossing Whitehall. I was close behind her. She never saw me. A big car came along and I shoved with all my might. I'm very strong! She went right down in front of it. I told the woman next to me I'd seen the number of the car and gave her the number of Gordon's Rolls. I hoped she'd report it to the police."

"It was lucky the car didn't stop. Some chauffeur joy-riding without his master's knowledge, I suspect. Yes, I was lucky there. I'm always lucky."



"You go straight ahead for half a mile—then turn right at the Statue of Liberty!"

That scene the other day with Rivers, and with all her wit and strength, I've had such fun with him, leading him along! Odd how difficult it was to make him suspect Gordon. But after Rivers' death he would be sure to do so. He must!"

"And now, well, this will just finish the whole thing nicely."

She got up and came toward Bridget. She said softly:

"Gordon jilted me! He was going to marry you. All my life I've been disappointed. I've had nothing—nothing at all. . . ."

O lean gray woman whom nobody loves

She was bending over him, smiling, with mad-light eyes. The knife gleamed. With all her wit and strength, Bridget sprang. Like a tiger eat, she flung herself full force on the other woman, knocking her back, seizing her right wrist.

Taken by surprise, Honoria Waynflete fell back, before the onslaught. But then, after a moment's inertia, she began to fight. In strength there was no comparison between them. Bridget was young and healthy, with muscles toughened by games. Honoria Waynflete was a slender-built, frail creature.

But there was one factor on which Bridget had not reckoned. Honoria Waynflete was mad. Her strength was the strength of the insane. She fought like a devil, and her insane strength was stronger than the sane muscled strength of Bridget. They swayed to and fro, and still Bridget strove to wrest the knife away from her, and still Honoria Waynflete hung on to it.

And then, little by little, the mad woman's strength began to prevail. Bridget cried out now, "Luke! Help! Help!"

But she had no hope of help coming. She and Honoria Waynflete were alone.

Alone in a dead world. With supreme effort, she wrenched the other's wrist back, and at last she heard the knife fall.

The next minute Honoria Waynflete's two hands had fastened round her neck in a maniac's grasp, squeezing the life out of her. She gave one last choked cry.

xxiii

LUKE was profoundly impressed by the appearance of Superintendent Battle. He was a solid comfortable-looking man with a broad red nose and a large handsome mustache. He did not exactly express brilliance at a first glance, but a second glance was apt to make an observant person thoughtful. Superintendent Battle's eye was unusually shrewd.

Luke did not make the mistake of underestimating him. He had met men of Battle's type before. He knew that they could be trusted, and that they invariably got results. He could not have wished for a better man to be put in charge of the case.

When they were alone together, Luke said, "You're rather a big noise to be sent down on a case like this."

Superintendent Battle smiled. "It may turn out to be a serious business, Mr. Fitzwilliam. When a man like Lord Whitfield is concerned, we don't want to have any mistakes."

"I appreciate that. Are you alone?"

"Oh, no. Got a detective sergeant with me. He's at the other pub, the Severn stars, and his job is to keep an eye on his lordship."

"I see."

Battle asked, "In your opinion, Mr. Fitzwilliam, there's no doubt whatever? You're pretty sure of your man?"

"On the facts, I don't see that any alternative theory is possible. Do you want me to give you the facts?"

"I've had them, thank you, from Sir William."

"Well, what do you think? I suppose it seems to you wildly unlikely that a man in Lord Whitfield's position should be a homicidal criminal?"

"Very few things seem unlikely to me," said Superintendent Battle. "Nothing's impossible in crime. That's what I've always said. If you were to tell me that a dear old maiden lady, or an archbishop, or a schoolgirl, was a dangerous criminal, I wouldn't say no. I'd look into the matter."

"If you've heard the main lines of the case from Sir William, I'll just tell you what happened this morning," said Luke. He ran over briefly the main lines of his scene with Lord Whitfield. Superintendent Battle listened with a good deal of interest.

"He said, 'You say he was fingering a knife. Did he make a special point of that knife, Mr. Fitzwilliam?' Was he threatening with it?"

"Not openly. He tested the edge in rather a nasty way—a kind of aesthetic pleasure about that that I didn't care about. Miss Waynflete felt the same, I believe."

"That's the lady you spoke about—the one who's known Lord Whitfield all her life, and was once engaged to marry him?"

"That's right."

Superintendent Battle said, "I think you can make your mind easy about the young lady, Mr. Fitzwilliam. I'll have someone put on to keep a sharp watch on her. With that, and with Jane tailing his lordship, there ought to be no danger of anything happening."

"You relieve my mind a good deal," said Luke.

The superintendent nodded sympathetically. "It's a nasty position for you, Mr. Fitzwilliam. Worrying about Miss Conway. Mind you, I don't expect this will be any easy case. Lord Whitfield must be a pretty shrewd man. He will probably lie low for a good long while. That is, unless he's got to the last stage."

"What do you call the last stage?"

"A kind of swollen egotism where a criminal thinks he simply can't be found out. He's too clever and everybody else is too stupid. Then, of course, we get him."

Luke nodded. He rose. "Well," he said, "I wish you luck. Let me help in any way I can."

"Certainly."

"There's nothing that you can suggest?"

Battle turned the question over in his mind. "I don't think so. Not at the moment. I just want to get the general lines of things in the place. Perhaps I could have another word with you in the evening?"

"Rather."

"I shall know better where we are then."

Luke felt vaguely comforted and soothed. Many people had had that feeling after an interview with Superintendent Battle.

He glanced at his watch. Should he go and see Bridget before lunch?

Better not, he thought. Miss Waynflete might feel that he had to ask him to stay for the meal and it might disorganize her housekeeping. Middle-aged ladies, Luke knew from experience with aunts, were likely to be fussed over problems of housekeeping. He wondered if Miss Waynflete was an aunt? Probably.

He had strolled out to the door of the inn. A figure in black hurrying down the street stopped suddenly when she saw him. It was Miss Waynflete.

"Mr. Fitzwilliam."

"Mrs. Humbleby." He came forward and shook hands.

She said, "I thought that you had left."

"No, only changed my quarters. I'm staying here now."

"And Bridget? I heard she had left Ashe Manor?"

"Yes, she has."

"Mrs. Humbleby sighed. 'I am so glad—so very glad she has gone right away from Wyckwood.'"

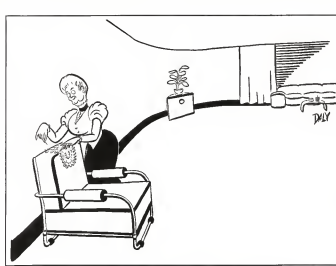
"Oh, she's still here. As a matter of fact, she's staying with Miss Waynflete."

Mrs. Humbleby said quickly, "You don't believe me? Well, why should you? But I can't forget the day when John came home with his hand bound up from her house, though he pooh-poohed it and said it was only a scratch." She turned. "Good-day. Please forget what I have just said. I—don't feel quite myself these days."

Luke watched her go. He wondered why Mrs. Humbleby called Honoria Waynflete a wicked woman. Had Doctor Humbleby and Honoria Waynflete been friends, and was the doctor's wife jealous?

What had she said? "No one believed Lavinia Fullerton either." Then Lavinia Fullerton must have confessed some of her suspicions to Mrs. Humbleby.

With a rush, the memory of the railway carriage came back, and the worried face of a nice old lady. He heard again an earnest voice saying: "The look on a person's face." And the way her own face had changed, as though she were seeing something very clearly in her mind. Just for a moment, he thought, her face had been quite different.



Mrs. Humbleby moved back a step. Her face, Luke noted with surprise, looked extraordinarily distressed.

"Staying with Honoria Waynflete?"

Oh, but why?"

"Miss Waynflete very kindly asked her to stay for a few days."

Mrs. Humbleby gave a little shiver. She came close to Luke and laid a hand on his arm. "Mr. Fitzwilliam, I know I have no right to say anything—anything at all. I have had a lot of sorrow and grief lately, and perhaps it makes me fanciful. These feelings of mine may be on one sick fancy."

Luke said gently, "What feelings?"

"This conviction I have—of—of ill!"

She looked timidly at Luke. Seeing that he merely bowed his head gravely and did not appear to question her statement, she went on, "So much wickedness—that is the thought that is always with me—wickedness here in Wyckwood. And that woman is at the bottom of it all. I am sure of it."

Luke was mystified. "What woman?"

Mrs. Humbleby said, "Honoria Waynflete is, I am sure, a very wicked woman! Oh, I see you don't believe it. No one believed Lavinia Fullerton either. But we both felt it. She, I think, knew more than I did. Remember, Mr. Fitzwilliam, if a woman is not happy, she is capable of terrible things."

Luke said gently, "That may be, yes."

amber eyes. Oh, I'm mad, I must be mad. Whitfield, the criminal, He must be. He practically said so."

And still, like a nightmare, he saw Miss Fullerton's face in its momentary impersonation of something horrible and not quite sane.

The stunted little maid opened the door to him. A little startled by his vehemence, she said, "The lady's gone out. Miss Waynflete told me so. I'll see if Miss Waynflete is in."

He pushed her and went into the drawing room. Emily ran upstairs. She came down breathless.

"The mistress is out too."

Luke took her by the shoulder.

"Which way? Where did they go?"

She gaped at him. "They must have gone out by the back. I'd have seen them if they'd gone out front ways, because the kitchen looks out there."

She followed him as he raced out through the door into the tiny garden and out beyond. There was a man climbing a hedge. Luke went up to him and said, "You're not the pumpkins, are you?"

The man said slowly, "Two ladies? Yes? Some while since. I was having my dinner under the hedge. Reckon they didn't notice me?"

"Which way did they go?"

He strove desperately to make his voice normal. Yet the other's eyes opened a little wider as he replied slowly: "Across the meadow. Over that way."

I don't know where after that."

Luke thanked him and began to run. His strong feeling of urgency was deepened. He must catch up with them—

he must. He might be quite mad. In all probability, they were just taking an amicable stroll, but something in him clamored for haste. More haste!

He crossed the two fields, stoch hesitating in a country lane. Which way now?

And then he heard the call—faint, far away, but unmistakable: "Luke! Help!" And again, "Luke!"

Utterly he plunged into the wood and ran in the direction from which the cry had come. There were more sounds now—scuffling, panting, a low gurgling cry.

He came through the trees in time to reach a mad woman's hands from her victim's throat, to hold her, struggling, foaming, cursing, till at last she gave a convulsive shudder and turned rigid in his grasp.

xxiv

"BUT I don't understand," said Lord Whitfield. "I don't understand." He strove to maintain his dignity. He might be a pompous creature, a rather pitiable bewilderment was evident. He could hardly credit the extraordinary things that were being told him.

"It's like this, Lord Whitfield," said Battle patiently: "To begin with, there is a touch of insanity in the family. We've found that out now. Often the way with these old families."

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day it pecked her violently instead. She was angry and picked it up and wrung its neck! I—I couldn't feel the same after that. I told her I thought we'd both made a mistake."

Battle nodded. He said, "That was the beginning of it. As she told Miss Conway, she turned her thoughts to her undoubted mental ability to one aim and purpose."

Lord Whitfield said incredulously, "To get me convicted as a murderer? I can't believe it."

Bridget said, "It's true, Gordon. You know, you were surprised yourself at the extraordinary way that everybody who annoyed you was instantly struck down."

"There was a reason for that," Honoraria Waynefelt was the reason, said Bridget. "Do get it into your head, Gordon, that it was providence that pushed Tommy Pierce out of the window, and all the rest of them. It was Honoraria."

Lord Whitfield shook his head. "It all seems to me quite incredible!" he said.

Battle said, "You say you got a telephone message this morning?"

"Yes, about twelve o'clock. I was asked to go to the Shaw Wood at once, as you, Bridget, had something to say to me. I was not to come by car, but to walk."

Battle nodded. "Exactly. That would have been the finish, Miss Conway would have been found with her throat cut, and beside her your knife with your fingerprints on it! And you yourself would have been seen in the vicinity at the time! You wouldn't have had a leg to stand upon. Any jury in the world would have convicted you."

"Me?" said Lord Whitfield, startled and distressed. "Anyone would have believed a thing like that of me?"

Bridget said gently, "I didn't, Gordon. I never believed it."

Lord Whitfield looked at her coldly, then he said stiffly, "In view of my character and my standing in this county, I do not believe that anyone for one moment would have believed in such a monstrous charge." He went out with dignity and closed the door behind him.

Luke said, "He'll never realize that he was really in danger." Then he said, "Go on, Bridget. Tell me how you came to suspect the Waynefelt woman." Bridget explained, "It was when you were telling me that Gordon was the killer. I couldn't believe it! You see, I knew him so well. I'd been his secretary for two years. I knew him in and out. I knew that he was pompous and petty and completely self-absorbed, but I knew, too, that he was a kindly person and almost absurdly tenderhearted. It worried him even to kill wasp. That story about his killing Miss Waynefelt's canary—it was all wrong. He just couldn't have done it. He'd told me once that he had killed her. Now you insisted that it was the other way about. Well, that might be. His pride might not have allowed him to admit that she had thrown him over. But not the canary story! That simply wasn't Gordon! He didn't even shoot because seeing things killed made him feel sick."

"So I simply knew that that part of the story was untrue. But if so, Miss Waynefelt must have lied. And you, really, when you came to think of it, a very extraordinary lie. And I wondered suddenly if she'd told any more lies. She was a very proud woman—one was so used to that. To be known over must have hurt her pride terribly. It would probably make her feel very angry and

revengeful against Lord Whitfield—especially, I felt, if he turned up again later, all rich and prosperous and successful. I thought, 'Yes, she'd probably enjoy helping to fix a crime upon him.' And then a curious sort of whirling feeling came in my brain, and I thought: 'But suppose everything she says is a lie,' and I suddenly saw how easily a woman like that could make a fool of a man. And I thought: 'It's fantastic, but suppose it was she who killed all these people I fed Gordon up with the idea that it was a kind of divine retribution.' It would be quite easy for her to make him believe that. As I told you once, Gordon would believe anything. And I thought: 'Could she have done all those murders?' And I saw that she could! She could give a shove to a drunken man, and push a boy out of a window, and Amy Gibbs had died in her house. Mrs. Horton,

peet except Miss Fullerton's words, and I soon discovered that she hadn't actually said 'man' once. Then I felt that I was definitely on the right track! I decided to accept Miss Waynefelt's invitation to stay with her, and I resolved to try to ferret out the truth."

"Without saying a word to me?" said Luke angrily.

"But, my sweet, you were so sure—and I wasn't sure a bit! It was all vague and doubtful. But I never dreamt of it. I was in any danger, I thought I'd have plenty of time."

She shivered. "Oh, Luke, it was horrible! Her eyes—and that dreadful poison, inhuman laugh!"

Luke said with a slight shiver, "I shan't forget how I only got there just in time." He turned to Gordon. "What's she like now?"

"Gone right over the edge," said Battle. "They do, you know. They

alone. My path in life is a lonely one." He squared his shoulders. "I carry a big responsibility. I must carry it alone. For me there can be no companionship, no easing of the burden. I must go through life alone, till I drop by the wayside."

Bridget said, "Dear Gordon! You really are sweet!"

Lord Whitfield frowned. "It is not a question of being sweet. Let us forget all this nonsense. I am a busy man."

"I am arranging for a series of articles to start at once. Crimes committed by women through the ages." Bridget gazed at him with admiration. "Gordon, I think that's a wonderful idea."

Lord Whitfield puffed out his chest. "So please leave me now. I must not be disturbed. I have a lot of work to get through."

Luke and Bridget tiptoed from the room.

"But he really is sweet," said Bridget. "Bridget, I believe you were really fond of that man."

"Do you know, I believe I was." Luke looked out of the window. "I'll be glad to get away from Wychwood. I don't like this place. There's a lot of wickedness here, as Mrs. Humbleby would say. I don't like the way Ashe Ridge broods over the village."

"Talking of Ashe Ridge, what about Ellsworth?"

Luke laughed a little shamefacedly. "That blood on his hands?"

"Yes."

"He's sacrificed a white cock, apparently."

"How perfectly disgusting!"

"I think something unpleasant is going to happen to our Mr. Ellsworth. Battle is planning a little surprise."

Bridget said, "And poor Major Horton never even attempted to kill his wife, and Mr. Abbot, I suppose, just had a compromising letter from a lady, and Doctor Thomas is just a nice unassuming doctor, and your doctor?"

"He's a superior ass."

"You say that because you're jealous of his marrying Rose Humbleby."

"She's much too good for him."

"I always have felt you liked that girl better than me."

"Darling, aren't you being rather absurd?"

"No, not really." She was silent a minute, and then said, "Luke, do you like me now?"

He made a movement toward her, but she warned him off.

"I said 'like,' Luke, not 'love.'"

"Oh, I see. Yes, I do. I like you, Bridget, as well as loving you."

Bridget said, "I like you, Luke."

They smiled at each other a little tenderly, like children who have made friends at a party.

Bridget said, "Liking is more important than loving. It lasts. I want what is between us to last, Luke. I don't want us just to love each other and marry and get on with each other, and then want to marry someone else."

"Oh, my dear love, I know. You want reality. So do I. What's between us will last forever, because it's founded on reality."

"Is that true, Luke?"

"It's true, my sweet. That's why, I think, I was afraid of loving you."

"Are you afraid now?"

"No."

He said, "We've been close to death for a long time. Now that's over! Now we'll begin to live."

(THE END)



LITTLE LULU

too—she used to go and sit with her when she was ill. Doctor Humbleby was more difficult. I didn't know that Wonky Poole had a nasty septer ear. Miss Fullerton's death was even more difficult, because I couldn't imagine Miss Waynefelt dressed up as a chauffeur driving Rolls. And then I suddenly saw that that was the easiest of the lot! It was the old shoe from behind—easily done in a crowd. The car didn't stop, and she saw a fresh opportunity and told another woman she had seen the number of the car, and gave the number of Lord Whitfield's Rolls.

"Of course, all this only came very confusedly through my head. But if Gordon definitely hadn't done five murders—and I knew; yes, knew that he hadn't—well, who did? And the answer seemed quite clear. Someone who hates Gordon! Who hates Gordon? Honoraria Waynefelt of course."

"And then I remembered that Miss Fullerton had definitely spoken of me as the killer. That knocked out all my beautiful theory, because, unless Miss Fullerton was right, she wouldn't have been killed. So I got you to re-

can't shake the shock of not having been so clever as they thought they were."

Luke said ruefully, "Well, I'm not much of a policeman! I never suspected Honoraria Waynefelt once. You'd have done better, Battle."

"Maybe, sir, maybe not. You'll remember my saying that nothing's impossible in crime. I mentioned a maiden lady, I believe."

"You also mentioned an archbishop and a schoolgirl! Am I to understand that you consider all these people as potential criminals?"

Battle's smile broadened to a grin. "Anyone may be a criminal, sir; that's what I meant."

"Except, Gordon," said Bridget.

"Luke, let's go and find him."

They found Lord Whitfield in his study, busily making notes.

"Gordon," said Bridget in a small meek voice, "Please, now that you know everything, will you forgive us?"

Lord Whitfield looked at her graciously. "Certainly, my dear, certainly. I realize the truth. I was a busy man. I neglected you. The truth of the matter is, as King so wisely puts it,

"He travels the fastest who travels

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Did you know that talking pictures are a product of Bell Telephone Laboratories research? And that the majority of pictures today are both recorded in the principal studios and reproduced in thousands of theatres by means of Western Electric sound equipment?

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KEEPING POSTED

AMONG OTHER THINGS

A FINAL reminder that, beginning with the next issue, *Post* day will be Wednesday instead of Tuesday. . . . Alce Hudson is not the real name of the author of *Up Pariscourt!* on page 5. For reasons diplomatic and personal we've promised not to divulge Mr. Hudson's (*sic*) identity. We can tell you, however, that he was in the submarine service until he was retired for a physical disability. That much of the story is true; the rest is fiction. We can also add that *Up Pariscourt!* is one reason we read more than seventy thousand manuscripts a year—Alce Hudson's story just rose, like one of his 8 boats, out of the waves of a morning's mail. . . . As you read *Blood on Ice*, on page 16, it may add to your interest to know that the stories of legalized assault and battery the authors give you come from the notes of one of the collaborators, James C. Hendy is a young Canadian whose avocation is hockey. He's a historian of the game—seeing all the big contests, attending the meetings, palling around with the players, and so on. Hendy is also founder, editor and publisher of the National Hockey Guide. Arthur Mann, who wove Hendy's notes into an article, claims his collaborator knows more players personally than the timekeepers in the penalty box.

TRAGEDY IN 8 OUNCES

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL, who this week gives you *COMMISSION MAN* (page 12), is also ready and willing to give you the biographical works. As ever, we decline to place the *KEEPING POSTED* Stamp of Approval on any writer's estimate of his fishing (substitute hunting, golfing, cooking, etc.) prowess. So read on—at your own risk. "My grandfather came to Goodyears Bar in the Sierras from Washoe City, Nevada; and by marrying a girl whose grandparents crossed the plains at the same time, we've assured our two boys of a front rank in the Native Sons. I'm one of the few who write about California. "First writing in college, where Hod Winalow was doing the Haresfoot plays; advertising, advertising agency; newspaper prison beat, where I had a class in writing, graduates of which are in Hollywood, high in the WPA, back in jail and hanged. Short stories, serials, six novels. "Collect Orientalia; play bridge and the piano; a seamount for years; enjoy gardening tremendously. "And fishing. On the bay, or up the coast, or in the mountains. And once I was fishing off Campbell River, where the Tyee Club, of British Columbia, offers honor for each thirty-pounder caught on light tackle. . . . and I hooked the first salmon of the season. The village gathered, down to the last Indian. I had my picture taken. The fish weighed exactly twenty-nine pounds and thirteen ounces. Only an audience

prevented me from throwing a sinker down the salmon's gullet.

"Now, in California, we'd overlook three ounces. Why, we'd go so far as to say that the fish weighed forty-seven pounds, unless we were Native Sons; then we'd realize how big that fish really was, and with the naked eye would know that it weighed over a hundred."

BOTTLED GOODS

WE SELDOM descend to the lyrical on this page, but here's a little something we have to pass along. The message, written on the back of a label (Duggan's Dew) was found in a bottle (empty) floating up the Delaware on the night of December 26, 1938. Hydrographers inform us the bottle must have been tossed overboard someplace in the Mediterranean, probably during the season when the dry desert winds scour that area. They also add that the poet saved one franc fifty—or about five cents—postage.

*Up, Muse, ye bleary sluggard! Fetch a corker and thy lute!
Together, we'll float the New Year in and drown the auld year out!*

*To the skipper of the S. E. P.
I drink a New Year toast.
I drink a similar drink to all
On THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I drink the health o' Myster Artist Anton Fischer;*

*For, though as a rule I dinna approve o' Scandinavianians,
I am one o' Anton Fischer's warmest weel-wishers.
I drink to all Post readers, on sea and also land;*

*To my fellow Scots who subscribe, and thus save sixty cents per annum,
As well as to the people who buy it at retail each week at the newsstand.
I drink to generous fans, to kindly critics and advisers;
And last, not least, I drink to the Post's Varra impressive list o' advertisers.*

*I drink to them! I drink to thee! I drink to we! I drink to me!
I drink to thine! I drink to mine! I drink to 1939!*

Colin Glencannon



Colin Glencannon, alias Gulpatric

NEXT WEEK



PHOTO, RENATO TOFFO
Samson Raphaelson

STREAMLINED HEART, by Samson Raphaelson

After ten years of marriage, they were still very young and very much in love. Lydia was desirable and Tony was successful—together they were the enviable Kenyons, that nice couple with a good income, a pleasant house and lots of friends. And yet one partner of this marriage had to run away, not for lack of love but for lack of living. Mr. Raphaelson tells the story in five installments.

"PHOTO BY BRADY"

To commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the discovery of photography, we give you some long-forgotten plates from the camera of Mathew B. Brady, first great American photographer. Lovely Civil War spies, an Empress, an early Prince of Wales, Lincoln's wife—the famous of almost a century ago are brought to life again. With text.

FAR UP THE BLACK MOUNTAIN

by Marjory Stoneman Douglas

A story of the wild Balkans, where the World War left hunger and hatred stranded together on the mountain slopes. Into that land went a man in search of a woman—and revenge. He found her in Podgoritsa.

SWEET ALICE BEN GALLAGHER

by William Fay

Mr. Big Lip Dorgan, who owned a trumpet, a band and a famous name, met this girl on a balcony. That's where Big Lip fell in love and trouble. For that cute little number turned out to be a thorough girl who wanted to crush a band—even if it was a rival band. Here's Round One between Big Lip's heart and conscience.

HOW TO BE A HERO TO YOUR SECRETARY

by Gladys Torson

Nine rules, with plenty of side remarks, on how to be a perfect boss to the little girl who tries to record the flow of your perfect prose on a business letterhead. We'll bet the wives of America will be grateful to us for this.

CONNOISSEURICS, by Booth Tarkington

When an art lover begins to think he's an art critic, then he's got a case of connoisseurics. Mr. Rumbin can tell you all about it, for old Carter Quincy Bradd had it badly. Fortunately, the old boy also had a pretty young wife, who was willing to buy on face (Howie's face) value. It was quite a sale.

DOODLEBUG, by John Lane

Western Petroleum's ace doodlebug party, with drills, recording instruments and dynamite, moves into Devil's Creek to prove for signs of oil. They also take a load of crew trouble between a powder-shy rookie and a hard-boiled party chief. Altogether, it was a high-explosive expedition.

OTHER ARTICLES AND STORIES by Edith Bolling Wilson, and Bess Streeter Aldrich.

"Typing" to fight Pneumonia

A laboratory equipped to identify particular "types" of pneumonia germs is the physician's ally in helping to save lives.



Pneumonia Germs Under Microscope

Before Typing



Microscopic view of pneumococcus germs—principal cause of pneumonia. More than 30 types of such germs—identical in appearance—may cause pneumonia. Patient's germ-laden sputum is tested with "typing" serums, one for each type of pneumococcus.

After Typing



When the "typing" serum corresponds to the type of pneumococcus in the sputum, the capsule (or overing) of the germ swells—a positive identification that tells the doctor which type of treatment serum to give the patient.

DRAMATIC progress has been made in "typing" pneumonia germs. Medical research has developed individual treatment serums for many of the "types" of pneumonia which these germs cause.

It is exceedingly important to discover pneumonia early so that sputum may be "typed" and proper serum administered promptly. If given properly and in time, these serums are highly effective in combating the disease.

Medical and public health officials are bending every effort to make these serums generally available all over the country. In many cities and states they are provided at community expense to those unable to afford them.

Not all cases of pneumonia should or can have serum treatment. But all cases need prompt medical care and competent nursing. After an examination of the patient's sputum and blood, the doctor will determine the particular treatment needed.

Pneumonia may strike an apparently healthy person without warning, but usually it follows a cold or grippiness or some unusual exposure or exhaustion.

The first symptoms of pneumonia are frequently a chill, followed by a fever, with pain in the side or the chest and coughing. Any one or any combination of these symptoms indicates illness and may be pneumonia. A doctor should be called at once. Pneumonia

often works fast, and the physician must work faster to check the disease.

Winter and early spring are the months when colds and pneumonia are most frequent. If you have a severe cold, influenza, or grippiness, take the precaution of resting and stay away from other people as much as possible.

Keep your vitality high with adequate nourishment and sleep. The Metropolitan booklet "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia" gives further essential information about these diseases and their prevention and treatment. It also gives many suggestions for safeguarding winter health. Send a post card today for your free copy. Address Booklet Department 139-E.



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